

AMERICA'S LEADER IN MACHO MALE EROTICA

DRUMMER

495

A BARGAIN!

FANTASY ISSUE / SWEEPSTAKES FINALISTS

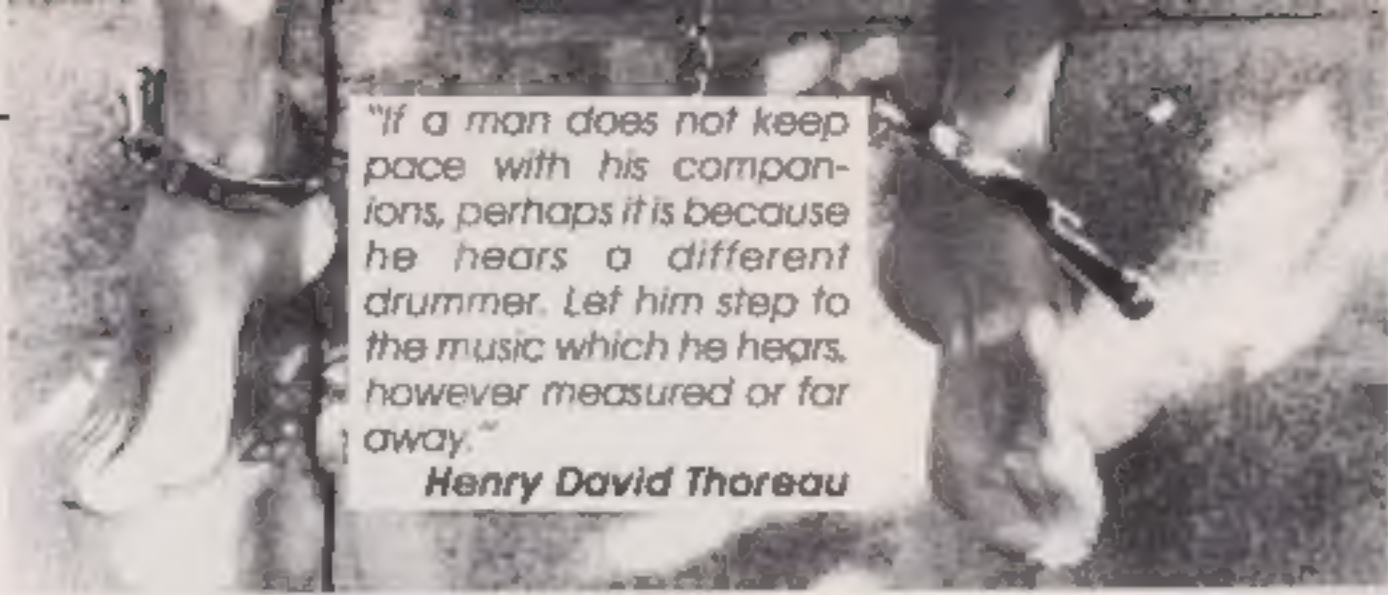
PLUS LEATHER PHOTOGRAPHY SHOWCASE

BEGINNING A NEW NOVEL BY THE BRIG'S MASON POWELL

ISSUE 91



Slave MARKET



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

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Cover: MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER follows his fantasy in this photo by JON REPPA, who just happened to be there.

Opposite Page: A portion of BILL WARD'S illustrations for ROBERT PAYNE's forthcoming CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE III.

GETTING OFF

There is considerable pride and pleasure in turning out this ninety-first issue of *Drummer*. We have five short story winners, a nonfiction piece or two and a photographic collection to offer as the first results of our Creative Awards Sweepstakes. We have been overwhelmed, not only by the quantity of material submitted to us, but by its outstanding quality.

Drummer has been known for its excellence for a decade now but we can't remember ever putting so many completely new creative people together in one issue.

And alongside these discoveries is the beginning of a new novel by the inimitable Mason Powell. His *Bound for Glory* begins in our book section with illustrations by *Drummer* regular, The Hun. It will be an unusual piece, but then all of Mason Powell's writing usually is.

In our center section this time is a salon collection of the men of Folsom, by photographer Joe Altman. Several of these gems have appeared in shows but have never been published. We were so taken by Joe's work that we hired him on the spot to be our new photographic editor. Several of his models for these works are Mr. Drummers or were contestants in the Mr. Drummer competitions.

Along with these new people you'll find your old favorites: Bill Ward's DRUM, Larry Townsend, John Karr's and Steve Warren's reviews along with some hot shit in Report under the auspices of Robert Payne.

DEAR SIR classifieds are still expanding and make as good reading as anything else. Those were written by a lot of new people too.

In *Drummer* 92 we will present two excerpts from John Preston's new novel *Entertainment For A Master* to be published by Alyson. That's John Preston of Mr. Benson fame who certainly is no stranger to *Drummer*. It begins:

For a very private, very elegant SM party for a discrete group of ladies and gentlemen to be held in San Francisco. Men must be well built and attractive, willing and able to perform servile tasks and endure moderate to heavy pain. Only the very willing and the experienced need apply.

Mark I. Chester has an unusual offering for *Drummer* 93, "Maimed Beauty" with sensual coverage of the maimed, deformed and amputated. Strangely beautiful and erotic as well. Where but in *Drummer*?

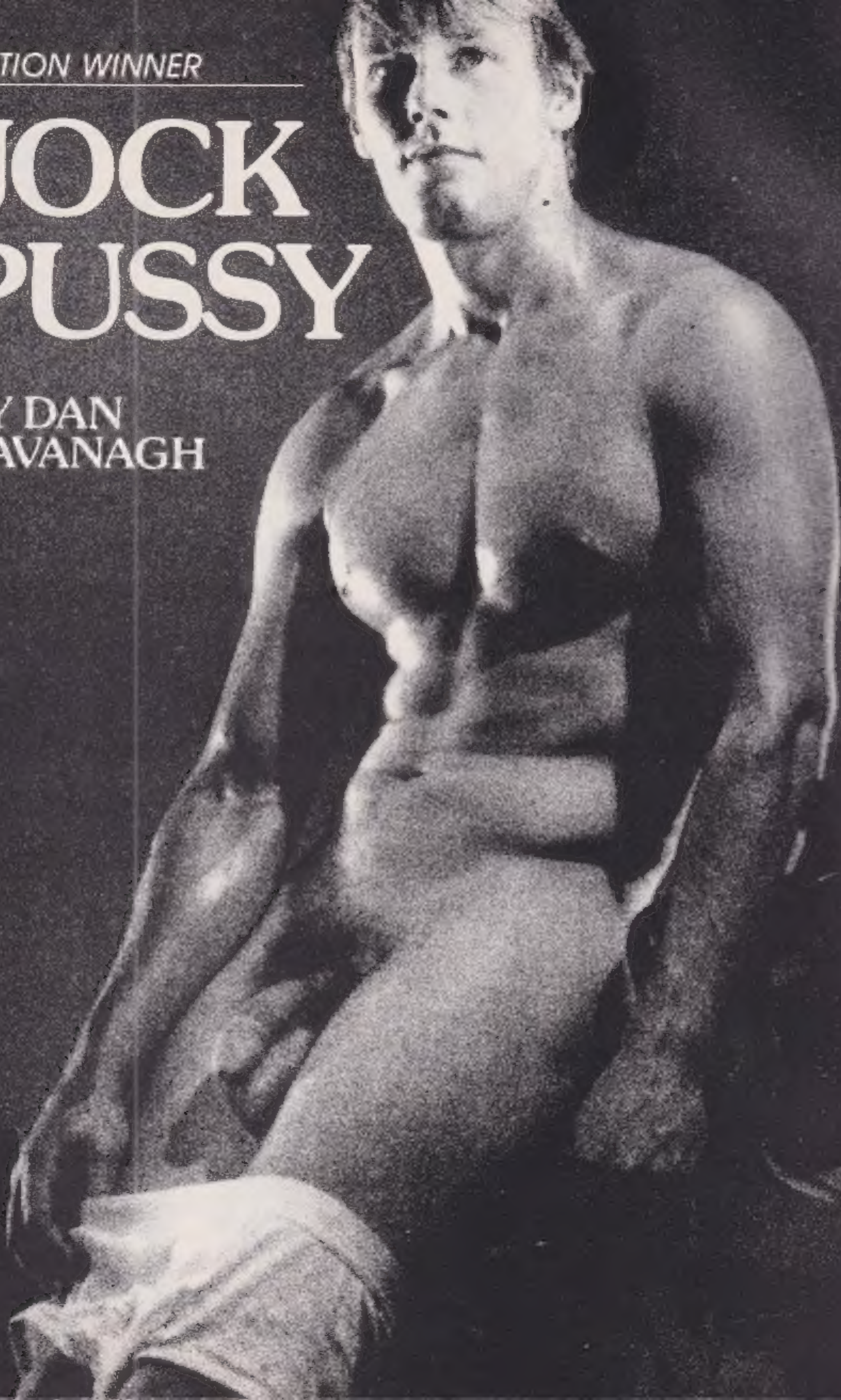
More winners in the art, photographic, fiction and nonfiction categories in *Drummer's* Creative Sweepstakes. The real winners are the readers (that's you and me).

—John H. Embry
DRUMMER 3

FICTION WINNER

JOCK PUSSY

BY DAN
CAVANAGH



Court slid open the glass doors and stepped into his living room. He was naked, still dripping from the pool with water that matted the black hair on his body. Six feet four inches tall, guys called him "Slim" until they got close enough to realize it was an illusion. He was big. Years of rodeo riding and weight training had pumped his long muscles up thick. Hands that seemed "graceful" from a distance dwarfed the cigarette he lit. His cock hung like a rope between his thighs. Thighs that were so big he bitched about finding jeans that were large enough. His calves were bigger than any other rider he'd seen in the locker rooms.

He hauled his gonads up as he dropped into the low chair and exhaled the smoke. Leaning back he stared at the sight in front of him.

"Good boy," he said.

The 29-year-old blond was still bent over at the waist like he'd been told, hands grabbing his ankles. Cum oozed out of his ass. Christ, he's got great legs, thought Court.

"I used to play basketball," the accountant had laughed. "But you don't go to Princeton to play basketball."

He was almost too handsome. Six feet one, sandy hair and long, heavy muscles. A smaller version of Court, but with hairless skin like a woman's. He kept his hair long, but just short enough to keep his job. Now it dragged on the carpet, wet with the sweat and cum Court had smeared on him as he'd held the head on his cock, on his asshole, and then as he'd hauled the head back while fucking him.

The man was miserable. His legs were wet with sweat and he could see a trickle of cum sliding down his calf from the two loads Court had pumped into him.

Beyond that, he could see the bottoms of two size thirteen feet about five feet away. Then, up long, hairy legs to a huge cock, resting limp on balls that couched it on either side. Court's belt was draped over the arm of the chair. The distance between them filled with cigarette smoke as Court exhaled. His ass began to get that tingling sensation again.

"Sir?"

There was no answer.

"Sir?"

"What is it?"

"May I stand up?"

"You don't remember too well, do you boy?"

"May I stand up, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir."

"That's right," Court dragged on his cigarette. "Now for that, start all over again."

Steve groaned. Oh, God, no! Please, not again, he thought. But he spread his legs wider, reached back and pulled his hole open once again.

"I am an ass-pussy, Sir," he said, almost crying.

"That's right."

"I need to be fucked by all men, Sir."

"Uh huh."

"Please, Sir. Help me make up for lost time, Sir."

"Tell me again about that three-piece suit, baby."

"It's a disguise, Sir. I should be naked at all times." Steve repeated once again, "I'm really an asshole for all men, Sir. I am a sex tease and need to be punished and fucked for it..."

"Shut up now."

Court finished his cigarette. He stubbed it out in the ashtray.

"Back up here, boy, just the way you are," Court said.

Steve worked his way backwards toward the dark, curly

haired man in the chair. He felt scared. But he didn't stand up. It felt right somehow to be bent over like this gripping his ankles. His cock began to harden as he exhibited his asshole like a headlight and gave it to a man who seemed to know instinctively what it wanted.

Court began to rub his huge, calloused hands gently up the polished thighs.

"Further," he said. As Steve backed up, Court worked his knees between the legs. The asshole was at face level. Court spread his own legs and he forced the thighs wider and wider. Steve squirmed his feet outward trying to keep up. He suddenly lost his balance. As his knees bent slightly, he braced himself on the floor with his hands.

Court grabbed the guy's genitals and yanked them back with one hand while he gave the ass a loud whack with the other.

"Grab those ankles, shithead, and straighten your legs," he said. Steve grabbed his ankles. Sweat was dripping up his nose, down his legs.

Court had known the kind of treatment this guy would be a sucker for when he met him.

"You're gonna be real useful, boy."

He held the genitals with one hand while he worked a finger slowly around the asshole with the other.

"I got a lot of guys I owe favors and I think we can help each other out."

The tip of the finger slipped in and teased the lips of the ass. The gentleness of the sensation and the idea of being a sex toy made Steve moan suddenly. His legs weakened. Court's big hand completely covered his cock and balls and steadied him.

"What do you think, baby?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Yeah," Court smiled. "I think I know what this ass needs. You're goin' to the rodeo with me all next week and we'll parade you around. Shit." Court laughed at the idea. "We'll start you in Levis and a flannel shirt, but every day, you'll wear a little less."

His finger slipped all the way into the ass. He began to stretch it, working out some of the cum he'd fucked up there twice before.

"I know five guys who'll be randy as hell. And when I tell them what a great lay you are they'll agree to anything I say. Hell, that's what you need, isn't it, baby?"

He smiled even wider. His long, thick finger found the prostate and pressed it hard.

"Dupke will take one look at you and spend the next four days with a rod to his knees. You'll like Dupke. He takes his time. But shit, you gotta make up for lost time, don't you boy?"

He slipped two more fingers into the hole.

"Jesus!" shot out of Steve's mouth. "Yes, Sir!"

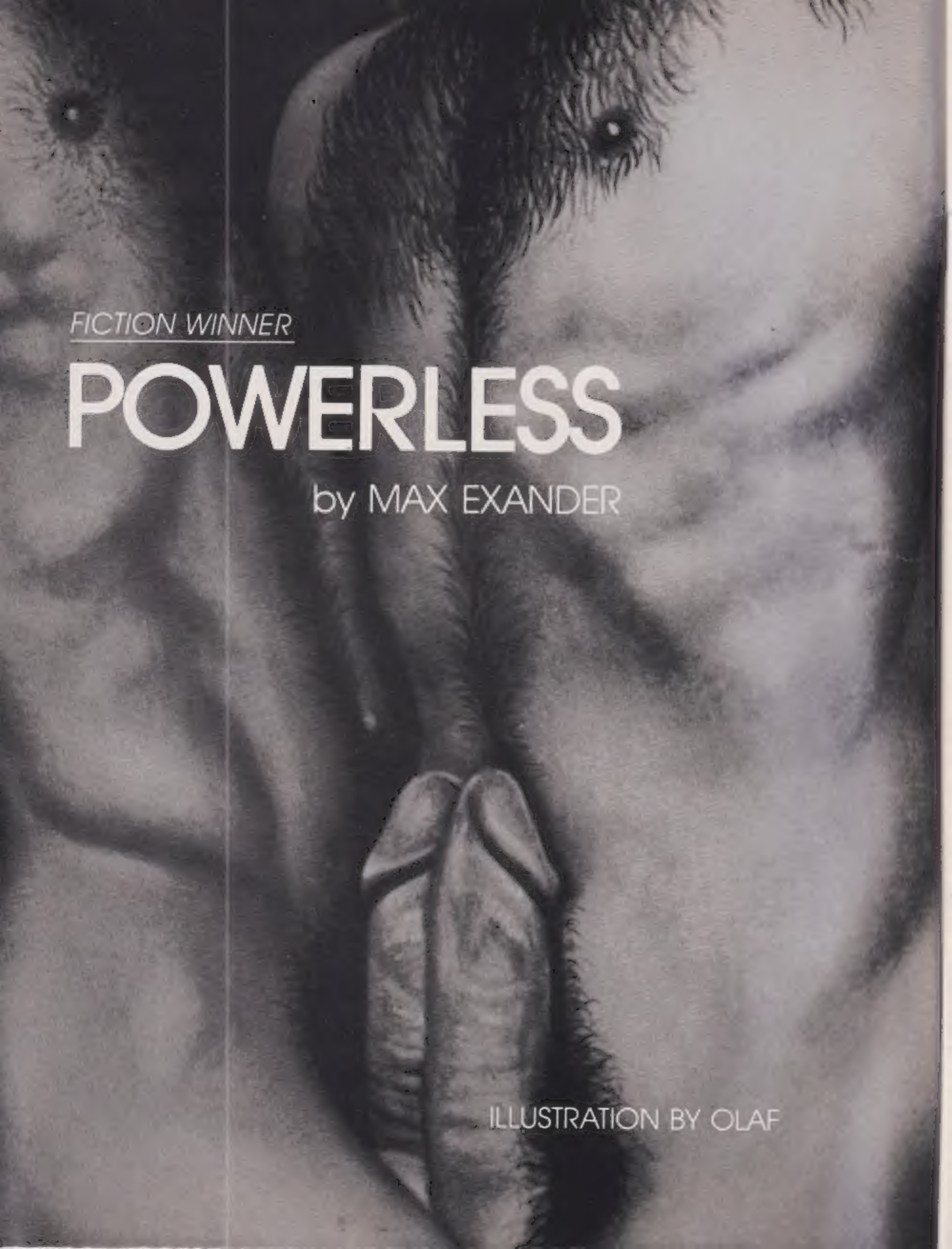
Court pumped the oozing ass a few times with his hairy fingers. Then he let go of the guy's gonads. Putting both arms through the legs, he brought his hands out and around the ass and gripped the cheeks in a hammerlock.

Steve was scared. He'd never felt someone take over control like this. He couldn't move the lower part of his body at all and his asslips contracted in fear. Court was used to this. There was no contest. Using the strong tips of his fingers, he peeled the lips back and exposed the pink inside flesh of the guy's fuck tube. He brought his face forward and bared his teeth.

Hooking the lower part of his jaw into the top of the hole, he bit gently. Steve snorted and tensed every muscle in his body. His cock sprang to full length. Court nuzzled the ass. He bit

Continued on page 44

DRUMMER 5



FICTION WINNER

POWERLESS

by MAX EXANDER

ILLUSTRATION BY OLAF

On hot summer nights my thoughts turn to leather. I have a fantasy to be all the black leather in America, to feel myself wrapped around men's muscular thighs, to feel myself framing asses and bulging crotches, to fly through the air and land with a crack across crying men's backs, to lie relaxed and crumpled in a corner, or atop a bed, or beneath a suspended slave, to feel the damp warmth of cum and piss flowing across my shiny, slick surface, to wrap myself around balls, tugging and pulling.

Some men exist to serve their Masters, others to dominate. All are filled with lust. The smell of leather and sweat, grease and cum, piss and smoke and beer—this swells cocks and opens asses. The power of leather lies in need and in lust, in volatile acts of submission like the nights—how many I can no longer count, nor care to—when, after the stroke of midnight, I placed my hands respectfully behind my back, stepped before a Master in black leather, and offered myself for his use.

Those nights go on, changed, but rich nonetheless. One of those nights, not long ago, things were different. I'm not sure I can explain it fully, because the meaning could get lost in the explanation. The best bet is to tell the tale, for in the telling, you'll see what I mean.

I think it had something to do with my state of mind that night—a warm evening in late August, only the slightest breeze brushing my bare arms as I entered the leather bar I always frequented. All day I had been stoked for the evening, looking forward with horny anticipation to the late hours when I might, at long last, offer myself up to some motherfucking hunk who'd show me a thing or two, then set me loose on Sunday morning. All day I'd had that in mind, but all day I'd been irritated, as if there was something struggling in the back of my mind to emerge, some notion about leather, or about slavery.

I'd been reading a lot of S&M stuff lately—books, stories, magazines. The whole scene was mine of course, but there was a message in the stuff I read that tried to work its way into consciousness. It wasn't until I walked into that bar, though, and started the evening's cruise, that the sequence of events was put into motion, leading, eventually, to a new attitude.

When I walked into the bar, Patti LaBelle was singing "New Attitude," so I should have taken that as a clue, but the next song the DJ put up was Madonna's "Like a Virgin," so obviously I paid it no mind.

The bar was filled with men, with smoke, and that low gloss of dim light reflected off black leather. Eyes met everywhere, saying: Fuck you. It was a question or a remark, depending on disposition, but I immediately laid my eyes on a typical muscle hunk across the room, his bulging basket framed in black leather chaps, a black tank top clinging to his muscled torso.

I got a beer and stood alongside the guy. I had a feeling this was going to be easy. I turned and smiled. He nodded and said, "Hi, there."

"Hi, I'm Max," I said, extending a hand.

He shook it, and I felt the strength of his grip—and imagined it wielding a whip or belt, maybe a big fat dildo.

"I'm Preston Kane," he introduced himself. For some reason I felt like laughing, but instead I just smiled and contemplated a new approach. I went ahead.

"Let me ask your opinion," I started. "Should a slave present himself to the Master, or should the slave remain docile and let the Master select him?"

The leatherman thought for a moment. "I think the slave should offer himself to the Master, respectfully of course. The Master should not have to make the moves, because, after all, it's up to him anyway, isn't it?"

There was such irony in his tone that I said, "Is it?"

He shrugged his shoulders, as if the point he had made was debatable. "What do you think?" he asked.

I shrugged then. "It's probably a judgement call, but the eagerness of the slave to please should probably motivate the slave to go to the Master."

He smiled and sipped his beer. "Whatever," he said. "I'm not really into that."

I was mystified. "Into what?"

"All that S&M stuff."

I frowned at his chaps and leather armband.

"Oh, sure, I like leather," he said. "And I like my sex rough, even dominant and submissive. But I'm not into all that discipline stuff, all that role playing, just simple, regular S&M."

I nodded. I didn't know what he was talking about. What the hell was "regular" S&M? The kind you do at the office?

Finally I asked: "What do you mean by regular, simple S&M?"

He laughed. "I didn't mean regular, actually, I meant I'm into physical S&M, not emotional. I don't give a damn if a slave is well-trained or 'broken,' because I just want a hot guy who likes to get it on that way, the practicalities, I mean."

I shook my head and ordered another beer. "You got me," I said. "You're saying you want to have hot S&M sex, but without the S&M trip?"

"No, no, that's not it," he said. "I mean I want S&M sex without the discipline nonsense, all that silly stuff about 'Yes, Sir,' and 'Please, Sir,' and basically turning a human being into a child, or an animal. I don't need to 'break' another man in order to prove my masculinity. I don't need to prove anything. I don't need to make someone surrender to me, or even to seduce them into surrender."

"Oh," I intoned. "Then what do you want?"

"I want to get off, but in a special way," he answered. He was leaning in close now. We had both turned toward the bar and stood leaning against it with our elbows. His face was close to mine. I could study his white teeth, very white, beneath a dark brown moustache and red, very kissable lips. His amber eyes burned out of his face, so intense were they, and his breath smelled of beer, marijuana, and mint.

"What do you mean by special?" I asked. I was gearing up to hear something truly kinky.

"Well, let me explain. The whole physical aspect of S&M—you know, the way it makes your body feel—is keyed off by the fact that when your body is under great physical stress like pain, bondage, and endurance, your brain releases a natural pain killer, kind of like morphine. It's the same principle that causes 'runner's high' that joggers are always talking about. It's another way to ecstasy, like jumping up and down in a gospel church service for hours on end, or exercising really hard. When you couple that natural physical reaction with the sex act, you get catapulted into heaven. That's what I like to do, to help people get there and to get there myself. As for the rest of it, all the discipline and emotional role playing, well, I just don't see the need to bother."

"Couldn't that add to the experience, though," I offered, "by setting up an emotional and psychological attitude that helps induce those pain killing chemicals in the brain?"

"Sure, sure," he said. "But not for me. I'm just a pure physical S&M type."

I had to get us off this intellectual talk. We were sounding like a college biology lecture, and that is not the way I had envisioned spending my Saturday night, my hot Saturday night. I was regretfully aware that it was nearly the end of August, and that soon the social scene would shift to the frenzy of autumn and then the holidays. There wouldn't be many more late, lazy nights this summer.

"Why don't you show me?" I suggested.

"I thought it might be a good idea," he said. "Let's finish these first."

So we drank up, turning around to watch the crowd. I observed the rituals of mating, read lips as they whispered take it up the ass, down the throat, get tied up and whipped, please, Sir, let me, please, Sir, use me, fuck me, ram it into me when we get home, I'll do anything you tell me to...

Just then the bartender announced last call, so we finished our beers, listened to Huey Lewis sing "Power of Love," and then left. Outside it was still warm, the kind of night my grandma would have called sultry. Leathermen strolled up and down that wide street, revving their motorcycles if they drove,

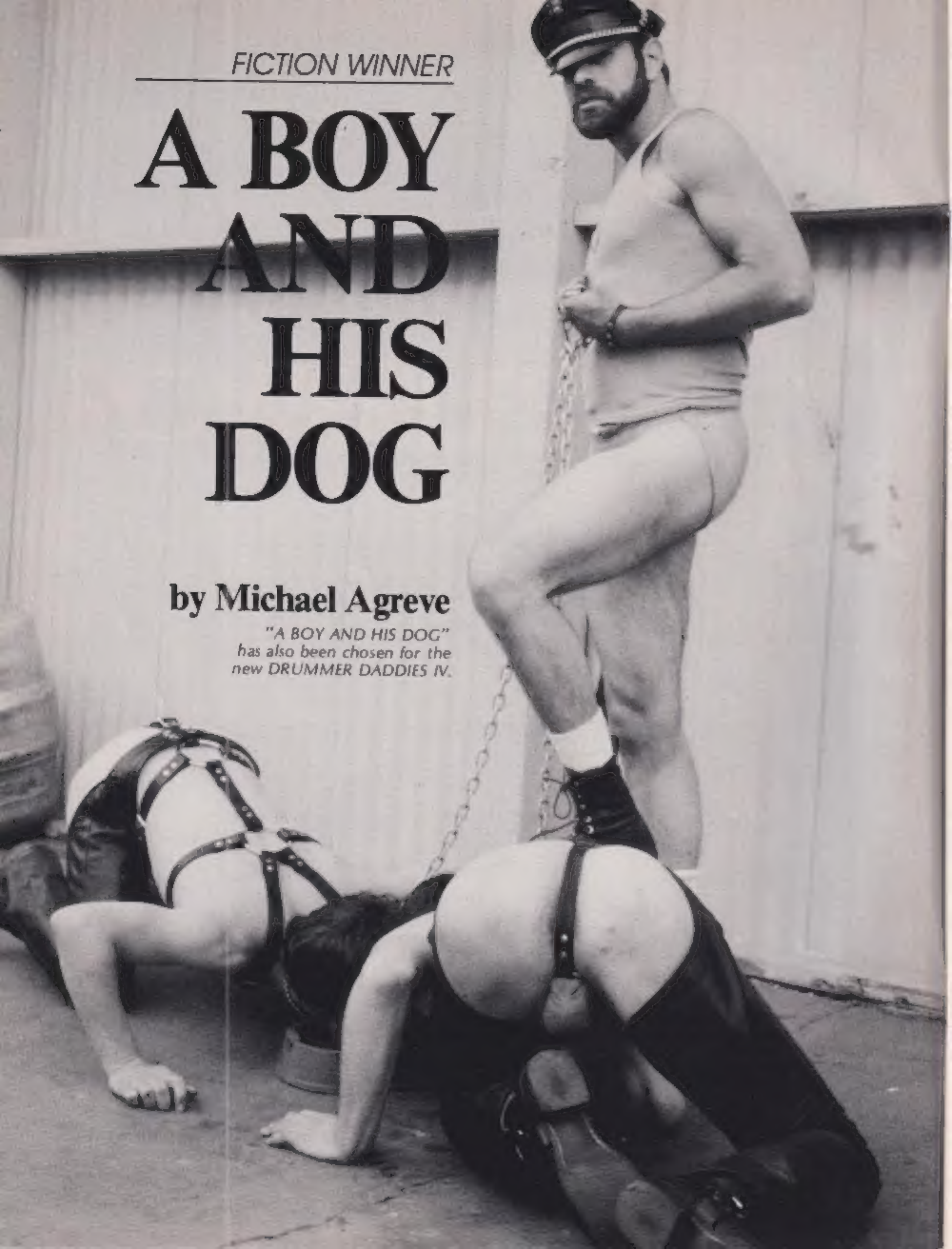
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FICTION WINNER

A BOY AND HIS DOG

by Michael Agreve

*"A BOY AND HIS DOG"
has also been chosen for the
new DRUMMER DADDIES IV.*



For months I had been begging my Daddy for a dog. At first, he had refused outright. Then, finally, after months of pleading, he finally softened and said that he would think about it. I waited in a constant state of expectation for weeks afterwards. I knew that my incessant begging had pushed his patience towards the breaking point. He was not someone you could whine at for hours on end without getting some punishment way out of proportion to the actual crime.

More than once he had come close to leaving permanent proof of his dominance on my face as he told me to shut up or spend the rest of the night in the basement. But although I was cowered, I managed to make my request one or two more times without having to face his wrath head on.

Maybe he finally softened in order to restore the peace and quiet that had been the hallmark of our life together for the past five years. Or maybe it was his way of rewarding me for having been such an obedient son for so long. But whatever it was, there was no hiding the joy I felt when he told me that he had made all of the arrangements necessary for my getting the dog I so desperately wanted.

I should have known that something was up when he started coming home later at night than usual. It isn't my place to question his whereabouts. But my curiosity was sparked. And something else too. For the first time in years I felt jealousy. The fact that I could feel that emotion told me in no uncertain terms that now, more than ever, a dog was needed.

From the very start I knew that Dad could never supply the kind of gut love that some dads could give their sons. That never bothered me much. He gave me so much else. Much more than most daddies give. But I knew that if I didn't have something to give my emotional love to real soon, there was a danger that our relationship would grow into something neither one of us wanted it to be.

So when he finally told me that he had found a dog for me, you can guess the kinds of feelings that went through my mind. I knew it was his way of saying that he understood and that things would be different but better from now on. But it wasn't until much later that I realized how different. For one, I was the one put in charge of the dog. Dad told me in no uncertain terms that he wasn't about to spend his few hours at home training some stray mutt. I was in charge of feeding and making sure that my new found pet knew its place. The feeding part was easy. But for someone who had spent the past five years being made into the kind of son that any dad would be proud of, learning how to housebreak a wild animal was a responsibility that was exciting and frightening at the same time. I knew that if things didn't work out right, both me and the dog might be looking for a new home. But when I first saw the dog that Dad had picked out for me, I knew that it would be worth all the extra effort.

The minute I saw my new pet, shivering from head to toe, and whining as the heavy rope around his neck rested in my dad's hands, I knew that here was something I could love. Dad told me he had picked out a golden retriever. But when the shaggy-haired boy stood butt-ass naked in front of me, I realized why it had taken so long to pick out just the right dog from among hundreds of possibilities. For years I had told Dad about my fantasies. But up until then I had never realized that he had stored those weird fantasies away for future referral. And now, as I stood with my mouth open, it dawned on me that he had spent night after night trying to find the one animal that would excite me in exactly the way I needed to be excited.

"This is your dog, Son. I expect you to take good care of him. He'll need plenty of disciplining before I let you keep him in the house. Take him down into the basement for now. And remember, I don't want to hear any noise out of him. It's bad enough I had to put up with your pestering all these months."

With that, he handed me the rope that held my boy-dog in tow.

"He said his name's Roger. But you can call him whatever you like. Anything except Roger. I never could stand that name."

Then he turned and left me staring at my charge. I swallowed hard as I looked directly into his blue-gray eyes. I had never seen anyone as beautiful before. It took me several minutes to get over the shock of all that longish blond hair framing an almost Botticelli-perfect face. It was only when I sensed the fear in his perfectly chiseled face that I lowered my gaze to drink in the rest of him. Like myself, he was lean but well muscled. I could tell anyone just how many hours I had spent getting my physique in line with what my dad expected it to look like. But I could only guess at how Roger came by his well-defined frame. Fortunately, I didn't have to guess about where his uncut dick came from. That could only have been a gift from the gods. I had always dreamed about burying my face in a well-formed cock topped with golden blond pubes. Now all I had to do was plant my equally hot bod onto the ground and that dream would be realized. But I knew that that was no way to treat a dog, and an untrained one at that. He had to be let known who was his Master. And although I had spent the last five years paying obeisance to a sometimes-indifferent topman, I knew that the sooner he knew his place, the sooner I would be able to start realizing some of my overripe fantasies. So, instead of sucking on his succulent dork, I pulled on the length of crudely tied rope and forced him down onto the ground.

"Heel, Roger."

Roger. I knew that name would have to go. I hated it almost as much as Dad did. But what would I use in its place. I thought for a while, then a sardonic look crossed my face. It was the same kind of look Dad had used on me a hundred times or more. Only now I understood just what made a man smile like that.

"Stay, Rover. Now, sit. Sit, boy. Come on, you shitass mutt, sit!"

The palm of my hand reverberated against his forehead. He grimaced, then, like a well-trained cocker spaniel, he sat at my feet.

"Good boy. Good Rover. Good dog."

He looked up at me pleadingly, as if wondering why I had chosen that name. Even if I wanted to I couldn't answer him. Somehow it fit, just as the rope collar fit so perfectly. And now that the decision had been made, we both knew that it would be Rover from now on.

"Okay, boy. Let's do like Daddy said. Let's get you down to the basement."

With the leash still wound tightly around his neck I lead him downstairs. I had spent enough days and nights in the basement to know the special kind of terror that the dank, dark place could bring. But I had gotten an order. And I had to obey. But still, the whining sounds that came from my dog's lips as I pushed him into a corner nearly made me change my mind. On the other hand, I knew that the best way to housebreak my new pet was to make him understand his place. I knew that Dad wouldn't tolerate a smart-ass mutt. So, with the kind of determination that surprised this bottom man, I set my mind to beginning his training right then and there.

In truth, I couldn't wait to get working on his body. As I turned the bare overhead light bulb on, my eyes fixed themselves on that incredible slab of meat between his legs. It wasn't so much the size as the almost perfect shape of the thing that made my mouth slobber. It was a beautifully shaped, six-inch cigar. I thought of how Dad used to bite the tips of his stogies and spit out the end. A thick piece of skin covered the tip of my dog's cock. I longed to clamp my mouth on its tip and smoke its smooth, pale skin right down to the root. Instead, I grabbed at my own thick piece of manmeat and held it out in front of Rover's face.

Almost on cue his tongue came out of his mouth, followed by a stream of guttural panting noises that made my stiffer swell to its full eight inches. I tore at the buttons on my jeans and let him have a look at my expanding sausage. He was slobbering as I moved the enormous tip closer and closer to his face. I wanted to shove my dork right down his throat. Instead, I decided to

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FICTION WINNER

A SLAVE'S CATECHISM



by J. TARVIS

ILLUSTRATION BY

RAIDER

What is he? He is, a slave, a pig, a dog, a leather collar wearer. Ingratiatingly willing to please—until recently. Yes, Sir, No, Sir Passersby spat on him and he thanked them, even when he was alone. A scumbag. A toilet

mouth. Stats: five five eleven inches, 190 pounds, shit-colored head fuzz, hazel pig eyes, a meticulously-trimmed moustache, sufficient body fur (just growing back now after being shaved, just a scratchy, itchy stubble), thick nine inches, uncut, accused of having priapism, but not true, two-inch (and getting longer with his Master's help) skin, platinum nipple rings, someone must think he's worth it, a Prince Albert, also platinum, blue jeans, T-shirt, Nikes, 23, everyone but the law considers him chicken meat or, closer to the truth, pig meat. Where is he?

The sun has just gone down. A soft breeze tickles his shit-colored head fuzz.

He is walking to an address on a piece of paper crushed in his sweaty hand. He was told to report to the address by his Master. Why?

Lately, he has become insolent and periodically defiant. And around other men his eyes wander and, for the last two weeks, his hands, too.

Note. He is walking to be re-educated. He has to be taught what he is and what his place is.

What happened?

He stops and smooths out the wrinkles out of the crushed paper between his forefinger and thumb to check the address once again. He doesn't want to think of what will happen if he goes to the wrong address. Oh, shit!

At the black door, he stops and takes a deep breath. He exhales slowly. He has no idea of what is going to happen. His thick cock grows, inching down his pants leg, in nervous anticipation.

He knocks on the black door, then waits. For about five minutes he waits impatiently, nervously, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He doesn't dare leave, no matter how long he has to wait. He was told to report by his Master. Period.

The door opens finally, slowly. A Master stands before him. What about him?

He is. A Master (number two). Stats: six feet one inch, 185 pounds, 8'4", cut, hirsute, a gorilla with a shaved face, short brown hair, panther-black eyes, leather vest, blue jeans, cycle boots, large, gloved hands, 31. What does he do?

The slave knows what the man is. Immediately, without thinking, he falls to his knees before the Master. Holy shit, the pig is up. His cock pulsates under his tight jeans.

Without saying a word, the Master takes a dog's choke collar from his back pocket. Quickly, he steps forward and removes the leather collar. For him and for the other Masters this night, the slave has to earn the privilege once again to wear a leather collar. No more. Leather, except the small piece around the neck, is not for slaves. Period.

He puts the choke collar on, slipping it over the slave's bristly stubble. He throws the leather collar behind him into the room and then attaches a rope-leash to the choke collar.

The slave stares at the copious hair circling the Master's neck just above the collar of his T-shirt. Damn, a gorilla—and just as mean?

A hard jerk, "Heel." The Master turns to walk away.

He jumped. The chain bites into his boyish, tender neck. He puts his fingers between the links and his neck to loosen the collar.

A harder jerk. "Heel!"

He catches himself from falling. Damn, the links bite harder. The rope pulls him forward. He gets the idea and moves.

He leads the slave into the building. The door slams behind them. The leash never grows taut. Good. Like an obedient dog, finally, the slave follows eagerly, unaware of what is to happen.

Where are they?

They find themselves in a dimly-lit room with black walls. Heavy shadows hug the corners of the room. His eyes try to get accustomed to the dim light. Unknown to him, five other Masters are in the room. He is the only slave. Uh-oh.

Then?

Earlier in the day, the Masters came there to get things ready, to plan. With everything ready, they waited for the slave to report.

Quietly, the slave walks in with Master number two, staying a respectable distance from him, head bowed, eyes downcast, occasionally chancing a glance around the room, a nervous urge to piss in his pants. Then, an ominous fear strikes him. His cock deflates instantly. If the stubble on the back of his neck could stand up, it would.

He was taken over to a black, wooden slab in the center of the room, a dim light above. Little of the light washes over the sides of the slab into the room. The area around the slab is in soft shadow. The rest of the room is in dark shadow or complete blackness. His eyes strain to see the rest of the room. Nothing.

One Master, numbers three through six, stands at each corner of the slab, knowing grins on their faces. Master number two still holds the leash.

As the two of them stand next to the slab, the slave feels he can no longer hold it in. He lets go. Warm piss gushes down his leg and splatters his Nikes. It pools on the floor. His pants are soaked, his Nikes, too. Uh-oh, he wants to reach down and loosen his wet pants from his legs. He knows better. Goo!

What does number two do then?

Quickly, Master number two switches the leash to his left hand, then repeatedly slaps the slave's boyish face with his gloved right hand.

The slave smells warm leather and ...ozone?... Oh shit...no, wax? Damn, why is he thinking of the smell of leather and whatever when the side of his face is on fire?

"You goddamn bag of shit," Master number two screams.

The final blow knocks him to his knees. The Master has nearly knocked his teeth out. He tastes blood in his mouth. It hurt. He starts to sob and grabs the side of his hurting, burning face.

Damn, the other Masters think, things are bad.

"I...I..."

Master number two gives him a hard swift kick in his side. He loses his balance and falls over.

"Did I tell you to speak? You pissing dog, speak when ordered to."

The slave cowers on the floor, his pig eyes flash hate.

With two hard jerks on the leash, he pulls the slave back up on his knees, his head bowed. The links dig into his neck.

"And stop that goddamn crying."

Immediately, it stops. He sniffs a few times.

Masters number 3 through 6 smirk.

Master number two reaches down and rips the slave's T-shirt off in shreds. He throws it into a dark corner.

A hard yank on the leash. "Stand up!"

The slave stumbled to his feet.

"Take your pants off."

With rapid, nervous movements, he struggles to take off his wet Nikes, then his wet pants.

Master number two takes the pants from him. He points to the table. "Get up there."

The slave climbs up on the wooden slab. He waits for further orders on his hands and knees, his head bent. Fear races through his blood. Slowly, he realizes that anything might happen.

His original instruction isn't totally lost. Good.

"Lay down on your back," number two barks.

The slave obeys. Lying on his back, he looks around, straining to see the two Masters behind him. He can see only five of the

Continued on page 91

ORLUMMER 13

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REPORT

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Captain Ron and First Mate Henry of Sailorman Charters will take you out cruising in the Florida Keys. Meals, an open bar with Henry's tropical teatime favorites and an evening ashore are included. For information on the cruises, Captain Ron or First Mate Henry, write to Sailorman Charters, Box 331244, Coconut Grove, Florida 33133 or call (305) 634-2113. Yo ho ho.



HOW DO YOU SPELL RELIEF?

These Denver Mountaineers had to go so bad they could almost taste it. So, watch out where the leathersmen go—and don't you eat that yellow snow!



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A CONAN CLUB?

Naturalamente. For those of us who love the barbarian in whatever form we can find him, here is pay dirt. Membership for a year is ten bucks and for considerably more you can get folios, art folios, books, programs and who knows what else. There are quarterly newsletters and lots of other neat things. Send your love offerings to: The Conan Fan Club, P.O. Box 4569, Toms River, NJ 08754.

BLESSED ARE THEY WHO

From the United Press comes this bit of religious news from Ogden, Utah.

A homosexual man, dying of AIDS and feeling guilty about his lifestyle, confessed his sexual preference to his local Mormon church bishop and was promptly excommunicated.

Clair Harward said that when doctors told him he had only a few months to live, he went to the church seeking guidance and spiritual comfort, wanting to repent for years of a gay lifestyle. "I was convinced I'd go to hell if I didn't," he said. "I wanted peace of mind."

Instead he was kicked out of the church.

Bishop Bruce Don Bowen of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints said he advised Harward to assume responsibility "not to endanger the public" by attending services.

1986 PLACES

IN EUROPE

Gay Travel Guide

Maps to Major Cities

GAY EUROPE GUIDE

Premier edition of a new guide to Europe is available in the USA for \$7. It includes maps of sections of Amsterdam, Berlin, London, Paris, Rome, Zurich and other parts you may be interested in. It lists major gay events on the Continent and much other valuable information to the traveler. Should be available wherever gay books are sold.

DRUMMER FORUM

(THE PUBLISHER'S PAGE YOU MIGHT CALL IT)



BACK TO THE BATHS

Like Sir, the author of "Health Spas" in *Drummer* 89, I, too, loved the baths, but unlike Sir, I have not felt it politically expedient to subject my sexuality to AIDS-induced revisionism.

The new Reaganistic Falwellian Puritanism that has infected large numbers of gay men will ultimately prove to be more harmful than the ravages of AIDS itself. While it is most necessary to modify one's sexual behaviors to conform to safe-sex guidelines, it is not necessary to produce an apology for all the presently unsafe activities one may have engaged in before the plague years. What's most frightening about AIDS is that it has brought back our old friend, homosexual guilt. AIDS is thrusting many gay men back into the 1950s, making sexuality "dirty" again, causing homosexuals to fear and despise their own natural desires.

Just as there is no one more self-righteous on the subject of booze than an on-the-wagon alcoholic, there's no one more insufferably smug than a tub slut who has seen the "error" of his ways. It's mordantly ironic reading accounts of "born-again queers" that detail their VD histories, their years of dark nights in bathhouses and sex bars, their drug use, the depths to which their sexual "addiction" had taken them only to have these accounts all reach the "moral" which translates into "Thank God for AIDS! I've been saved from sex!"

AIDS has neatly played into the hands of gays who continued despite all the post-Stonewall gay activist rhetoric to think that homosexuality was "sinful." Despite the many closely reasoned refutations of the AIDS-as-God's-punishment-of-fags theory, the majority of people (gays included) believe you get AIDS because you are bad—you shoot up drugs or you get fucked in the ass or you shoot up drugs while being fucked in the ass. Making a moral problem out of a medical problem is to be expected, when the Black Plague swept Europe in the Middle Ages, it, too, was credited to divine retribution. Since religion owes its existence to the fear of the unknown, it is called on to provide solutions to problems that science can't. Unfortunately, religion always has the answer: God did it.

The most despised members of a society are always blamed for the ills of the society so it's not surprising that homophobes find that AIDS vindicates their hatred of gays. What is surprising—astounding, really—is the number of gays who are siding with their oppressors, who believe that the cure for AIDS is the heterosexualizing of gays. (That's the argument that goes, "I used to go looking for sex on Saturday night, now I stay home and tend my orchids.") Self-oppressing gays go to the authors of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* one step better. *The Protocols'*

authors never suggested that the Jews, who were so hateful to them, were also hateful to themselves, but here is Sir confessing in the pages of *Drummer*, "Yes, we are hateful and we know it."

I was gang-fucked in the orgy room of the Everard Baths. I swallowed the cum of strangers in Dave's Baths. I drank piss at the Mineshaft. I rimmed at Hellfire. But I participated in these activities because I enjoyed them, not because I found them disgusting and felt I only deserved the disgusting. I am unable to look back on fifteen years of promiscuity and scream, "The horror! The horror!" Promiscuous sex was my "fuck you" to a society that would have me keep my homosexuality a dirty little secret. I was never more free than when I was indulging my homoerotic passions.

Now, more than ever before, it is mandatory for gay men to express their sexuality, not to retreat into an asexual closet. Sexual negativism is on the rise; it can only be answered with a reaffirmation of the pleasures of man-to-man sex. We do not need to close down the baths and sex clubs to write *mea culpas* about our sexual pasts, to show sexual responsibility. We need to stock up on rubbers, brush up our fetishes and go out and party to show that we will survive not as neutered sissies, but as proud, sex-positive gay men.

T. R. Wilomski



LET'S HEAR IT
FOR BAREFOOT
PORCUPINE
KICKING

First let me congratulate you on *Drummer's* new art director. I have been sorting my collection and rereading the interesting parts for the past few weeks and it is a real pleasure to find an issue without left-hand lies. He seems to have been able to cut down to one the strange system of printing type over a picture, the result of which is that the picture is difficult to see and the type is difficult to read. No matter what you think of civil rights for assorted shades of humans, the Lord God of Printing has ordained from the beginning of time to all eternity black type, white paper. I assume that, even now, your new art director is moving to change the typeface to a serif one. For the few times when you reverse the colors, such as your cover, the sans serif type is more legible.

I have been worrying about the cover of *Drummer* 89. I feel something like Whistler who, when the glory of the night sky was pointed out to him, said, "I would have done it differently." Of course, he knew what he wanted to do. I have been wondering about it. After a while I realized that it was the helmet that bothered me the most. I assume that the only reason that you did not use a World War I German spiked helmet is that you did not have one on hand. Well, there is plenty of time before next year.

Now to your comments on the publisher's page.

You have noticed that barefoot porcupine-kicking has never become a popular sport. I propose an attack on two fronts, both of which require a lot of work on someone else's part.

Front one: I have the impression that every time a fundamentalist "Christian"

really comes out strong against faggots, he is shortly found thereafter in bed with one or more choirboys. If you were to devote a column a month to biographies of such persons, it would perhaps start a change in the perceptions of them.

The second front is on pornography. While Bible-reading-and-waving "Christians" claim that they are against pornography, what they are really against is competition with their line of porn. We are talking about a book that starts out with an unpunished fratricide and moves to incest. I don't know whether it was his mother or his sisters, but either way it's incest. It drops off after this.

Since I assume that you know everyone worth knowing in San Francisco, I would like for you to pass this idea along.

What I have in mind is a religious tract similar to the hundreds you have already seen. This would be Sister Boom Boom's Guide to the Bible. It would read with a simple statement to the effect that for hundreds of years the Bible had satisfied man's desire for pornography, but in our modern age most people do not have time to look for the interesting passages. There would then follow a list of subjects with Biblical citations. Subjects could be: Incest, fratricide, slaying hords, slaying small numbers, slaying individuals, slavery, selling into slavery, the Begats (You have to bring something of yourself to this, but when you realize what was going on...). I strongly favor including the weird character who built a vessel ten cubits in diameter and 30 cubits in circumference. This gives pi a value of three.

Anyway the balls are in your court. Play away.

To come back to your art director, it has occurred to me that you may not have changed art directors, but that he had some sort of enlightening experience which changed his way of life. In any case, he deserves as much of a raise as you can give him without raising the cover price of *Drummer*.

George F. Hawk

TOO FEW MASTERS

As another astute participant in the world of Masters and slaves, I would like to respond to R.C.'s letter that appeared in this section in *Drummer* 89.

Having observed the leather scene from D.C. to Atlanta, I, too, have come to some disheartening revelations, i.e. there are few, if any, real Masters among us. The best that you can find, it seems, are the weekend sadists that are out looking for a hot scene that will fulfill their JO fantasies without any type of involvement or responsibility on their part. A good caring Master certainly does not need to ask anything of his slave. He will carefully search the qualities out and cultivate them to suit his needs. Likewise, a good honest slave will ask nothing of his Master but earnestly endeavor to please him in any way possible.

Unfortunately, the majority of men parading around as leather Masters are nothing but cheap imitations because they don't realize that with the privilege of being a Master comes the responsibility of caring and loving another human being, not trading him off at the next orgy for a new piece of ass or telling him "You are mine" when in reality he has a lover in another city. It's no wonder that most Ms sit around waiting to be taken by a qualified S, they've given all that they have to give and even offered their lives to what they thought was a real Master and gotten back in reply, "I'm just not ready for a relationship right now."

There are, R.C., quite a few honorable bottoms out there who would love to belong to a qualified Master. There is nothing that we would/could desire more than being released sobbing into the arms of our Master after a whipping session if only we could be sure that the next night those arms wouldn't be around someone else. Personally, it will be a cold day in hell before I let another man spill my blood and taste my tears before proving to me that he is as worthy of my trust as those leathers on his back.

DB

Raleigh, NC



HEADSPACE IS WHAT COUNTS

This letter is in response to R.C. of North Carolina in the last issue.

After reading the article with great interest, I realized there are two sides to the subject mentioned.

It's true, there are few real tops and real bottoms. SM is a very intelligent game or state of lifestyle. I especially liked the part in the article that mentioned the less-attractive women who give of themselves completely because they want to belong to somebody, which is very true. But what happens to certain men or boys who just happen to be physically attractive by nature or by means of keeping in shape? Yet they want to belong to someone too, but are constantly stereotyped as "stuck-up," "in love with himself" or other things.

It happens to all of us. You pass up ten good men to find your main man and when you find him you soon learn you're one of his ten.

As a "son" in my early twenties, I can say that in my short time of experiencing different attitudes and opinions of different men through friendships and semirelationships, it's not always the bottom who's the fuck-up, for instance, my first "Dad" whom I went back to finish high school for, then traveled 3000 miles to be with to help support finances, sold my car and other things (I could hardly call that "sweeping me

off my ass"). I'm not rich, but when I want something I'll get it without getting criminal. After about a year and a half of "trial" I found out I wasn't his type and began to see what his type was. So much for that. No one can read minds (we I some people can, but you know what I mean). It's great to be well-built and handsome or whatever, but headspace is what really counts. Any wimp can go out and pay \$500 for a complete leather outfit and try to talk like Brutus.

But don't get me wrong, I've met leathermen and I've met leather men! The difference is obvious. Is the boy good when he decides it's right for his new top to fuck his brains out one night in hopes that it won't turn out to be a one night stand and risk his health, then the next day find out he was wrong, waiting by the phone for who-knows-how-long, trying to call and always getting a fucking answering machine. Good communication from a good top man. In short, I can speak for some of us sons, bottoms or whatever the title. We're not just out for the fuck and a few strappings on the ass.

"Give me a top with attitude, and I'll do anything he wants." A good caring Master doesn't tell his boy it will happen and it never does. With all due respect and congratulations on a fine article,

Mr. R.C.

R.R.

Tucson, AZ



GAUNTLET II

4219 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A. 669-9472

POSTER OF THE MONTH

Although not a new poster, this one hasn't gotten around very much and we thought you might enjoy it. Magnifi-

cent artwork by Robert Lyvari, of whom no one has heard much since he left the West Coast. We had to go to

Los Angeles to get a copy, as will you, for five bucks at what has become the busiest leather bar in town.

A COUPLE OF BOO-BOOS

First in *Drummer 88* we rearranged Olaf Odegaard's beautiful story "The Gift" so that the final two pages were not in proper sequence. We hope you caught that one for yourselves. If you didn't, go back and read it over again.

Then in *Drummer 90* the binder rearranged the calendar pages in an order that even Pope Gregory wouldn't have understood. It was, as in years past, supposed to be left out, be carefully cut apart by you, the reader, then hung to follow the months in

your own horny way. You can still do that but each month will be a challenge. Artist Bill Ward hasn't told us about it yet but most of *Drummer's* mail to England is seized by the censor so perhaps he will never know. We can certainly hope so.

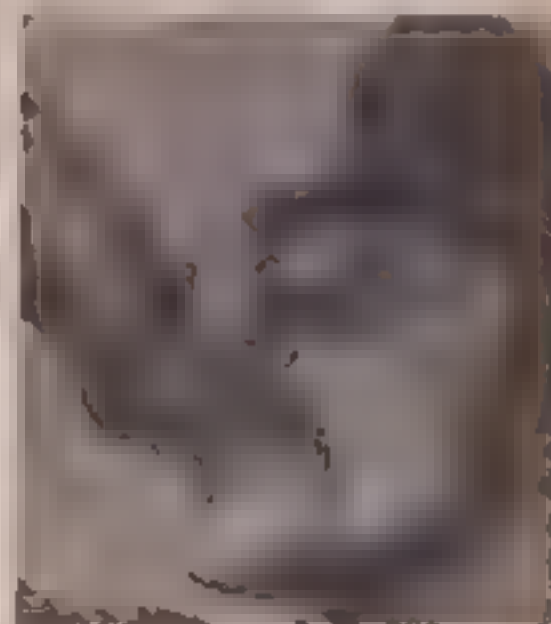
SAM BROWNE SOCIETY

An organization has been formed in Phoenix, Arizona to service men who express themselves in military and law enforcement uniforms. The society has initiated a reference library and will collect historic and rare uniforms in addition to adjunct weapons and leather items. The organization has developed sources for riding boots, including rare historic military boots.

The society was named for Sir Samuel James Browne, a British Army Officer who died in 1901, whose name is connected with a classic dress belt worn by law enforcement and military personnel. Contact: SAM BROWNE SOCIETY, 1714 E. McDowell Rd., Phoenix, AZ 85007. Phone after 6 P.M. MST at (602) 437-0123.

COPPERSTATE LEATHERMEN

In case you didn't know, the copper state is Arizona and there is a new association of self-avowed leathermen in its capitol. They are proclaiming themselves to be highly visible throughout the gay community. Having survived a "Leatherfest" for three days in mid-December, there is still "Waldorf Weekend," a camping weekend. Most of the organization's functions are without cost to those who wish to participate. Contact: COPPERSTATE LEATHERMEN, c/o Tuff Stuff Leather, 1714 E. McDowell, Phoenix, AZ 85006.



TOM OF FINLAND

Among the calendars we didn't get in our 1986 calendar assortment was Tom of Finland's which sells for a mere \$50. In addition we understand he has two new books to release, *The Navy* and a new *K&A* book called *Pleasure Park*. Look for 'em. Tom's work just keeps getting better and better.

SOUTH OF MARKET



BARE CHEST MEN



AND THE WINNERS ARE FOR SALE

The San Francisco Eagle has packaged twelve monthly Bare Chest Contest winners photographed by twelve outstanding photographers to sell as an AIDS fund moneymaker. All modeling and photography was donated and your \$13 covers the cost

of the calendar and mailing costs. Send your thirteen bucks and address to the S.F. Eagle, 398 Twelfth Street San Francisco, California 94103

CREATIVITY IN THE SMIMARTS

BY JIM K. PAGER

FROM THE DIMESTORE, DRUGSTORE,
SUPERMARKET COMES A PARADE OF ITEMS TO
BRIGHTEN YOUR LIFE, ALONG WITH YOUR SLAVE'S

Internally studded cock rings your thing? Well, have you checked out the plastic-toothed rings you have left over with certain kinds of plastic milk container caps? Once you break the seal, a ring comes loose which has lots of nice pointed, painful, but not piercing sharp barbs on the inside. They'll go on a large man with some scratching inevitable, but are a bitch to get off once he's hard. Of course, the rings can be cut off but since you used to throw them away anyway, so what? Just drink more milk for healthy bodies.

Turned on by the exquisite control the extremely high-priced tit torture clamps give you, but you don't have \$50 to buy a pair? Then spring \$16 for a pair of needle-nosed vise-grips now on the market. The weight of those suckers alone make their clamping power awesome to behold but the quick-release handles make their removal still another pain trip to enjoy inflicting.

Then there are the games you can play. Let your victim, er, bottom choose the width of the opening he thinks will keep the vise grips clamped on, with the knowledge that if he chooses too-wide an opening—causing the grips to fall off right away—you have a very unpleasant alternative, including cayenne pepper oil to apply to certain mucous membranes. (Also called Oil of Capsicum it is available at health food stores.) You win both ways. If he chooses an opening too small, they'll certainly stay on, but at the price of such pain...if too large, he

suffers at your hands another way. And if just right, he'll be walking around with two very heavy vise grips tugging away to enlarge his nipples. And, by the way, once on, you can keep "dialing down" the pressure on those vise grips, so that your slave eventually has bloodless tits—perfect for a piercing scene to follow.

Safe enemas? Use hydrogen peroxide, 3%, or dilute 6% peroxide with an equal amount of water, preferably normal saline. The peroxide kills bacteria in the lower bowel and helps oxygenate an area where the sun never gets a chance to send its healing rays.

Want to experiment with rubber at low expense? Buy the new cloth-backed neoprene rubber wrapping sold to hold the heat in with athletic wrappings on painful joints. Your pharmacy can order for you. In the right place you can wrap a slave so tightly he'll have a pencil prick until you yank the wrapping off, sending his cock into a helicopter spin. Lots of fun.

How about an automatic ball-bouncing machine? We're not talking rugby here, folks, although it helps to have leather balls for this experiment! You'll need: (1) heavy duty rubber cord like that used to tether balloons filled with helium...or nitrous oxide; (2) short length of beaded ball chain; (3) cord or rawhide cut to length after positioning your bottom face up, spread-eagle on a whatever under, but to the outer edge of a ceiling fan; (4) short ball stretcher—short enough to let his balls flop around

when you shake the stretcher, which should have a D-ring attached.

Okay, you've got your slave positioned. Fasten the cord or rawhide to the D-ring of the ball stretcher, tie the bead chain to the other end of the cord, and fasten the bead chain, free end, to either more cord or to the rubber band. More cord from the rubber band to either the bottom revolving portion of some fans (the kinds with light globes are unsuitable), or to the portion of the fan that fastens a fan blade to the motor. Now slowly start up the fan revolving, and adjust the length of the cord or bead chain until each revolution of the fan blade causes a gentle tug on the ball stretcher D-ring (usually positioned on the top side of his balls). With the right length the rubber cord will serve as a shock interrupter, delaying the tug on his balls until the fan blade has practically come around again. The bead chain keeps the cord from twisting up short enough to pull him off the bed of course. What results is a constant gentle yanking that will make his balls flop up and down to the rhythm of the variable speed you dial into the ceiling fan. Not at all boring, but an hour of this is absolute agony for your slave, while you take a well-deserved nap alongside. Guys have been known to cream simply from the constant rhythmic yanking their balls get from this.

If your slave's been bad, simply position a bath brush underneath his balls as the cord yanks his balls up and down and

up and down and up and down on the bristles of your choice. You may find a gag is absolutely necessary to maintain your piece of mind: his screams may get a bit loud.

Now if you use wet rawhide, the yanks will slowly increase in severity as the overall cord shortens. This is slow torture, however. Best to distract him with tit torture in the meantime. Oh, yes, you can fasten tit clamps to the fan instead of his balls if that's his trip, or you can use an internally studded ball stretcher. I made one by simply shooting medium length staples into a thick two-inch leather stretcher horizontally; that is, the exposed part of the back of the staple—the part that shows when the stretcher is snapped shut—is aligned with the snapper edge. Many staples=bed of nails. None pierce.

Looking to supervise two slaves? Excellent! Simply intertwine the chains linking the Japanese tit clamps on each one, and have each attach the other's tit clamps. Then have 'em begin pulling. First one to succeed in pulling free of a tit clamp gets to fuck the other. Or whatever. Be sure the tits and clamps have been wiped down with alcohol...the better to keep from slipping off sweaty skin.

Another variation: tit-clamped together, seated in each other's laps, legs locked around each other's back, with two sets of anal balls (hard-beaded kind, about one-half inch in diameter) tied to each other, and with each set crammed up each slave's ass. (Don't use the large sponge rubber kind—the cord breaks too easily.) Here, the objective is to pull the anal balls out of the other slave's ass, while straining to keep your own in. If, at the same time, the stud is trying to pull free of a tit clamp, it sends beautiful crossed signals. Very competitive, excellent ass-tit coordination, don't you think? Their buns will tighten up in no time, with such excellent muscle-tone training. If they're getting nowhere, then be sure their mouths are stuffed to near noiselessness, because...well, the screams again. A touch of acetone...or Vick's Vapor Rub, if you want to the heat to build up gradually...simultaneously applied to the assholes of each will really loosen things up. So to speak. Or scream. Be sure the gags are well fitted. And for safety's sake, don't use a leather gag on more than one slave. They're very hard to disinfect. Each slave should have his own. Coating the gag with calendula cold cream is a good idea—order from a homeopathic pharmacy. Keeps the leather supple while fighting bacteria.

TRICKS WITH SUPER GLUE... OR, SUPER GLUE WITH TRICKS

First, buy fingernail polish remover (acetone). Once your tricks are bonded together by their tits (and even belly buttons, if they're both "outies") at two

A.M., you may find it difficult to find a store open where you can buy the stuff that will dissolve their friendship/intimacy/gluey bondage. 'Nuff said?

Now surely you've got some snap-shut leather cock-and-ball bondage items you like to see your slave wear, don't you? How about nearly three-pound "bull balls" with snap closures? One minuscule drop of super glue in the snaps, and you'll keep him out of the baths until he comes to see you again. Of course, he can use baggies to keep the leather from getting soaked when he showers, but not being able to take the stuff off after he's released from your dungeon makes for repeat performances. (Sure, he can buy fingernail polish remover too, but you've thought of that, by gluing a distinctively embossed piece of very thin leather over the snaps so that it becomes obvious if he's tried to dissolve his bondage, and then reglue things before he sees you again). Repeat performances, because you can unglue him!

Remember, it takes about one minute of steady pressure before super glue bonds with any force. It takes 24 hours for what's called "permanent" bonding. Oh, those snaps!

Padlocks? Check out the larger "Master" and "Fortress" padlocks, with large hasps. Keep a variety of sizes on hand. Your slave must not have too small a padlock around his balls, or he'll lose them. Gangrene smells bad, too. The larger-hasped Fortress locks can lock two slaves together by their balls, but again, you must check for too-tightness! After 15 minutes, the balls should still be healthy looking. At 20 minutes, there should be no sign of turning blue. If 20 minutes pass and (1) the balls have good circulation, and (2) have not painfully popped out of their shackle, you've got another item to bring your boy back next weekend! You have the key.

You can also give your slave a going-away-for-a-week present of the key to his padlock, sealed in an envelope that can't be steamed open. He must bring the envelope with him to assure you he didn't get out while he was away. At the same time, this permits him to let himself loose in an emergency—the kind that is worth your punishment for turning himself loose. (Who knows, he might be scheduled for a bronco-riding competition, and want to be floppy-free for the duration of the contest. Now wanting release from his padlock under those circumstances is understandable. His punishment in such a situation? See: Ceiling Fan Torture.)

As one slave told me, the padlock bulge in his three piece suit at work made him a little paranoid about what people were staring at, but the sleeping at night was worse. The weight of the padlock forced him to sleep spread-

eagled face down every night—and I wasn't even there!

Oh yeah...there's another lock made by Master, pardon the expression, and it consists of a totally removable hasp, exquisitely adjustable to any sized balls. Get it! You can give the separate pieces to a potential slave as a measure of his confidence and trust in you. Tell him it's "his decision" whether to lock it on before your first scene. (You keep the key, of course.) Warn him not to lock the keyhole opening upside down next to his scrotum, or else you won't be able to unlock it. Ever. Then warn him not to see another top before seeing you—another top might not believe he doesn't have the key, and subsequently tighten it down to the point of testicular atrophy. Now that keeps your slave to yourself!

Bull Balls: Are you having the same fascination with this newest leather item from Eureka Leathers? Up to two-and-three-quarter pounds of weight, nicely enveloped in soft glove leather, with velcro or snap fasteners, and with the option of a two-inch stretcher to boot. Nice, even pull all around the scrotum. But if you've had slippery fingers trying to (1) push the balls into the sack, (2) close the opening, and (3) keep the short hairs from getting hung up in the closure, use a cheater! Simply put a parachute harness on the balls first, then tuck everything inside. Put your bull-balled slave on a mini-trampoline, and you'll have a spectacle of testicular titillation. Or, better, gag again. The moans of agony, you know.

If you're really into punishment, you can carefully restructure the closing with a leather-covered band of stainless steel or clock spring steel. Snap down closures substituted for the usual velcro or snappers, and you can padlock the whole apparatus shut. I know this is hard to envision without a drawing or photograph, but what are imaginations for, anyway? Two days of this kind of enslavement, and we are talking elephant balls here, folks.

For competition, take two slaves, tie their hands behind them, and have them attack each other's crotches by swinging their bull balls at each other. First one to double up with stomach cramps loses, you know.

Now if you want to match your slave against another top's slave, here's what you can do: have a milking contest to see which top can make his slave cum without touching the genitals! (Other than with a pussy whip, of course.) Cumming must come by virtue of tit torture, spanking, violent wand or whatever.

Or, have a contest to see which top can truss up his slave the fastest, apply tit clamps, etc., without the slave crying out in pain. This becomes a test of both the speed of the top and the discipline of the slave, yes? Let me hear an amen to that.

MALECALL

MORE TO COME?

Steven Reisswig, especially in your *Drummer 88* cover photo, may be the hottest man you've ever shown.

It would be a great coup for you to get him to do a nude photo session. If you can, please show lots of photos from all angles, including handsome face, smile, hairy chest, hairy belly and meat.

TR
New York

HOW DARE WE

This is the first time I have ever written a letter such as this to *Drummer*. It appears that your magazine has become more political recently and is placing less emphasis on providing articles and stories of interest to the leather community. Specifically, I am referring to the recent attacks you have launched against the leathersmen of New York and to a lesser extent, Chicago.

In *Drummer 84* you go after Chuck Renslow and the International Mr. Leather Contest. One can only assume that you did this because you did not get the photographic coverage you desired. Mr. Renslow has done an excellent job with this contest over the years and, as a former contestant, his hospitality to the entire country is beyond reproach.

Then, in *Drummer 89* in *Getting Off*, you bad-mouth the New York leather community on a wide range of subjects that it is hard to find linkage between. What does the closure of the Mineshaft have to do with photographic coverage of the Mr. Leather New York Contest? You seem to be obsessed with photography and it appears very obvious from some of your statements.

As for your claim that the New York contestants refused to be photographed, that comes as news to me, since I was a contestant and don't recall ever refusing. I am neither closeted nor camera shy as your *Tough Customers* (*Drummer 90*) will attest. Perhaps if you had spoken directly with Artie Haber you would have been treated differently.

All of this represents a rather alarming trend for *Drummer* and the appearance

that it has become a "California on y" publication. I love San Francisco and its men...but it has the same problems we all have. The closure of The Brig, Chaps and The Arena in 1985 does not speak highly of the support of the San Francisco leather community for its South of Market landmarks...and more bars are rumored to be selling out to straight businesses. Sad.

Over the years I have always thought of *Drummer* as the magazine for the macho male nationwide. You have a large following out here who don't care about inter-city politics. How about returning to the good old days of doing what you do best...being a hot and erotic source of entertainment. And still the best!

Eric S.
Guttenberg, NJ

(Editor's note: In no way are we attacking anybody anywhere. Try reading the editorials again. We have absolutely nothing against Chuck Renslow. In fact, to quote ourselves, "...Promoter Chuck Renslow is extremely generous with his prizes, hospitality and transportation to the winner." To this very minute we have had no material on the last Mr. International Leather contest to run. Nor has, we assume, anybody else

Just as frustrating was the information that we were not to run anything photographic on Mr. New York Leather. We eventually were able to talk to Artie Haber after the fact and found that it was not he who objected to photography but a cosponsoring organization. We were sent photographs and we ran them. We are not obsessed with photography, it is merely very difficult to report on a happening to a considerably larger audience than those able to attend, without adequate material

Whether East Coast, West Coast, Midwest or Overseas, we can only run what we have material on.

We have been very supportive of most every leather effort everywhere. However, a little goosing here and there sometimes gets things started. Thank you for your interest and your kind words.)

THE ITCH IS BACK

In *Drummer 88* you mentioned on page 17 a newsletter of shaving and hair-cutting titled *Stubble*. Do you happen to have their address? I am interested in finding out how to get on their mailing list.

Tom Moore
Address Unknown

ITCHING TO KNOW

Drummer 88, page 17, carries a reference to *Stubble*, "the monthly 'newsletter of shaving and haircutting.'" Although the subject is of great interest to me, the existence of the newsletter is news to me. I would appreciate your printing the address of the publisher.

Keep up the good work. In these trying times we need all the good work we can get.

William Long
Calpine, CA

(Editor's note: We are happy to tell you and everyone else that *Stubble* can be contacted at W.E.S. (We Enjoy Shaving), P.O. Box 6316, Reno, NV 89513. *Stubble* is in its twentieth issue and comes out monthly.)

UNMADE JELLO

I have to rip my chaps off to you for one hell of a magazine after reading *Drummer 89*. The article on foot fetish fulfilled a great need. In the past you had been giving quite a bit of attention to men in boots, but you'd forgotten about the most important part that goes into the boot—the foot. But *Drummer* being the kind of magazine that brings us what we want month after month—stunning, immodest men, beautifully photographed without inappropriate distraction—I knew it would only be a matter of time before you put out a spread like you did in *Drummer 89*.

In a future issue, I would love to see a photo or two of the sexiest feet around, those of Brutus, the DI. I'm one hell of a top, but I would eat unmade Jello out of his ass if I had the chance, but that's another story.

Mike
Gardena, CA

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DRUMMER DRUMMER FORUM DRUMMER DADDIES DRUM
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SWIMSUIT ORGY

I just picked up my first copy of your magazine and I am really enjoying it. I have been interested in bondage for many years (closet variety) but I am just now getting the balls to go looking for those who enjoy it as I do.

Here is my problem: I have a swimsuit fetish. I love to see a guy in a racing suit (needless to say the Olympic swim finals were an orgy for me). Most of the guys I see tied up and beaten all have lots of leather on but no swimsuits.

Obviously, to get into the bondage scene, all clothing must eventually come off, but I would love to see shots of guys in swimsuits hogtied.

P.S.: I have a collection of more than 350 swimsuits!

Steve S.
Scranton, PA

BOOT SUCKING

I have just received Compound Tapes 2 and 3. I listened to both tapes and enjoyed them very much, but I deplored the fact that there was very little emphasis on boot licking, boot sucking and boot worshipping on the feet of the DI. It is a known fact that DIs take a lot of pride in the refulgence of their boots, that those boots are the very emblem of their power, superiority and punishment. DIs have been known to spend hours just polishing their boots to a high gloss to render them impressive to look at.

In the British army in the days of the cavalry, particularly in India when the Bengal Lancers were in function, every single officer had his personal "batman" (orderly or body servant). Some cavalry officers made that batman, that valet, that servant, spend hours servicing their spurred cavalry boots on their feet while they read, drank, wrote reports or just carried on conversations with other booted officers. The batman had to abundantly bathe his Master's boots with his saliva, tonguing every inch of them and applying considerable pressure with the tongue in order to force the saliva to penetrate the leather and act as a necessary nourishment to lubricate that leather and keep it pliable and supple.

Since the facilities for taking baths or showers were very restricted in those cavalry regiments in the colonies like India, it was the duty of the batman to also tongue-bathe the dirty and sweaty feet of his officer-master as well as his boots. Human saliva was considered then as having the power to destroy all the germs and fungi and keep the feet healthy. No British officer ever had athlete's foot infection in those days and the reason was attributed to the fact that these officers had their feet bathed daily by the tongues and mouths of their batmen, their orderlies.

Roger C.
Quebec, Canada

SM ORGANIZATION

When I was in the process of moving back to the U.S. after 12 years in Stockholm and was concerned about finding my place in the states, I bought an annual membership in the Leather Fraternity as an essential part of that reintegration effort.

The response to my ad in *Drummer* was overwhelming. So much so that I could hardly keep up with it. In the first 14 months I met over a hundred guys and now have a very wide range of acquaintances (from all over the country) and a solid core of close friends, hot fuck-buddies and a very few who have become both and more.

In late June of this year, I was in New York for the gay lib festivities and through a friend there became involved in the activities of the Gay Male SM Activists. It was immediately obvious to me that Washington needed an organization like GMSMA so I came back and founded one—SigMa—which now has over 150 enthusiastic members, holds monthly general meetings (with demonstrations of safe and sane SM techniques—most recently in electricity and piercing) and has spawned over a dozen active special interest groups.

SigMa was launched by a mailing to guys listed in my address book—most of whom I'd met through the *Drummer* ad. Incidentally, whether they answered it or not, I have yet to meet anyone gay in Washington who has not read the ad—a testimonial to *Drummer's* coverage and influence within the leather community.

Robert T. Key
Bethesda, MD

CLASSIFIED RESULTS

Thanks to *Drummer's* Dear Sir classifieds, Mike Yee and I are now together. My ad ran in several issues of *Drummer*, and Mike's ad ran only once, but we have now gotten together, starting a great life together with a monogamous relationship.

We would both like to thank *Drummer* for bringing us together. We're both believers that *Drummer's* classifieds get results. We couldn't be happier and hope that other readers will find the right man.

Ric Heald
Sacramento, CA

XMAS TRASH

Your magazine is the greatest! The cover of *Drummer* 89 was probably the best ever. I'd gladly trash my Christmas tree and let Charlie stand in its place for a couple of months.

Your coverage of special events is superb. Keep up the good work. And for heaven's sake please keep sending me *Drummer*.

Michael Wiecks
Harrisburg, PA

TURN IN YOUR BEST FRIEND OR YOURSELF!



MALE MODELING is a rapidly expanding field and it has a lot of phases. Our studio shoots for magazines such as *DRUMMER*, *HONCHO* and *STROKE* as well as for clothing catalogs and health products. Do you know someone who should be photographed? Or, for that matter, should you?

It is worth your time certainly and can be a great experience for you as well as add to your portfolio if you want to make a career of modeling or acting.

Send a photograph, your name, address and how you can be reached. What can you lose, besides your inhibitions?

MANHUNT STUDIOS

17 Hamet Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

Here is what I look like.

I am _____ years of age, _____ tall,
weight _____, wear a size _____ X _____
shirt, waist _____, shoe or boot _____
Color hair _____, eyes _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

Phone (_____) _____

DRUMMER DADDIES

BALD IS BEAUTIFUL

I'm a 34-year-old daddy with a 29-year-old son. We have been together for over 3 years, and our relationship continues to grow. I will admit that *Drummer* has been very encouraging to us men and boys who are committed to a daddy-son lifestyle. For that you have my appreciation and my son's

I'd like to tell you about one of the best ideas I've ever gotten from *Drummer*, actually another *Drummer* reader. In *Drummer* 83 a very interesting letter was printed in *Malecat*. The letter was titled "Razorballs and Mohawks" and came from a man in New York who signed himself Q-Bal.

That letter proved to be just the inspiration I needed to do again something I hadn't done in years (though often thought about): I had my head shaved completely bald.

About 11 years ago, a buddy and I took our savings, loaded our bikes and spent almost a year touring the country. It was quite an experience, needless to say. After about a month, we decided it was time for a haircut. We stopped in a small town in Pennsylvania for the night and found a barber-shop early the next morning. I was first in the chair and my buddy watched in surprise as I had the barber make me bald. And did he do a number—hot towels, fresh-worked lather from a mug and brush, and a real, hand-stropped straight razor. When he finished, my scalp was as smooth as a baby's butt. Then he rubbed on a special cream and literally "buffed" my head to a shine. Not to be outdone, my buddy asked for and got the same thing. For almost all the tour we took turns daily shaving, smooth each other's heads.

Since then, I've thought of becoming a chrome dome again, but never did—until I read the letter from Q-Bal

Like him, I feel that a boy/son/slave should not be allowed the body hair of a man. When I took on the boy who is now my son, my first order of business was to rid him of all his body hair and keep him smooth. I also ordered and gave him a 1/4" buzzcut.

After about six months, I felt that we were both sure of the life we'd chosen and "officially" took him as my son. From that day on, my son has worn total baldness—head to toe.

But then, about four or five months ago, I read the letter from Q-Bal. That's all it took! I told my son to read it, then led him to the playroom, sat down in my barber chair, fired-up one of my favorite cigars and watched in the mirror as my own bald-headed son returned me to being a Q-Bal once again! Now his daily morning job is shaving away the small growth of stubble from my scalp so I am always smooth and clean.

Two weeks after my return to baldness, my best friend had his son do the same thing and is continuing as I am. He, though, hadn't shaved his son's head, so taking a hint from Q-Bal, he sat his son down in the chair and gave him a Mohawk, later shaving the top and back of the strip leaving a long scalp-lock growing from the boy's crown. We even sometimes all get together and have a big shaving orgy and fuck session. Believe me, we have some really hot fuckin' times! And we especially enjoy all the attention we get when the four of us go out together. We're quite a sight.

So I'd like to say thanks to you men at *Drummer* for continually giving us the hottest men's magazine around. And a special thanks to Q-Bal in New York for the boost I needed to return to baldness

and the pleasure it brings to me and my buddies.

Q-Bal II
and Son

DADDY'S DISCIPLINE

My lover and I split up after being together for six years, so imagine how surprised I was when I found myself on Bill's doorstep that cold winter night, and even more surprised that such a wonderful "Dadddy/son" relationship would develop between us.

Dad opened the door and said, "So, your lover has finally tired of your drugs, booze and screwing with every guy you saw! Before you come through that door, remember, none of that will be tolerated in my house. You will live by my rules. In this house I am boss and Master."

I just said, "Yes, Sir." Not seeing the sly grin on his face, I walked in.

He made me something to eat and we talked awhile. He said lack of discipline had always been my problem and he would change that. The change began immediately. He grabbed me by the hair and dragged me down the basement stairs to a door. He unlocked it and threw me into a room, where he left me locked in for about forty-five minutes.

I found a light switch and couldn't believe my eyes. The room looked like a torture chamber you see in old movies. There were all kinds and sizes of whips and chains, shackles, straps, ropes, paddles, etc. hanging on the walls.

In the center of the room was a table about seven feet long with shackles and straps attached to it. While examining the table I heard the door to the room open. I turned and couldn't believe what I saw. There stood Bill dressed entirely in black leather, boots, chaps, gloves, vest, hat and I noticed a leather strap

with several metal rings around his cock and balls. I learned later it was called the "Seven Gates of Hell" and with good reason. His cock was very hard and the head of it was enormous and a dark purple color.

He walked over to me and without a word tore all my clothes off and handed me a black jockstrap and ordered me to put it on in a very harsh and demanding voice. I did as I was told and, he said, "This is all you will ever wear in this house."

I was scared as hell and yet fascinated by my surroundings and the way Bill was dressed. I couldn't take my eyes off his enormous cock, it just seemed to get larger as he talked and walked around the room.

Then he ordered me to my knees and told me to crawl to him. I did just that. When I reached him, his hard cock was even with my mouth. He ordered me to lick the head of it. I couldn't believe what I was doing. I was so fascinated by the enormous head and the precum juices running out of it I stuck my tongue out and licked and couldn't stop. He said, "Go ahead, you fuckin' queer. Enjoy a real man's big, juicy meat. You know you want it, faggot. I always wanted a cocksucking faggot for a son and now you are going to serve a real man, your Master, your daddy. So suck the meat real good."

That was five years ago. There have been many training sessions in that room since. Out of those, I have learned love and respect for Master/Daddy, plus I have two pierced tris, a pierced cock-head, a shaved crotch area and a large tattoo on my ass, saying "Property of Master/Daddy."

I learned that very first night Daddy is boss and Master in his house. There have been no more drugs, booze or other men. I can honestly say I don't miss any of it. No man has ever pleased me sexually as Daddy has. I can't remember a guy getting my cock as hard as Daddy does and keeping it hard for hours for our sessions.

I love Daddy more every day and only hope he finds me worthy.

James
Romeo, Mi

SAFE-SEX DADDY

I have long fantasized having an obedient son/slave but thought that my years would preclude such an arrangement from ever happening. I was pleasantly surprised last year. I am semiretired and work only on weekends. My Sunday nights end up at 6 P.M. and I take the short drive home to my little apartment, shower, eat and either read or watch the tube for a while.

One Sunday night last year, I was about to get into my car when I was approached by this young guy who wanted to know directions to a local gay bar. I feigned any in-depth knowledge of the gay world except to tell him there was one called "After Dark" which was about a mile away. He seemed pretty clean and sane so I offered to drop him off there.

On the way, I was surprised to notice him giving me the knee-touch signal. At first I thought he was a hustler or just some local army recruit trying for a fast buck. As we talked, I was later to learn he was indeed looking for a "Daddy" and not a sugar daddy. He was very curious as to my body, especially how much hair I had on it. When I told him I was extremely hairy, the next thing out of him was his desire to see it. Well, we never made it to the gay bar that night, but I definitely made him.

We got to my place at about 8 P.M. I asked him if he wanted some dinner, but he had already eaten. We sat in the living room for a while sipping wine. I had built a fire so we sat in the dark with just the light of the flames flickering. He finally asked me if I was into any leather. I immediately knew what he was after. As fate would have it, I still had some leather from an affair long ago when my lover at that time wanted to try the leather scene.

I went into the bedroom, took off my clothes and put on the leather vest, studded belt and boots. I knew this kid liked a hairy body so I intentionally let as much of it show as possible. I am fairly well built as I go to the gym three times weekly. I have about seven inches of thick cock and I weigh in at 150

I left the bedroom and entered the living room. I guess the light of the fire accentuated most things, as this kid literally threw himself at me. It caught me a little off guard at the time but I fast regained composure and cradled his head in both my hands and plunged my cock down his warm, moist young throat. He tried to talk but it was too hot for that now. I held his head firmly and told him what he wanted to hear. I didn't come in his mouth, as I believe in safe sex these days. When I was ready, I withdrew and splattered his face with it. I then laid down on the floor and told him to go and wash his face.

He went off to the bathroom and while the water was running, I went back to the bedroom and retrieved a whip. The kid came out of the

We talked of how the night would be spent, him agreeing and eagerly awaiting it. I made him kiss the whip before I used it on him. He had stamina though. I cracked his ass with over ten lashes before he began to beg for mercy. The more he begged, the more I enjoyed his whimpering and the more he got the whip.

I finally, through exhaustion, took a break. I was going to sit on the chair but decided to further use this young stud. I told him to roll over on his back and crawled over his face. I reached around and held his face within a few inches from my hairy ass and had him eagerly sniff me. I could feel his hot breath on my ass and it only made me horny to get back into his mouth.

When I got off his face, I went to the bathroom and

I told him to roll over on his back and crawled over his face. I reached around and held his face within a few inches from my hairy ass and had him eagerly sniff me. I could feel his hot breath on my ass and it only made me horny to get back into his mouth.

washed up. I returned and released him so that he might do likewise. He came from the bathroom, his cock at full staff. I told him not to touch it. I wanted this stud to suffer for a while until I was sure I had had my fill of pleasure in abusing him. I then put the leather collar on him and told him to grovel at my booted feet. He obeyed. I told him he had permission to do what he wished for the next ten minutes.

Without hesitation, as though he had planned it all along, he began licking my boots. He then started with his tongue up my legs, gently pulling the fur with his lips. He kept mumbling all the while of what a beautiful, hairy body I had. When he reached my knees, I spread my legs so that he could reach into my crotch with his tongue. He did. He licked my sack and took one ball at a time into his mouth.

He then buried his face in my furry stomach and kissed and panted like he was about to cum.

At that point I stood up and shoved him away, telling him to calm down. He was too hot to hear me. I shoved him hard to the floor and placed him in restraints again. I made him kneel in front of me. I placed his head between my knees and whipped his little ass again.

I was again at full staff now. I was stroking my cock with one hand and whipping his ass with the other. I wanted to shoot my second load into him this time. I threw down the whip, yanked him over on his back and put his bound feet high into the air. I was so wet that no lubricant was necessary. I wiped the precum onto and into his little ass and rolled on a rubber.

I positioned myself so as to have straight aim and then slowly and without hesitation entered the head of my cock into him. He yelled, saying he had not done this before but I was too hot to listen to him.

He screamed and it made me all the hotter. I finally got the head of my cock past his sphincter and the rest was heaven. I took long, slow strokes. The sight of him helplessly under me gave me even greater pleasure. I gradually increased the action. I would almost pull it all the way out of him but then would quickly plunge it all the way up his ass. I knew I was about to climax so I pulled it out and pulled the rubber off and white-washed his entire ass from cheek to cheek. His little ass was already sore from the whip but I saw no signs of blood so I didn't concern myself too much with it.

I left him there on the floor, crying and whimpering and took a shower. I came out of the bathroom drying myself. By now he was sitting up. I took off the restraints and his collar. We talked of what had gone on. I offered no apologies for any pain I had caused but promised him more in the future if he so desired. His response was, "How soon?"

I told him that he could now relieve himself but that it would have to be with his own hand. He asked me to stand naked in front of him. He

LISTEN HARD



HOT TALK TAPES

Get plugged into low-down, dirty action with HOT TALK TAPES. Each cassette's loaded with that kind of turn-on talk that really gets you up—and off! Real live hot dudes. Steamy lockerrooms, truck stops, barracks. You're surrounded by the hottest fantasy trips ever out of the mouths of super studs caught in the act, moaning low right into your ears (and by the way, this trips for buddies, duos, three-somes, and even parties shift into high gear with HOT TALK TAPES!)

Full volume in the entire room with the hottest hot talk audible anywhere!

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□ **MY DADDY WAS BAD** Patience and understanding goes out the window and Jaddy starts his boy's training by not sparing the rod.

□ **DRUMMER DADDIES 2** Train 'em right and they'll be a pleasure forever. Both the boy and you will be the better for having been there.

□ **rites and Raunch** Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really wild stuff! Hot male bonding.

□ **HOT HUNG TRUCKER** Teamster picks up a not so innocent hitchhiker. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name. It's real and you are there!

□ **MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY** Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout, stripping down. They get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in.

□ **DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN** Richie is the new driver on the route who is curious when he finds himself delivering beer to a gay bar. Hot and heavy session. Kinky as well.

□ **BIKE EXHIBITIONIST** A mean, dirty muscular biker who gets talked into posing. But things get out of hand and he forces you to.

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□ **MASTER MARIO/THE D.I.** Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes charge with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship. This D.I. is in command.

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□ **THE COMMANDER SPEAKS** "I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life. Just part of the verbal abuse and humiliation the Commander is going to heap on you."

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again buried his face in my furry chest and stomach and began rubbing my hairy legs. I stood there looking down at him. He started to stroke himself and began rubbing my hairy legs. I stood there looking down at him. He started to stroke himself and within seconds, he had a handful of his own cum. I grabbed his wrist and told him to open his hand. I grabbed his wrist and told him to open his hand. I then forced him to rub his face with it.

After he had showered, we had more wine. He was given his clothes and he dressed. I had put on a robe. We agreed that there would be more meetings but that each one would find him doing what he had just done plus some surprises. I now own my son/slave. I will be good to him but firm with him. He will receive the amount of discipline needed because I enjoy giving it as well.

J.B.

Monterey, CA

SCUM OF THE EARTH

I'm not sure how it happened...it just happened. One night I went out to a straight bar, had a few beers too many and ended up drunk with a man in leather in a parking lot with my pants down. Whether I dropped them or he pulled them down, I don't recall. Then he hit me repeatedly with his belt. Wow! What a great feeling.

Later one night there was a knock on my door. When I opened it, to my amazement, there stood a tall, handsome man. He told me he went in for S&M. That night he worked me over. It was the beginning of a weekly beating which went on for one year.

Every Friday he'd call me and say he was coming for me. By the time that he'd arrived I was drunk. He'd take me to Our Place, a gym, where he'd tie me naked on top of a weight bench and work me over. The last time he worked me over he carved his initials in my ass. Then he said, "You take too much. You're the scum of the earth. I'll never come back. If I do, I'll kill you."

I never saw him again. That was about twenty years ago. I still go in for beatings.

Name Withheld

A BOY AND HIS DOG *Continued from page 9*
use his desire for cock as a means of training him into complete obedience

"You want that dick, boy?"

It was a question my dad had asked me a thousand times. It felt strange to be asking it of someone else; strange... but nice. I knew that I could get lots of guys to suck on my meat. Aside from its added thickness, there was the fact that what was attached to it was, and still is, pretty hot. So I understood the almost desperate look in his eyes as I started removing my shirt and letting my smooth, well-developed pecs show. He sucked in his breath, then began panting again, eager to get a taste of the rock-hard mounds of titlesh capping my hot torso.

"If you want it, you've got to beg for it. That's what dogs do, isn't it, Rover?"

He started whimpering, in almost perfect imitation of a well-trained mutt. Then he opened his mouth and started begging in earnest.

"Please, Sir. Let me taste your dick. It's such a beautiful prick. Please feed it to me, Master."

Master. It was the first time anyone had ever called me that. It took a few minutes to sink in. Then, as I thought about all the power that went with the title, I geared myself up to doing a perfect imitation of my own daddy. He was an expert in the subtle art of dominance. And if his looks and bod couldn't match mine, he could sure-as-hell make a man a slave with overactive imagination. He had enslaved me with his natural right to power. And now that I was well-trained as his whipping boy, it was time for me to toss the same attitude to my willing puppy. I knew that he needed a good mind fuck. So, without wasting any more time, I decided to toss him his first bone.

I grabbed hold of the rope collar just where it touched his neck. Then I yanked it towards my crotch as I ordered him to lick my stiffer. Without hesitating, he opened his doggy mouth wide and swallowed the head of my cock with one gulp. Then, like the good mutt he was, he started lapping up all the crotch sweat that had poured over my nuts and stiff manmeat. He reached up to grab hold of my low-hanging balls. Automatically, I grabbed hold of a rolled-up piece of newspaper and clouted him on the snout. He looked up at me pitifully, his perfectly shaped nose now red and sore.

"Since when does a dog use his front paws? You stay down on all fours or it won't be your nose that'll be aching next time. You understand that, boy?"

He hesitated. Then, after a long pause that would have netted an appropriate punishment, he opened his mouth to speak. What came out wasn't human sound at all. It was a bark all right. And just the sound of it coming out of his lips was enough to make my dick start dripping its lube juice on the cold basement floor.

"That's right, fucker. Now, let's see what other tricks you've picked up."

With that I stripped off the rest of my clothing. First my grungy jeans, then my equally raunchy sneakers and sweat socks. Automatically he lunged out for my discarded sneaks and planted his nose inside the rank shoe. He sniffed at the stinking pile of clothing with quick, short snorts. Then, after planting his face back on the sneaker, he started lapping up the raunchy juices that had collected inside. I reached down and tried to pull the worn shoe away, but he held onto it with his teeth. Finally I yanked at it, almost knocking him off of his paws. Another blow to his snout produced a loud yelp. Then, after the shock of the blow had worn off, he rolled onto his back and curled his front paws upwards. I could see his dick standing out at attention as he looked at me with a combination of playfulness and pleading. The fucker wanted his belly rubbed. Instead, I planted my ass onto his face and held my breath as he started to perform the instinctual ritual of sniffing at my sweaty asshole.

"That's it, boy. Learn to sniff your daddy's asshole. Get used to it. I'm going to be feeding you plenty of butt to clean out."

Like the dog he was, he lapped at my asshole, all the while he

whined and sniffed at the raunchy opening. I knew how desperately he wanted to play with his stiffer. But like the dog he was, he had to content himself with rubbing his dick onto my leg. I could feel the heavy precum dripping out of his asshole. I moved my leg so that his stiffer was left hanging in midair. I wasn't about to let him get off so quickly. And I wasn't going to put up with any animal humping my leg. Finally, when I could feel his spit dripping down from my asshole onto the cold stone floor, I stood up and gave my pet a good, hard look.

It was hard to resist the urge to plant my mouth on his waiting body. For years I had dreamed about a young blond stud just like the one I stood over. I had begged my daddy to let me service some of his hot buddies. Sometimes he relented. But no matter how much I loved my hot, older Master, I had always longed for someone younger than myself. I knew that Dad wouldn't put up with another topman in the house. That's why I had started begging for one of those doggy bottoms that I knew Dad would love to have me turn into a second slave.

And now, as he lay at my feet with his paws curled up doggy style, I had to fight the urge to hold him close and tell him just what he was in store for. But I knew that could come later. Right now, he had to be made obedient. So, without thinking about his too-trusting face or puppy-like expression, I crouched over him and grabbed a hank of fine, blond hair. His expression immediately changed to one of shock. Seizing the moment, I pushed his head forward and ordered him to lick my dick. Without waiting he lunged for my stiffer and swallowed each hot inch until my whole dick rested at the bottom of his throat. I held his head steady with both of my hands. Then, just as I was about to give into his whimpering, I let loose with a stream of hot piss.

Like the puppy he was, and like the dog he was going to be, he swallowed the hot, salty liquid. At first he gagged and tried to let the slop drip out of his mouth. But another slap of newspaper up against his skull told him that there was no way he was going to get out of drinking every golden drop. He had to. Just like I often did, I knew that Dad would have him drinking from his overgrown stiffer. He would have to do a good job or he would never be allowed to stay. So without thinking about how much it might bother him, I held his face steady as I emptied my bladder into his waiting mouth. Tears streamed down his cheeks as it dawned on him that there was more to being a slave-dog than just sniffing at your Master's ass.

And when he was finished taking every drop of piss that was in me, I quickly turned him over and pushed his well-rounded butt upwards into the air. He started whimpering. But that was stopped soon enough as I yanked on his nuts. I knew that training him as a sex toy was only the beginning of what would probably be a long, hard series of sessions. He would have to learn to take his food and water from a bowl. And he would have to learn to sit at his Master's feet and remain quiet for hours on end. I didn't know if he could take that kind of training or if he was enough of a bottom man to completely surrender his body and will. But with his ass waiting for one more important part of what would be his training ordeal, I was too horny to think about what would happen three months from then. I wanted his butt. And I wanted it as a fuck toy. I'd worry about the details later. Right now I wanted to spread his gut with my sperm. So, without bothering to grease the mutt's hole up, I started sticking first one finger, then another, into his doggy bottom.

As each finger slipped in, I realized that the fucker was no stranger to hot ass action. His asshole opened like a flower and swallowed up whatever I could shove into it. His asslips puckered with each thrust into his anal canal. It was just a matter of time before I would be replacing my fingers with my engorged cock. And as I slipped the third finger into his gut, I decided that the time had come. I slipped my fingers out, noticing the popping sound that his puckered hole made as I released the soft flesh. Then I spit into my slimy hand and rubbed the mess onto my dick. I greased my pole up until it squeaked with every pass of my hand on its well-veined surface. I looked down at the

huge slammer that hadn't known the inside of an asshole for almost five years. Then I looked down at the upended butt poised so close. Before I knew what was happening, cock and ass blended into one solid mass of red hot manflesh. I was in to the hilt. And as my dog lay on all fours, panting from the desire to serve his Master, I decided that it was time he knew what a bitch in heat felt like.

With our flesh united into one riggling mass, my cock began making wide circles in his gut, stretching the already massive hole to even greater proportions. Our breaths blended in one steady panting rhythm as my pent-up cum caught under my pulsating cockhead, then came spilling out in a steady stream of hot liquid cock juice.

But as I was about to start working my dong in and out of his fuckhole, I felt another stream of piss churning itself up through my stiff shaft. Instead of removing my stiffer from his butt, I let the stream of hot dick juice go inside his fuckhole. I knew exactly how he felt as his ass filled up with the stuff. And I also knew just how his butt felt as I started pushing my hips up and down in a slow, steady rhythm that never failed to drive a slave boy up the wall.

"Okay, boy. You wanted to know what a dog feels like...now feel my dick ins de your bitch hole...You like it, boy? You like the way your Master plugs that twat of yours?"

He started panting again, this time in exact rhythm to the pounding beats reverberating on his ass cheeks. Then, as I was about to increase the pressure on his fuckhole, I noticed a dish of food lying near the pipe leading to the hot water heater. Dad must have set it out. Either that, or it was some sort of sign that this puppy was going to remain a household pet. But wherever it came from, I knew that it was the next logical step to house-breaking the puppy whose ass I held glued to my stiffer. It was easy to position his taut bod over to where the dish was sitting. A series of slaps on his exposed asscheeks, followed by tugs on the rope collar, told him that it was time he learned how to be walked properly. I let up on the leash when his face came to the thick slabs of concrete blocks that formed the basement walls. Then I pushed his head down against the rough stone so that it came to rest a few inches from the bowl.

"You hungry, boy?"

He made the same barking noises that I had heard from his lips earlier.

"Good. Now plant your lips in that bowl and lap up your food. Eat it like a good dog and maybe your daddy'll give you a treat later."

With my dick still plugging his hole, I knew that he had enough of a treat from his Master. But my brain was working on overdrive and I knew that there were going to be plenty of variations on the Master-pet theme before the night was over. Fortunately, Rover came to me already partially trained. I didn't have to tell him that eating from a doggy dish was required or that playing the bitch was part and parcel of his showing proper

obedience. But as I watched him lap up the mess that Dad had left out, I thought how great it would be to walk my man-dog around the block or feed him scraps under the table as a group of Daddy's leather-clad buddies sat around eating.

Instead of acting out those fantasies then and there, I concentrated all my energies on my puppy's ass. He knew how to grip a man's cock with his hot asslips. I could feel a thick load of spunk working its way up my heavy nut sac through my hefty shaft. I decided to bring the night's first training session to its logical conclusion. With one hand gripping my doggy's dick, I grabbed for the hard mounds of flesh that begged to be pulled on. His whole body shook as I took a handful of nipple between my thumb and middle finger and rolled the sensitive flesh until he started humping his ass onto my rock-hard dick. I held onto his pressure points as I plunged my shaft in and out of his hole as he moved his asscheeks from side to side. With our flesh united into one riggling mass, my cock began making wide circles in his gut, stretching the already massive hole to even greater proportions. Our breaths blended in one steady panting rhythm as my pent-up cum caught under my pulsating cockhead, then came spilling out in a steady stream of hot liquid cock juice.

Spasm after hot spasm erupted from my man meat, drowning his fuckhole in its sticky juices. Then, as I felt his insides fill up with the combination of spunk and trapped piss juice, I started pumping on his prick until it spurted its pent-up load on his bare feet. I watched the juice dribble on the hard cement floor, then I lowered his face onto where his spunk had come to rest. I clicked my fingers as I pointed down to the mess. Then, with slow, lapping strokes, I watched as his pig tongue licked up every drop of his still hot cock juice. When he was finished he placed his legs under himself and crouched with his face at the same level as my still-erect stiffer. He moved his head from side to side as if waiting for further instructions. I knew what he wanted. A trail of jism trickled down from the tip of my dick. I

I started pumping on his prick until it spurted its pent-up load on his bare feet. I watched the juice dribble on the hard cement floor, then lowered his face onto where his spunk had come to rest. I clicked my fingers as I pointed down to the mess. Then, with slow, lapping strokes, I watched as his pig tongue licked up every drop of his still hot cock juice.

snapped my fingers again and stood grinning as he lapped up the last drops of cock slime. Then, just like before, I pushed his head onto my stiffer and let it rest there until I felt another stream of piss pouring fourth into his waiting mouth.

The fucker swallowed the stuff greedily. I watched his Adam's apple move up and down as he gulped the hot, rank juice. When he was finished, he let his tongue hang out of his mouth as the smell of stale piss clung to his lips. He had done a good job. I had no doubts about the fact that this puppy would be staying in our kinky house for a while. He seemed to know it

too. A wide grin spread across his painfully handsome face. Without thinking, I patted his head. The feel of his soft, blond hair running through my fingers made my dick jump up to attention once more. I wanted to repeat the fucking I had just given him. But I knew that Dad would be wanting his turn soon. After all, I was the dog-boy's trainer. Dad still owned the both of us.

"Is my Master pleased?"

His words broke my reverie. It was the first time he had spoken since his preliminary training. I looked directly into his piercing blue eyes, realizing for the first time that he was enslaving me just as much as I was enslaving him. Somehow it didn't seem to make any difference. I knew that he wouldn't be able to use that same kind of tactic with Dad. And as for me, being a slave to another man was something that I could live with and learn to love.

With that knowledge under my belt, and with a lighter load in my heavy-hanging nuts, I walked my dog up the basement stairs into the small, brightly-lit kitchen. Dad was waiting there, his cigar stinking up the room as usual. Only this time he was wearing his full leather uniform. A combination of fear and lust spread through me as I watched his lean, hot torso encased in its tight-fitting skins. His crotch bulged menacingly and the look on his face told me that I would be wearing that crotch on my face before the night was over.

Almost instinctively, I pushed my puppy down onto the floor. Then, with fear overtaking my desire for the man, I handed him the leash of our new house pet.

"I've decided to call him Rover. He's a good dog, Dad. He's real gentle and he knows a lot of tricks. Please, Dad, can I keep him?"

There was one long horrified moment when I watched my dad look down contemptuously at the blond mutt crouching at his feet. Nothing in his face told me that he was going to grant my wish. Then, as I was about to give up all hope of being able to

keep him, Dad reached down and returned the rope leash to my hands.

"Sure, son. You can keep him. You've earned him."

I almost cried out with joy. I always knew that I had the best dad in the world. And now that my one desire had been fulfilled, my mind and body filled up with gratitude and love for the man who kept me chained to him with invisible bonds that so few people could understand. Without thinking, I ran over to him and put my arms around his neck. The heavy smell of well-oiled leather filled my nostrils as I clung to his powerful frame.

"You're the best dad in the whole wide world."

He grinned down at me, allowing me to bask in the light of one of his very rare smiles.

"I know, Son. Now, let's see some of those tricks you told me about."

He stood up, allowing me to see just how far his cock had risen up in the air. Then he looked back and snapped his fingers just like I had done only minutes ago.

"Come on, boy... Come on, Rover. Come to Daddy."

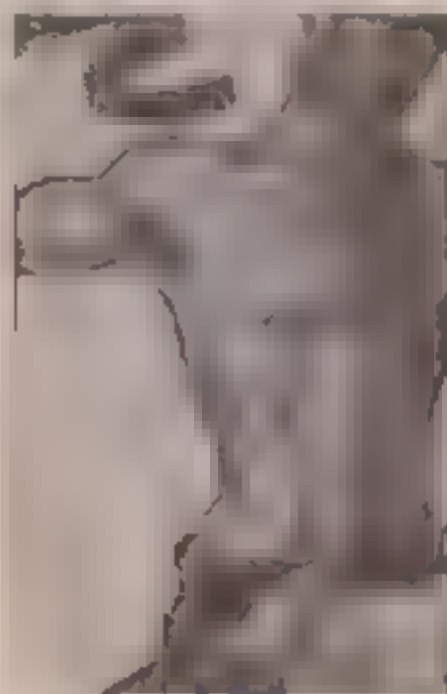
In an instant our blond boy-dog was following as he made his way towards the basement steps. Then, without missing a step, Dad looked back at me and signaled for me to follow as well.

"You too, Son. It's time I gave my boy some badly needed attention."

What was I to do? I turned on my heels and followed him down into the basement, all the while thinking about what was going to take place once we reached the bottom step. Like an older, well-trained mascot, I walked behind my daddy and my dog, fully aware that I would spend the rest of the night serving one and training the other. I smiled at the darkness, wondering how many guys could claim that both sides of their nature could be so well satisfied. With a silent "Thank you, Daddy," on my lips, I wandered into the dark air, content that our little family was now complete and ready to indulge in hour after blissful hour of raw, kinky sex. What more could a boy want? □

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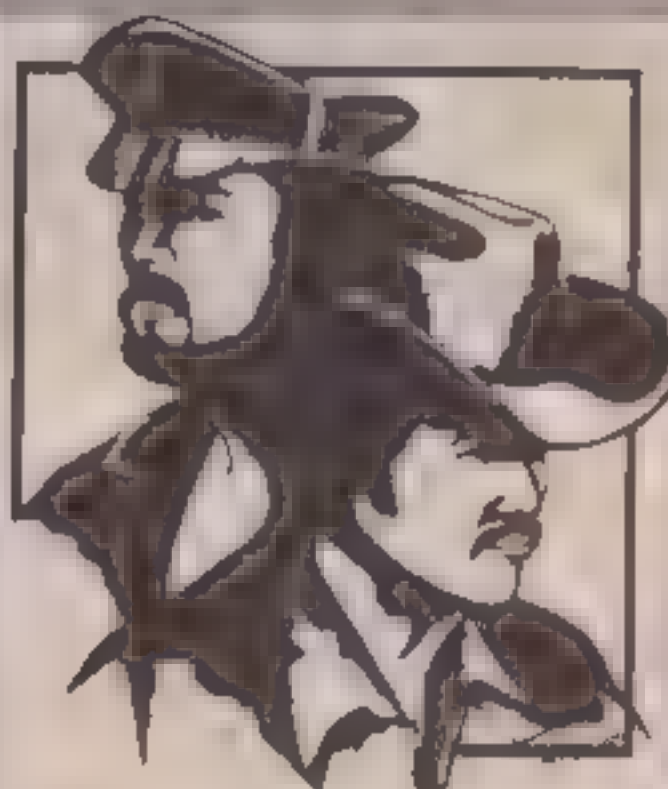
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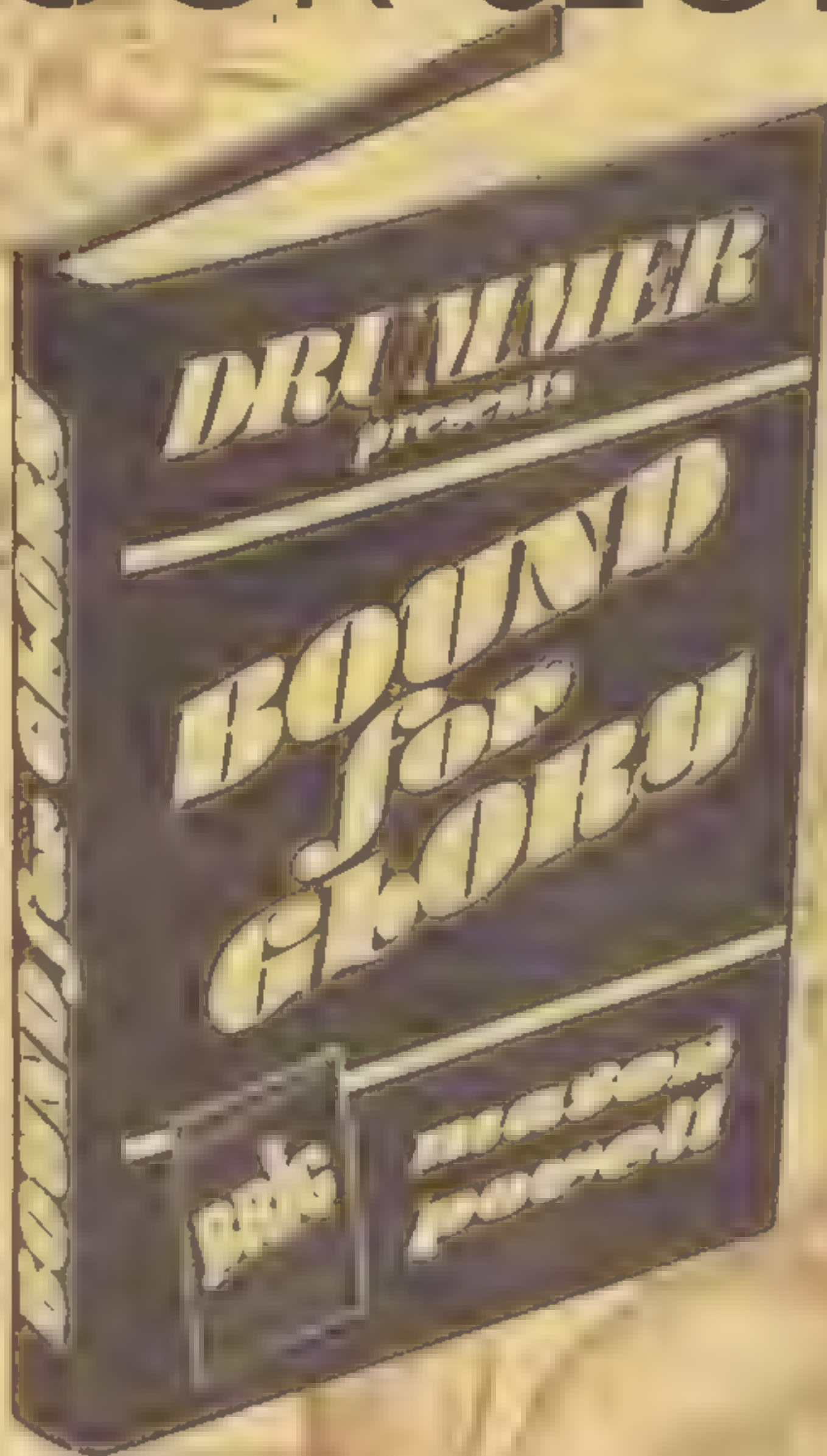
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BOOK SECTION



BEGINNING *THE BRIG* AUTHOR MASON POWELL'S
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BOUND FOR GLORY

by
Mason Powell
Part I

In the cool hours before dawn Gonar stretched his big muscles and smiled to himself, thinking of the ruby firestone. He had never seen anything like it; a disc the width of his palm that could focus the sun's rays to ignite kindling. It would be splendid suspended from a gold chain, hanging like an amulet on his bronzed chest, the most beautiful jewel in Jhent. Even King Rhanges would envy him!

The newcomer, Chom, probably thought he had some secret technique for winning the wager, but Gonar had seen and felt everything that Shegrin had to offer. The rules of the contest were in his favor. There could be no scars, there could be no lasting damage to the body. All that he must do to win the ruby firestone was to take whatever pain Chom inflicted on him from sunrise to sunset.

He didn't stop to consider where and how Chom had gotten the ruby in the first place. That was not his concern. Nor did he consider what he might possess that Chom wanted badly enough to risk the gem. He had won many treasures in the body-betting, any one of which might tempt a *Shegrin*.

There was also the glory of winning the wager.

Gonar was Champion of Jhent, the winner of more body-bets than anyone in fifty years. To break him would be a great accomplishment. Anyone who could do it would have every *Shegrin* in the Kingdom at his door offering wagers. The prospect was not only tempting, it was downright delicious.

Gonar held up a bronze hand mirror and practiced his smile once again. It was a disarming smile, a confident smile. His white teeth flashed in his black, curly beard and his grey eyes

sparkled like sunlight on rainwater beneath his broad, even brow. He lifted his aquiline nose with just a hint of arrogance.

Confidence was important in Shegri. The right smile, just as one's opponent inflicted some excruciating pain, could break the opponent, force him into concession. It was as much a game of nerve as it was of endurance.

Gonar put the mirror down and picked up his heavy, wool cloak. Some people wore more than the cloak to the match, but Gonar's body was good enough that he didn't feel the need to ornament it. Let Chom admire his muscles, his heavy balls, his big, thick cock, right from the start! Basking in admiration was also a weapon in the play.

He put on his cloak and drew its scarlet length around him, covering his body completely, then left his house.

The arena was at the center of Jhent's capital city of Jhentiel, to one side of the royal palace. It had been established there for as long as anyone could remember, for the Kings of Jhent had always been patrons of Shegri and had frequently made great wagers on the outcome of a hotly contested match. Gonar was proud to have earned the King a number of prizes in the days before His Majesty had come under the influence of the peculiar new god, Dworkrimian, whose dark temple was built at the north end of the city. Now Gonar entered the arena from the side opposite the palace, for there were always black-robed Dworkist priests and priestesses proselytizing near the King's abode, and they were vociferous in their disapproval of Shegri.

He descended to the maze of corridors beneath the main floor of the arena and made his way toward the scrying chamber at the very center, returning the cheerful greetings of his many admirers who worked there as he went. Outside the chamber he dropped three coins into the basin that rested at the feet of the statue of Roghgota, the deity traditionally worshipped in Jhent. He said a brief prayer of thanksgiving for his past victories and another, slightly longer one, asking victory in the match forthcoming. Then he went in.

Chom was already there, as were the Soothsayer and the Prophetess who waited to scry his health. He greeted them all, shrugged off his cloak, and stepped into the charmed circle at the center of the chamber. The old man and the older woman began their magical examination of him, walking slowly around and around.

Chom eyed his body with obvious admiration and Gonar felt a warm glow.

Chom was a little taller than Gonar. His hair was also dark, shot with auburn hints, and his eyes were black, like polished lumps of coal. His beard was cut close to his chin, his nose was short, and his complexion was olive. His musculature was not so rounded as Gonar's but he was clearly strong, a corded man with long limbs. He wore the crossed leather harness and velvetoincloth of a Tlesian Corsair, and if that did not mark him for a seararer the hoop of gold from which a polished ruby depended most surely did.

Gonar noted that the velvetoincloth seemed to be well fitted. He also noted that Chom's fur shortcloak was fastened at the shoulder with a brooch containing the ruby firestone.

The Soothsayer and the Prophetess continued to walk around and around Gonar, gazing intently at his flesh. The slightest oddity of color, a wrongness in his muscle tone and they would be able to tell. They would use their powers to look into him to descry any trace of the herbs a dishonorable Shegri might take to ward off pain. If they found such a trace it would be grounds for disqualification.

Gonar had no worry on that account. For him, honor was a part of glory. Prizes were worthless to him if they were not fairly won. He loved his sport, and he loved the challenge of pitting his own strength against his own weakness. It was not, not really, Chom who was his adversary. No, it was himself whom he

must conquer, and no better match could be made in any sport than pitting a man against himself.

After a while the two inspectors nodded approval and each touched a palm to the place over his heart to give him their seal. Gonar stepped out of the circle and smiled at Chom.

"May you have good fortune before the gods," he said, the formula friendly and meant honestly.

"And you," said Chom, his voice smooth and dark.

They clenched their fists and touched them together with a little knock, right to left, right to left, then a slave handed Gonar his cloak and he wrapped it about himself. A door opened opposite the one he had entered and the dim light of predawn filtered down the broad stairway that led up into the arena.

Gonar went up first.

The arena was filled with people as Gonar emerged, and a cheer went up. He was favored as both champion and native son, and the bets rode heavily on him. He raised his arms in greeting and the cheer grew to thunder. He danced around in a circle as he walked to the equipment, smiling up to the people all around him. He reached the equipment and his practiced eye took in everything at a glance: pulleys and straps and wheels and low tables with whips. It was all very standard stuff. His confidence increased.

Chom came up into the arena and the sound of the crowd was less welcoming. Gonar looked at his opponent and thought that it would have been better if he had some support in the stands. He was a handsome man, deserving of better than jeers.

The judges came from either side in their blue silk robes and raised their wands for silence. The crowd quieted. The judges, and Gonar and Chom, bowed to the King and his Queen in their high box. Gonar noted that one of the Dworkist priests stood at the King's shoulder, his mouth twisted in a sour smirk of contempt. The priest was slight of build, a man who could not have stood up to even an hour of Shegri.

"You know the rules," the eldest judge said, in a voice that carried to all. "You, Gonar, must submit to whatever Chom chooses to do to you: from the moment of sunrise to the moment of sunset. You must not call halt or you will lose the bet. You, Chom, may do whatever you wish to Gonar's body, but you must not do anything that will cause a scar or cause any other permanent damage."

"And you!" he said to the crowd. "You all must keep absolute silence! If anyone speaks or in any other ways disturbs the contest, that person will be ejected from the arena and never, never be allowed to return! Bets must be made either in silence or outside the arena."

"By your presence here you do consent to these rules! Be advised, and keep the peace! Let the contest begin!"

The judges stepped back to either side. Gonar unfastened the clasp of his cloak and handed the cloak to Chom, symbolically giving himself into his challenger's hands. Chom took it courteously and laid it over the stand that had been provided for that purpose.

For a moment Chom stood looking at Gonar's naked body, softly lit by the morning light. It was a moment Gonar always relished, the moment when the whole populace looked down upon his nakedness with admiration and with mounting lust. He liked to be desired. He felt his heavy cock stir, as it always did. Then the rim of the sun blazed above the eastern wall of the arena and the contest began.

Chom took a length of rawhide and wrapped it around Gonar's wrists. It was the weaker of the two beginnings, but that told Gonar little. Had Chom tied his hands behind him the possibilities of suspension would have been more limited.

Chom made twenty circuits of the wrists, then wrapped the thong the other way, between hands and wrists, to provide separation. He tied off the leather with a neat knot and asked if Gonar's circulation was impaired.

"No," Gonar responded

"Good. Now come here," Chom said.

He led Gonar to a large framework of pulleys and wooden beams. He attached Gonar's wrists to a hook suspended from a rope which led upward to a pulley. Then Chom pulled a wooden pin from one of the beams, releasing a huge stone attached to the rope. Gonar's arms were pulled upward and he was lifted slightly from the ground.

Chom now took a few moments to fit other boards into the frame. These were thin, almost knife-edged boards that he arranged in slots to form an open-sided cylinder behind Gonar. Through adjustments in the positions of the boards, Gonar saw, it was possible to make the cylinder's diameter smaller and smaller, the boards' sharp edges closer together.

The pain was instantaneous. It felt as if Chom were shoving a red-hot poker into Gonar's cock. Gonar's every muscle went tense as he strained against his bonds. He clenched his teeth.

Chom smiled at Gonar and released another stone. This time the counterbalances of the apparatus pulled Gonar backward, so that the sharp blades of the cylinder pressed against his back and broad shoulders painfully.

Next Chom attached leather manacles to Gonar's ankles, manacles fitted with metal rings and lined with sheepskin. He fastened ropes to the metal rings and released two or more stones, and Gonar's feet were drawn backward and up, so that his butt and the backs of his legs were pressed tight against the sharp boards of the cylinder. He was now bent backward in a circle around the device, his arms together but his legs spread wide apart.

He felt his cock grow very stiff. He knew that in the stands people would be beginning to squirm, their mouths watering. His balls hung heavily downward, so exposed that he knew they would be Chom's next object of attack.

Chom took a length of rawhide and wrapped it around Gonar's balls, again and again, forming a tube as he stretched them downward. With the last of the rawhide he made a crosstie that separated Gonar's balls, forcing them apart. Then he tied the end with another neat knot. He took a small leather noose from the table and slipped it over the stretched balls, tightened it and, smiling, tied the other end to a large stone which he hefted in his hand. His black eyes flashed at Gonar and he dropped the stone.

Pain stabbed at Gonar like a spear thrust up through his groin. He twitched, but he kept the smile on his face, matching Chom's pleasantry. He was used to this kind of pain. Shegrin usually tried ball torture early in the game as it was easy. Knowing this, Gonar had inflicted much greater agonies on himself by way of practice.

Chom nodded, as if he expected no more. He reached out, took Gonar's big cock in his hand, squeezed it, stroked it up and down a couple of times, then bent and planted a kiss on the head of it. Then he turned away to find another tool.

For just a second Gonar felt himself unsure. The touch of Chom's hand, the stroking, the kiss, were not a part of the usual approach. Shegrin never did things that were comforting or affectionate—and the feel of Chom's hand: it had not been painful, but somehow hot, as if glazed with fire. How had Chom done that?

Chom pulled another pin and Gonar felt himself stretched tighter, his arms now downward, his feet drawn up toward

them. The wooden blades bit into his body and the sun, now well clear of the area wall, burnt into his eyes.

"You might wish to think," said Chom quietly, "about which of your many treasures it is that I want. I can assure you that it will be the most valuable of them by far."

Gonar smiled, turning his head to his adversary, against the stretch of his neck muscles.

"I can assure you that you will not get it!" he said cheerfully, "and that your ruby will make a fine addition to my collection."

They both chuckled. The interchange put things back in place for Gonar, as it was the kind of talk the betters usually made during the contest. And yet—there was something odd about the way Chom spoke. As if...

Gonar shook off the doubt that was creeping in. Perhaps an oddity of manner was the "trick" that Chom hoped to use to win. If so, Gonar thought, he would be disappointed!

Chom addressed himself to Gonar's nipples. He brushed his fingers lightly back and forth across them, stimulating them, and Gonar felt them stiffen. It was a delicious sensation, more so than it had any right to be. There was just that hint of fire... But what was so special about Chom's fingers?

Chom presented two small, wooden clips for Gonar's inspection. They had little screws that would allow them to be tightened. He put them on Gonar's nipples and turned the screws just enough that they would not pull off when he tugged at them.

Chom went around in back and after a moment Gonar felt a probing at his asshole. He loosened his sphincter, knowing well the mistake of resisting anything that might be done to him. He felt something small and hard and cylindrical slip in smoothly, slippery, as if Chom had greased it to make the entry easier.

This was decidedly out of character for a Shegrin! Just what did Chom have in mind?

Gonar closed his eyes and calmed himself. It was silly, even dangerous, to question. What would come, would come. The future was forbidden territory. There was only the now and the past.

Chom came back around front and looked Gonar over. He seemed satisfied. He went to the table on which the smaller implements were arranged and opened a little wooden box. From the box he removed a blown glass vial. He held it up so that the sunlight illuminated its ruby swirls. He came and held it before Gonar, then pulled the stopper and a long, glass rod from which dripped a glistening, viscous liquid.

Chom set the vial on the ground and took Gonar's hard cock in his hand. He leaned over and kissed the head again, ran his tongue over it, then straightened and began to work the glass rod into Gonar's piss hole.

The pain was instantaneous. It felt as if Chom were shoving a red-hot poker into Gonar's cock. Gonar's every muscle went tense as he strained against his bonds. He clenched his teeth.

Chom smiled at the reaction and continued to slide the rod in, wiggling it back and forth, pulling it a little out, pushing deeper in.

Gonar felt the sweat break out on his face, in his armpits. The agony grew, his gut invaded with burning coals.

Gonar opened his eyes wide and looked straight into the sun, letting the lances of light that drove into his retinas tear his mind and nerves away from the pain in his prick. He let the sun torture him, force his attention away from Chom's torturing.

After a moment the pain in his dick ceased to get worse. It did not abate, but it didn't get any worse, and he could tolerate it. He let the air out of his lungs and began to breathe deeply. He knew that if he could get air moving through his blood steadily it would lessen the pain.

Chom slipped a thread through a tiny hole in the end of the glass rod that stuck out of Gonar's prick, then looped it around the head of Gonar's prick and secured it, so that the rod would not slide out.

Gonar bared his teeth in his best grin, smiling up at the sun



but meaning it for Chom.

Chom picked up the vial, put his thumb over the opening, upended it, then yanked the clips off Gonar's tits. With the pain fresh, he rubbed the burning liquid on both of Gonar's tits, then replaced the clamps, tightening them just a little more as the fire ate away.

Chom went around back and Gonar knew what was coming next. He concentrated on his breathing, forcing his breath to slow, using the exercise he had learned from a midwife. He forced air into his bloodstream with careful breathing, the way a woman was told to in childbirth. He felt the small plug slide out of his asshole.

Chom came to the front and held up the plug, letting Gonar watch as he smeared the liquid all over the plug with his thumb. It was the basic anticipation ploy, and Gonar was not particularly impressed. He continued to modulate his breath.

Then Chom slid the anointed plug up his ass and the fire struck and it was all that Gonar could do to keep from crying out. His body thrashed as a feeling like shovels of hot coals burned into his bowels.

He stared into the sun. Then he wrenched his mind from the point of pain in his asshole to the one in his cock, to the two fires burning his tits. He called silently on the gods, but that made it worse: he remembered the tale of the hero who had been fucked by the volcano god, and he knew what it was like to have jet after jet of molten lava squirting deep into him. Sweat broke out all over him.

When he noticed the sweat he found a way out. He forced his mind away from his body completely and tried to imagine what he must look like to the crowd, glistening with sweat, bound to Chom's torture rack, twisting in agony under the full light of the sun. He thought about how he would respond to the sight of himself thus stretched and tortured, and he found that the pain in his cock was suddenly superseded by the pleasure as it stiffened more.

He was safe.

He had conquered the moment. The pain was bearable.

A lash landed across his back, between the sharp blades of the rack, brought up hard within the open cylinder. He nearly screamed with surprise, but then its many-thonged tongue licked at him again and he nearly laughed. He knew the kiss of the lash like the touch of an old lover!

Between the blades of the rack the whipping continued, each stroke landing on a different part of his body. His back knew it, then his butt, his shoulders, his thighs, his calves. Then again. He knew better than to count, but it did not seem long before Chom ceased to whip him.

Had the Corsair's arm worn out so quickly, or did Chom see that it was having no effect?

Chom's rough, strong hand moved over his back, his shoulders, his butt, his legs, gently, rubbing on something oily.

The fire struck, ripping into his new welts like salt into sword wounds. Each stroke was an inferno. He thrashed, twisted, strained. He fought against the groan in his throat.

So this was Chom's secret? A bottle that turned everything into fiery pain!

Let him burn me! Gonar railed in his mind.

Let him burn me, let him whip me! I will prevail against him as I have prevailed against all the others. Neither fire nor ice will open my lips!

... And then Gonar used another of the tricks he had developed for winning the game, one that could not be copied through observation, for it was strictly a trick of the mind.

He struggled into the past, away from the now, searching for a moment of triumph to cancel out what felt like present defeat. In his head was a vast warehouse stacked with victories, and he knew that it offered both escape and the power of defense.

Neither fire nor ice, he had cried out to himself.

And in the memory of ice he saw his strategy.

He drew out the memory of Tarkors of Thremfel, the northern barbarian who had challenged him in winter.

Though Jhent never froze, Tarkors had brought down ice

from the mountains. Ice and snow packed in sawdust to keep it from melting. Tarkors had packed him in ice from the neck down and waited for him to beg mercy.

But Tarkors had been an honorable man, and when he had seen that Gonar's life was threatened he had pulled him out of the ice and clasped him against his own warm body to revive him.

From Tarkors Gonar had won much glory and a fine suit of brazen scale armor as well. He had coughed and sneezed for weeks, but he had won the bet! And now...

Gonar drew out the memory of what it felt like to freeze. He let the flesh of him slow, let the cold bite into him bitterly from the past, let the blueness creep into his bones.

Chom came to the front and lifted the rock that hung from Gonar's balls. He took the noose off, untied the thong, and released Gonar's balls from their bondage. He massaged the big balls, then knelt and licked them.

Gonar felt himself drawn out of his reverie. Again, Chom was doing something that was not a part of the game, not until now. Something affectionate in the middle of his assault. But by now Gonar recognized it as a technique, a way of preparing him for some more intense pain. He sought to retreat into the warehouse of memory again.

Chom stopped licking, then rubbed the fire liquid on Gonar's balls. The fire took hold, singeing, searing. Chom wrapped the thong back around the balls, stretched them, put the noose back on, selected a stone twice as large as the previous one and, looking into Gonar's face, dropped it.

A flaming sword stabbed up into Gonar's groin. A grunt escaped his lips. Chom's eyes were black fires, terrible and beautiful.

Chom put more liquid on his thumb, then shoved it into Gonar's mouth, smearing it around liberally. The fire took hold of his tongue. Then Chom stuck his little finger into the vial and smeared the liquid into both of Gonar's nostrils.

None of the pain that had come before had prepared Gonar for the conflagration that ignited in his nasal passages. Not only did the liquid burn where it touched, the very *smell* of it burned, up into his head with each breath he took.

He screamed.

"Will you yield?" Chom asked, intensely, close to his ear.

For a moment Gonar felt that he must resign the contest, that if he did not the whole top of his head would be torn off. But when he turned to Chom to speak the fateful word, he saw the look on Chom's face and he bit it back. Chom's eyes were eager, triumphant. Chom was hungry for his own glory and for Gonar's defeat.

"No!" Gonar screamed, letting the word take the pain out of him.

He wrenched his gaze away from Chom's face, running from his opponent's victory, and fastened on the Royal Box, instinctively seeking his defense in his fealty.

But what was there?

He saw the face of the High Priest of Dworkrimian, and something clutched at his heart. The priest still maintained the sourness of his mouth, but there was something else, something in his eyes. It was as if...

Chom pulled three of the wooden slats and suddenly the cylinder over which Gonar was bent back was decreased. He was stretched tighter, his back bent more painfully.

Chom slipped a black leather hood over his eyes and the brightness of the sunlight on his face disappeared. There were no eyeholes in the hood, barely enough ventilation for him to breathe. There was almost no sound, as his ears were padded.

So, Gonar thought desperately; Chom knew how a man might escape into the sights and sounds around him, and was now cutting off that line of retreat. Well, let him! He could not close the doors of the mind.

Chom's hands moved over his body, smearing on something that soon covered his chest, his arms, his legs.

Gonar found himself hoping that it was the fire liquid. If it were, if the pain were made general, then the intensity in the

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various parts would decrease. Chom would be doing him a favor!

He braced himself against the coming pain, concentrating on the sweet smell of the leather that came through the burning smell in his nose, feeling intensely the supple leather pressing against his face. There was pleasure in the coolness of darkness that eased the light pain in his eyes.

But where was the burning on his chest? The fire was not taking hold, and Chom's hands had left his body.

Something moved by his ear and sound returned.

"I have put something different on you, Gonar, on that part of your body that faces the sun. It will not burn you of itself, but the rays of the sun now will. It is a lotion like the ruby firestone

Abruptly the butt plug was yanked out of his ass, another, larger one shoved in, the hammer struck the bell and jellied his brain, and something jerked on his balls, all at once.

you so covet. It amplifies the light and slowly cooks your flesh. I think that sometime you must have been sunburned. Do you remember how it poisons you? Do you remember the week that follows, when you cannot sit or sleep but in pain? Even a lover's touch will be an agony for that time. There will be no possibility of comfort. Think how it will be to have your cock raw with sunburn, Gonar, my Gonar."

Gonar felt Chom's hand on his cock, squeezing, then gently stroking it. Chom stroked well, he noted, almost counteracting the pain of the rod inside. Then he felt Chom's tongue, his mouth. Chom took his whole cock into his mouth.

Roghgot! Gonar swore silently. The man was more adept at sex than he was at torture!

The mouth moved away and he heard Chom once again at his ear.

"Gonar, my Gonar, I shall tear out your soul today and take it home with me in a box!"

The padding went back in by his ear and for a moment Gonar felt all his sensations, both pleasure and pain, slip away. What did Chom mean? What was Chom saying, so strange and different from anything any Shegrin had ever said before?

A whip landed across Gonar's belly, hard. His muscles tensed, fought against his bonds. The whip landed again. Again he felt safe, back in the realm of normal pain, of the kind of contest he was used to. He had known the whip all his life, from the affectionate beatings that his parents had given him to the punishments meted out in his war training. He almost laughed to think of any soldier being bothered by a mere whipping.

The leather of the whip bit into his upper chest, his lower belly, then his arms, the fronts of his thighs, his shins. Chom knew how to use a whip, how to inflict pain without damage. The man was highly skilled. Gonar had to admire him, even as he delivered each terrible stroke. . . . What a lover Chom would make!

The whipping stopped. Gonar, not a tiny spot of his body now without pain, forced himself to relax. He had to let the blood flow into his tissue before the next onslaught.

Once more the padding was removed from one ear, and Chom's voice spoke darkly and quietly: "The sun has moved, Gonar, I will have to move you, to keep your beautiful body facing it. To let the sun have its full effect on you."

Gonar felt the engine on which he was racked move; felt the sun fall hotter across his chest, his belly, his cock. Then, after a pause, he felt Chom tighten the clamps on his nipples.

It was time, Gonar felt, to go away. To search in earnest through the warehouse of his memories.

He ranged back, looking for times and feelings that were as intense as the present. He found C'Teil, the black man from the far south who had set insects all over his body. He found the twins, Vrabeg and Cunbeg, who had hung him upside down over a cauldron of boiling herbs that made him dizzy and sick until he puked.

Chom slid the plug out of his asshole and pushed in another, much larger one, stretching the hole painfully and inflicting more fire: but Gonar embraced the memory of Colodon, who had impaled him on a rough stake and whipped him for hours with flat leather whips that left no mark. Chom slid the plug in and out, fucking him with fire, but Gonar withstood it, searching wildly through the corridors of thought.

The sun got hotter and hotter. He felt the sweat pouring off his body, the burn eating it. It would be a painful week ahead, but the ruby firestone would compensate for it. More than that, the look of defeat in Chom's black eyes would be ultimate triumph; for Gonar realized now that Chom was the best opponent he had ever had!

The fucking stopped.

Gonar felt the rack move again, the sun intensity.

Then a deeper darkness fell over his head, a richer coolness. There was a time of silence. Then

A terrible throbbing pain burned out of sound!

Chom had put a bell over his head, and now he struck it, sending waves of violent pain through the very bones of Gonar's skull, so loud, so awful, that had it not been for the padding over his ears he would have been struck deaf on the instant.

Gonar screamed, but his scream was eaten up in the ringing of the bell. All the doorways in his mind slammed shut and he was thrust into the present, clamped under the inescapable agony of the ringing.

Later he knew that if he could have made himself heard he would have surrendered in that one moment. But the noise was so complete, the pain so total, that there was not even the hope of capitulation. He screamed and screamed again.

Abruptly the big butt plug was yanked out of his ass, another, larger one was shoved in, the hammer struck the bell and jellied his brain, and something jerked on his balls, all at once. A final strike upon the bell and starry darkness, unconsciousness, swept over him.

When he awoke the pain was still there in all of its particulars; except for the banging of the bell. His sphincter was stretched by an unimaginably large plug that delved deep into his bowels. The fiery liquid was all through him. The weight on his balls was heavier and he could feel big stones laying on his chest, stretching his nipples painfully. The rod was still in his cock and the welts all over his body now ached as well as burning. He could feel the sunburn on his cock, and on his chest and belly. . . . But something was wrong.

Despite the fiery pain he was cool.

He sorted his pains and forced his mind to reason.

There was no sunlight falling on him at all. The air was still warm, but the sunlight was gone. That meant the sun had gone down behind the far side of the arena.

How long had he been unconscious?

He tried to figure out how long the torture had gone on before he had passed out, but torture always played havoc with subjective time. Moments could seem like eternities when one was in pain.

He had never before been rendered unconscious.

But then, he had never before had an opponent like Chom.

Gonar tried to speak, feeling his tongue blistered and hampered by the confines of the leather hood.

"Chom?"

There was no answer.

"Chom?"

He calmed himself, drew in breath through his still-burning nostrils. Something was seriously wrong. Chom should have

answered him, if only with the renewed infliction of pain.

"Chom!" he cried out.

He felt a hand wrap around his cock, warm and firm. Chom spoke into his ear, his dark voice soft, sinister.

"Gonar, my Gonar, you are mine. To do with as I will. Now the torture can really begin!"

The hand moved away and Gonar felt a moment of panic. What did Chom mean? What was going on?

A cool breeze blew lightly across his chest.

Gonar felt a chill run through his whole frame. For the breeze to have actually cooled at this time of year it must be well past sunset, well into the night. If that were the case, then the contest was over and he had won. He should have been released!

Or had he won?

He sent his mind racing backward. The last thing he remembered was the terrible bell clanging over his head. There had been darkness. He remembered screaming, remembered being willing to give in, if only he could be heard over the sound.

Had he then called halt? Had he actually called out the word and had it been heard?

He could not remember doing it. He did not think that he had.

But even if he had resigned the contest, why was he still bound, still under torture? It was long after sunset. The contest was over!

Chom's words sprang into his mind as if written on basalt with red lightning: *Now you are mine. To do with as I will.*

Chom had promised to take the most valuable thing he possessed. Would the rules of the contest allow the victor to take the man himself? To make the loser his slave?

The breeze grew colder and Gonar felt a chill that was not of the night, making his blood run like ice. If Chom had him as slave, and he was still bound, and Chom had promised that the torture would now begin...

The sweat that seeped from his pores this time was clammy, cold. His heart beat fiercely. Such a prize was not part of the sport as he knew it! It went beyond all traditions! How could the King allow...

He remembered the light in the eyes of the High Priest of Dworkrimian. The Dworkists were reputed to have cruelties of their own, cruelties jealously guarded by their god. Was the light in the priest's eyes akin to the dark light in Chom's eyes? Who was this Chom, and whence came he? Could it be that he was in league with the Dworkist priesthood? If so, such a variance from tradition might well have the King's ear!

He thought of the volcano god, hungry for human sacrifice. How much did he know of Dworkrimian? What rites were so attractive that the King had abandoned the god of his ancestors?

A moan escaped his lips.

He felt Chom's hand on his cock, affectionate, terrible. He felt the string untied from around the head, felt the rod slide slowly out. He felt Chom's mouth on his dick, felt Chom's tongue flick at his piss hole.

"Let me hear you say it again, my beautiful victim," Chom crooned from the region of his groin. Chom's voice was weird, like that of a madman.

Gonar bit his tongue, the fear like frost crystalizing over his body. He felt Chom's mouth slide over his cock, suck it, swallow it. The feeling was exquisite, yet it roused only his terror. What was Chom preparing him for this time?

Chom's mouth left his cock. He felt the weight released from his balls, the noose removed, the thong untied. He felt his balls hang loose. He felt Chom lick them.

"Come, let me hear you say it!" Chom urged. "The sound of your voice is sweet to me, crying out *halt*. I love that sound, that word that gives me victory, that delivers you into my power completely!"

Gonar sobbed, held back the word that was struggling to get out. It was useless now, and there was no point in it. If he had

said it once, he would not say it again!

Chom yanked the weighted clips roughly off his tits.

"Speak!" Chom commanded, and then his tongue flicked fiercely over Gonar's nipples.

Gonar's whole body ached, raged with the pains inflicted on it, and the memory of them was fresh. Each touch from Chom brought him to the recent past, to the past of the torture, and threw him back against the present, and the possible future. What more could Chom do to him? What more would Chom do?

If the contest was over, then he was no longer protected by the rules!

Chom's fingers moved over his body, lightly touching the welts and the sunburn. It was delicate, soft—an agony!

Chom's fingers reached his buttocks. They took hold of the huge plug and began to fuck his ass with it, slowly, deeply, each stroke almost all the way out, each stroke all the way in, a cock of white, hot bronze.

"If you beg me, I may choose to stop," Chom said. "I have told you that I will rip your soul from your body. Why not give it to me willingly? I may be merciful."

Gonar was terrified as he had never been in battle. Nothing like this had ever happened to him. He had never imagined it. Chom seemed to have desires that were beyond his understanding. He thought again of the High Priest of Dworkrimian, and remembered that the Corsairs of Tlesia were reputed to worship many, many gods.

Chom's fingers moved to his back and Chom's body moved against him. Gonar felt his opponent's strong muscles against his chest, the crossed leather harness of the Corsair. Encased in the velvet loincloth he felt Chom's large, hard cock press against his balls. Chom's fingers moved over the burning welts on his back, like spiders. "Speak!" Chom urged, grinding his hard cock against Gonar's balls, his fingers creeping down Gonar's back. "Speak!"

Gonar felt the urgency of Chom's desire and his mind shattered. To be owned by a madman crazed with unintelligible lusts, on the verge of tortures more dreadful than all the things he had ever endured: it was unbearable.

Chom's fingers reached his buttocks. They took hold of the huge plug and began to fuck his ass with it, slowly, deeply, each stroke almost all the way out, each stroke all the way in, a cock of white, hot bronze.

"Soon I will begin to hurt you," Chom said, and he licked Gonar's throat and slid the plug all the way out of his asshole.

"Please..." Gonar mumbled.

Chom moved away from him, left him stretched and suspended in cool darkness. All the implements were gone from his body. Only the wooden blades bit into his bent back. He was naked, ready for whatever was next.

"Let me hear it!" Chom commanded, triumph in his voice. "Let me hear it!"

Gonar felt something touch his left nipple, ever so slightly.

"Halt!" he said, crumbling. Then he cried out into the darkness of the black leather hood. "Halt!"

It was like the falling of a citadel. The gates of his pride went down. The salve of submission flowed over him and he felt everything in him flow out. To his surprise, his cock stiffened painfully and the built-up flood of his semen burst forth. His balls shrank up into him and he shot, painful bolts of cum spurting out of him as everything he had ever been caved in on him. Up the hard tunnel of his prick, through its burning

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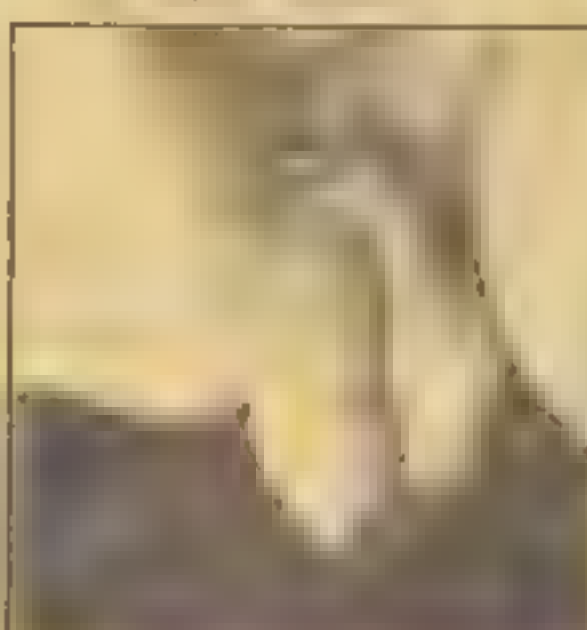
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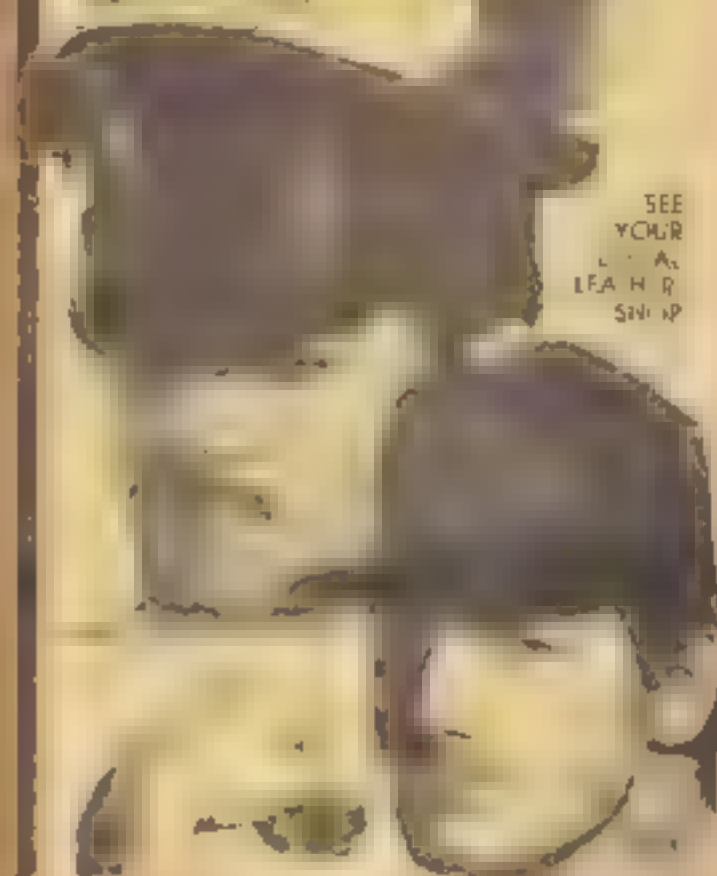
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stretched walls, out its violated slit.

He knew himself for slave
And then it got worse

There was applause.

Cheers, whistles, cries of approval. He felt the lacing on the hood being undone, then the hood was torn from his head. Blinding light fell against his eyes; but not direct light.

Above him, cutting off the sun's rays, was a large screen of black leather, a canopy. He was bound in its shadow. To either side of him, and in back and front, were stacked blocks of ice. A weighted fan blew air across the ice to produce the cool breezes of late night.

It was not much past noon.

His spirit rose. He felt suddenly elated, as if he had been delivered from the hands of the death god. He had lost the wager, had been defeated, had submitted himself to Chom completely; but it had been fair. Chom had tortured his mind, even as he had used his mind for defense. Chom had won!

Gonar felt his limbs contract painfully as Chom reversed the balancing of stones and released him from his stretched posture. In a moment his ankles and hands were free and he staggered, standing once more on the beaten earth of the arena. Then Chom stood before him, smiling, and the disquiet invaded him again. There was still that look in Chom's eyes, that look so like...

"Come forth!" a herald cried from the Royal Box.

Gonar stepped forward but his legs were yet too weak to support him. He stumbled and Chom caught him. Chom's touch on his body was like new fire, and Gonar's mind fell apart again. He stumbled toward the King and Queen, now totally under the Corsair's spell.

"You have won, Chom of Tlesia," King Rhanges said with dignity. "State for Us the terms of the wager."

Gonar pulled himself upright, standing on his own feet. Chom let him go and stepped a little forward.

"I have wagered the ruby firestone in my brooch," Chom said. "I have won, and so I will have as my price a pair of matched jewels which Gonar possesses."

Gonar tried, still groggy, to think of where in his collection of treasure there might be a pair of matched jewels... Then the truth hit him.

"Do you mean..." asked the King.

"Yes," Chom said calmly, reaching and seizing Gonar's balls in his hand. "These."

There was a roar from the stands. People did not wager in this way in Jhent; and yet, there was a fascination in the idea. The roar of the crowd turned from one of shock and horror, ever so slowly, to one of admiration. Finally cheers rose up.

They wanted blood.

Gonar felt the cold creeping into his stomach, the color draining from his face. These were his own people!

King Rhanges looked confused.

The priest of Dworkrimian leaned forward, his eyes blazing with triumph, and whispered to the King.

Gonar fought the darkness in his belly. It was bad enough to lose, then to have the crowd cheer for his emasculation. He would not faint before them!

The King raised his arms for silence and the roar stilled.

"People of Jhent!" the King said, his voice harsh.

"Here! Gonar has been Champion of Jhent, and your hero, in many contests in this arena. Now a new man comes here and asks for Gonar's very manhood as his prize. Yet do you cry out your anger? No! You cry for the blood of your favorite son! We, your King, are ashamed of you! What has this sport made of you that you think a man's body worth as little as a pretty trinket? This priest of Dworkrimian has long counseled that the pain of a man's body is not fit subject for sport, and now we agree with him! Gonar's manhood shall not be a prize in a bloody game! Nor shall this impious game continue! If some of you wish to offer your flesh to the torture, take it to the temple of Dworkrimian, or offer it to Roghgota, but this arena shall no

longer harbor torture as a sport! We have spoken!"

Without even looking down on the contestants again, the King turned and left his box, followed by the Queen, the Royal guards and the smiling priest of Dworkrimian.

... And a good thing, too, Gonar thought. For as the shock of the King's proclamation swept through the crowd, the arena went wild. The people of Jhent had been robbed of their favorite pastime. They turned mean.

The judges in their blue robes waved their wands and tried to restore order, but it was useless.

Gonar stood stock still, sick with conflicting passions, wondering if they blamed him for what had happened. He had not tried to back out of the wager, but he was sure that at any moment there would be riot, and that his emasculation would come at the hands of the mob.

Gonar felt a chill that was not of the night, making his blood run like ice. If Chom had him as slave, and he was still bound, and Chom had promised that the torture would now begin...

The mob, which did nothing but watch!

Death he did not fear. Death was an old friend to any soldier. But shame made him sick, and contempt made him angry. The matter was between him and Chom, not between the King and the people, and the gods.

He turned and looked at Chom.

And Chom, the precipitator of all this, the weirdhero of the day, acted in a way that was more terrible than anything anyone could have imagined. He raised his arms for silence, just as the King had.

And, because he was a weirdhero in the middle of chaos, he got silence.

"People of Jhent!" Chom said, and his voice was as rich and reaching as that of any herald or king. "Your ruler has made a new law. The Corsairs of Tlesia have long made their way in the world by upholding, for pay, the laws of many kingdoms. I say to you that you must follow the King's word, even if I am cheated by its utterance!"

The crowd made a sound like the growling in the throat of a tiger, but Chom continued.

"If you feel the honor of your Kingdom is thus tainted, it is between you and your King, not upon the head of your champion, Gonar, who acted in all good faith in making his wager. It may also be between you and your gods, for it was the King's advisor who sought this new law... That is none of my concern, for I honor all gods, wherever I travel."

The growling of the crowd quieted, changed tone.

"In the morning I shall leave Jhent, and I shall have no regrets. I came here honestly, I have enjoyed the sport provided me and I shall go with as much as I brought. I could have left without my firestone had I lost."

He smiled.

"I shall tell the world of the honorable Gonar, and how well he stood my testing. I shall also tell of the changes which your king has decreed. If ever I return, I shall be interested to see what further changes have been made!"

He turned and walked toward the exit and the crowd became silent, paying him the only tribute it could offer for a moment.

Then, as he reached the stairs, the applause started. He did not turn back as it rolled to thunder. He disappeared into the darkness below.

The streets were dark and finally silent, the rioting against the king's new law put down, when Gonar entered the house that Chom occupied. Gonar had eaten and washed and anointed himself with the best scented oils, as he would have done when going to the Temple of Roghgota. Otherwise he was cloaked as he would have been for the arena, naked beneath.

Chom was waiting for him, seated before a small brazier drinking spiced wine.

"I knew you would come," Chom said.

"Yes," Gonar answered. "I was certain that you knew that."

"Your honor was what attracted me to you in the first place, many years ago. I was here and watching from the stands when Tarkors packed you in ice. It was him that gave me the idea for the piles of ice, to make you think it was late night. I fanned them as hard as I could to make the cool breezes."

Gonar smiled.

"I thought of Tarkors while you were torturing me. If I had but known."

"But I misled you," said Chom. "I chose my words carefully, and I misled you."

"Yes," said Gonar, "but it was fair."

He took off the long, red cloak and handed it to Chom, once again surrendering himself to his opponent. Chom took it courteously and laid it across a chair. He gestured, and for the first time Gonar noticed the equipment prepared for him. A chair with manacles on the arms. Across from it a set of stocks that would hold his legs very far apart. On the little brazier a very sharp knife whose blade glowed dull red.

Gonar went and sat in the chair. Chom fastened his arms down tight. Gonar stretched out his legs and Chom fastened his ankles into the stocks. His balls hung over the edge of the chair.

Chom took a smaller stock, very small, with a single hole through the center. He stretched Gonar's balls way down and fastened the little stock around them. Now they were separated from Gonar's groin by a heavy thickness of wood. Gonar felt a slight beading of sweat form on his forehead, in his armpits.

"Gonar, my Gonar," Chom whispered. "I told you that I would rip your soul out of you, didn't I?"

Gonar nodded, and swallowed hard.

Chom fell to his knees and fastened his mouth on Gonar's cock. He sucked, he tongued, he swallowed, and Gonar felt at last the unleashed fury of Chom's passion. He had been right: Chom was a better lover than he was a torturer. Gonar felt the explosion building in him... But he expected it when Chom backed off, stood and went to get the red-hot knife.

"Do you freely yield to me my due?" Chom asked as he knelt again, placing the blade very near to Gonar's balls.

Gonar nodded.

"Say it!"

"I freely yield to you my... balls," Gonar said. "You have won them fairly."

"They are mine?" Chom asked.

"They are yours," Gonar answered.

"To do with as I wish, always?" Chom continued, and Gonar felt the heat of the knife, close.

"Always, to do with as you wish," said Gonar. He clenched his teeth. He would not shut his eyes but he could not look down.

The hot knife touched, searing.

Then Chom pulled it away and stood.

"I will take them, now," Chom said, and that strange, burning light came into his eyes. "But I would rather have them with the rest of you attached."

There was silence in the room, and Gonar understood what the whole thing was about. Why Chom had said the things he had in the arena. Why he had done what he had done. Gonar knew what the strange force was that made Chom's hands like fire.

It was not a thing spoken between men who were not warriors, and when it was spoken it was only in private.

"You love me?" Gonar asked.

"I will own you as a man, or no one shall!" Chom said, passionately, but shy of the actual speaking.

Gonar felt himself sink, felt himself joyously submit to the will of the only man who had ever broken him. But he had a small shred of pride left, and now he satisfied it.

"Say it!" Gonar demanded.

"I love you," said Chom.

Gonar let out one long, shuddering breath.

"I yield my body to you," he said. "Freely do I yield it, to do with as you wish, always."

Chom fell to his knees and fastened his mouth on Gonar's cock. He sucked, he tongued, he swallowed, and Gonar felt at last the unleashed fury of Chom's passion.

"And?" Chom queried.

For a moment Gonar was confused. Then it became clear.

"And my soul," he said.

Chom knelt before him again, brought the blade close.

"Oh, Gonar, my Gonar," he whispered hoarsely.

But it was his tongue that touched Gonar's balls, not the knife. Then his tongue was upon Gonar's cock, his mouth engulfing it. Then upon his belly, his chest, his lips.

The velvet of Chom's loincloth pressed against Gonar's face and he felt Chom's great, hard prick. The velvet was yanked away and Chom's beautiful cock pushed between Gonar's lips, plunged into his throat.

Gonar sucked, struggled to master the passions of the man who now owned him. But as he tasted Chom's weapon stiffening, preparing to shoot, it was pulled out of his mouth and he stared into Chom's blazing black eyes.

"Call me your Master!" Chom demanded.

"My Master!" Gonar cried out, nearly delirious with the ecstasy of freedom from self which his submission brought on.

"Oh, Gonar, you so much wanted a ruby," said Chom, "that I shall give you one!"

He took the gold earring with its dependent scarlet stone from his ear. Gonar saw that it was not a complete ring, but a loop with sharpened points. Chom placed the points at each side of Gonar's right nipple, then took Gonar's cock in his hand and began to stroke it.

Chom's mouth fastened on Gonar's mouth, his tongue invading, probing, raping. Gonar felt his balls struggle to shrink up through the wooden stock: he felt the golden points pierce slowly through his nipple. It was more than the whole rest of his life, and all in a moment.

The golden points rammed through his tit, marking him with Chom's ruby ring. A geyser of semen fought up through his cock and burst in white jets upon his belly, up onto his chest. Chom's mouth and hand pulled away and Chom's huge cock was before him, spurring thick, white gout upon his face.

And Gonar, bound to the chair and owned, at last knew what glory was.

(To be continued)

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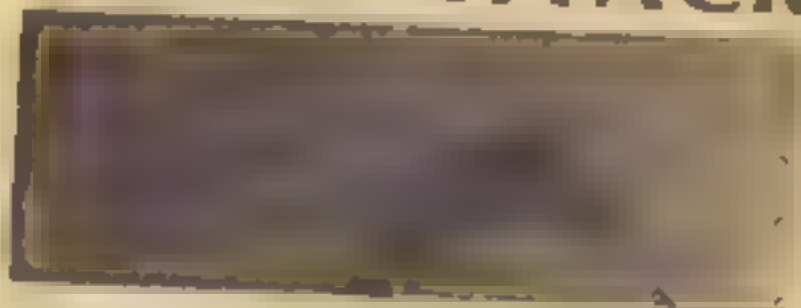
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JOCK PUSSY *Continued from page 5*

again. A low moan came up from the carpet and the hole snapped, trying to get away from the teeth. Court held him open. He loved the taste of his own cum and began to suck it out. He sighed and dug deeper.

He pictured Steve on the basketball court, the straps of his jock pressing through his shorts, teasing the fans, displaying the powerful leg muscles but selfish with that ass. He didn't know whose ass it was now. He bit hard. He thought this ass was going to be put to proper use, inserting two more fingers on each hand into the hole, he yanked wider. Court stared at the huge gaping hole lined in pink wet flesh. He grunted, leaned forward and started chewing the tube he'd pulled practically inside out.

"Sir!"

Court gnawed at the hole.

"Sir!..." He was beginning to tremble. "I'm going to cum, Sir!"

"No, you're not, baby." He pulled the hole wider and thrust his tongue deeper, looking for more cum.

"Please! Sir! I'm..." He felt that ache begin in his prick head. Court sighed as he leaned back. "Now you're makin' me real impatient, baby," he said mildly. He watched his hole spasm, felt the key tightening it. He sighed again.

"Okay, baby. Shit, you got a long way to go."

Court picked up the belt off the arm of the chair. He doubled it in his hand.

"Assume the position."

Steve immediately stood up and walked behind the chair. As Court got out of it, Steve bent over the back and grabbed the arms. The height of the chair made him go up on his toes, stretching the leg muscles.

"Wider."

Steve stretched out.

"You don't cum unless I tell you, you understand that, baby?"

"Yes, Sir!"

With that, Court raised his arm and brought the belt down hard.

Whack!

"Say you're sorry."

"I'm sorry, Sir. Please, Sir. When you eat my ass..."

Whack!

"You don't say more than I tell you to," Court said patiently.

"You got a lot to learn, don't you? Say you're sorry."

"I'm sorry, Sir."

Whack!

"Aaaaagh..."

"Pretty ass, baby. Damn pretty."

He aimed for the long, white thighs.

Whack!

Court took his time. Long pauses between each blow. But the belting was savage.

Whack!

He liked the shock that rippled up his heavily muscled arm each time he made contact. Steve squirmed. His ass and the pale skin on his thigh muscles were red as a beet. But after ten lashes he was so turned on that his ass reached out for the next one.

Whack!

Aaaaagh

Whack! Whack!

Aaaaagh, Sir!

Court knew Steve was about to cum.

Don't cum, you asshole! Whack! C'mon, now. Don't make me angry at you, baby! Whack!

Steve's head came back and he arched. He couldn't hold back. His whole body went rigid and every muscle's end out. It was one of Court's favorite moments. Here he used the tongue of the belt, he yanked it to the floor. Holding the buckle end, he brought his muscular arm back and snapped the leather like a whip. With a hiss, it caught. Right in the asshole.

Steve's head went back and his cheek filled the room. He

came in buckets. Cum slid down the back of the chair. Court snapped him again. Steve shot again, shoving the chair six inches across the room. Whack! Steve bucked forward. Whack!

Suddenly, Court dropped the belt. He stepped around to the front of the chair. He grabbed the head. Steve's mouth was wide open at cock level. He had just a moment to look at the huge dangling balls and the mammoth cock before Court shoved all ten inches of it violently down his throat. Spit squeighed out of the impossibly stretched lips. Court rammed the throat, pulled out to the head and rammed again. He fucked. Over and over.

"Oh, Jesus God...Aaaaaagh...!" Court yelled out.

His voice rose to a high-pitched falsetto. His cock opened for the third time that evening and poured his seed down the throat. He yanked out to the head of the dick one last time. His cock was coated with his own slime and Steve's mucous. He rammed in hard and shot like a faucet. Big rodeo man conquering an eager hore. Turning Steve into one more blond fuck boy. Cum backed out of the mouth-hole and spewed into his crotch. It dripped in long strands onto his legs.

When it was over he let the cock soak for a while. He gave the hair on the head an affectionate tug. Then another. Finally he eased the rod out slowly.

"Clean it up, pig," he panted. He directed the mouth all over his crotch where the cum had leaked out, down the hair on his sweaty thighs. Steve sucked like a baby, mewling. Finally Court released him and he slumped forward.

As Court walked toward the bathroom, he gave Steve's ass a hard slap.

"Clean the place up, cock-sucker."

He headed for the shower. Once again Steve was left in a mess of sweat, cum and his own need. He was sated temporarily. But he began to cry. He knew it wouldn't last long. His need was out of control. Cum trickled out of his ass.

Steve had met Court a week ago. Court had ignored the preppy-looking accountant the first day he'd shown up at the rodeo to check the books. He had a nice face and a great mouth, but Court knew from the way he talked they'd have nothing to say to each other.

But the guy was full of questions about "you rodeo guys."

"I played a lot of basketball at Princeton, but never really worked like you guys." He smiled a huge grin. Court almost laughed out loud at his "golly-gee" manner.

The next day he'd returned in Levis instead of the three-piece suit. Curoough had told Court to show him the receiving operation and gave him a wink. Steve was excited, and before the afternoon was over he was down to his T-shirt helping hitch the trailers.

Court began to watch him closely. The guy had a great body. Tall, blond, with well-muscled arms and shoulders. Tits rode on top of heavily developed chest and pushed out the T-shirt. Long legs. The Levis rode up the crack of his ass. Court watched the way he ran his hand over the horse's muscles. And the way his eyes darted over the rodeo riders.

"I gotta fix something inside the trailer," Court said. "You can give me a hand."

It was hot in the trailer, and after a few minutes Court slipped off his shirt. Though his torso was long, he had a big chest with nipples the size of half dollars poking through his chest hair. He was standing on a stool to fix a wire overhead when he looked

down suddenly. He smiled.

Steve was staring at his chest. His eyes worked up the thin line of hair from the belt, over the tan stomach, stretched flat by the post on Court was in, arms over his head. The hair thickened into a mat, covering the chest that was wider and deeper than he'd expected. He looked at the lats stretched wide like a cobra head. And the armpits. Sweat trickled in slow drops from the biceps and got caught in the armpit hair already wet and matted.

As Court stepped down, he suddenly looked away. Very slowly, Court walked over to him and then swatted him "friendly-like" on the ass. The guy blushed to the roots.

As Court continued walking by him in the narrow trailer, Steve lost his balance and sat down suddenly. Court bent directly over him to retrieve his shirt and Steve found his nose practically buried in hairy armpits. The blast of male sweat, the size and male-animal smell of Court, made his cramped rod shoot down his leg. Court noticed this. He reached into the shirt pocket.

"Have a cigarette while I check out this light."

He slapped Steve hard, on the shoulder this time, and left his hand there.

"Just don't set the place on fire," he grinned.

Steve watched Court's hips roll as he moved toward the trailer door.

Damn sun is so bright, can't see if the light is on or not."

And with that he swung the two doors closed and latched them. He switched on the light.

"Hot as hell," he said as he walked back.

Steve watched Court's hand sliding through the sweat on his chest and matting the hair. Court stopped in front of him, picked up his shirt and began to mop his armpits.

"You look pretty hot your-

self. Why don't you slip outta that shirt."

There was something in Court's tone. He looked up at the man. Court was standing with one thumb hooked in his belt buckle. He was holding his shirt over his shoulder with the other hand now, making the huge bicep bulge out. Steve caught the man's eyes and looked away, blushing.

Then he glanced at Court's crotch. His jaw dropped. Court's heavy dick was hard and sliding down his pants leg. His nuts hung about seven inches down the inside of the jeans and made a huge bulge. The cock continued growing and he could see it burrowing down the leg. The pants had been worn so thin he could actually make out the contours of the prick head.

Court had made up his mind.

He dropped his shirt. He reached down with one hand and began to pull Steve's T-shirt out of his pants. Steve grabbed Court's arm. Court slowly reached down with the other hand and grabbed Steve by the jaw. He tilted the head back.

"What's the matter, baby," he smiled.

"You son of a..." Steve began. But Court suddenly grabbed him by the hair and slapped him hard with an open palm. Steve froze and stared in panic. Court continued smiling. He slapped him hard again. Then he held his hand in the air, ready for another.

"Take off your shirt, baby, like I said."

That was all it took. Steve's rod was leaking a wet stain in his pants. Scared, he slowly reached down and slipped the T-shirt over his head. Court chuckled and crossed his arms. Steve looked up at the man. The curly head of hair, the dark, craggily handsome face, down the bulk of the torso. The size of the chest pushed Court's hairy, crossed arms out, making him seem

gigantic. The body narrowed to a tight, washboard waist. And then Steve found himself staring at that cock again.

"Take it out, baby."

Steve ran the back of his hand over his mouth.

"I said take it out, baby," Court said a little firmer.

Steve reached up trembling and unbuttoned the fly. The line of hair thickened. He could smell the man. Reaching in, he hooked the penis with two fingers. It was huge. It seemed to take forever to slide it out. He'd never touched a guy's dick before. It was twice as thick as his own.

When the head suddenly flipped out, he flinched. The dick continued to harden until it stood out at a 45-degree angle. Prefuck leaked in a slow strand toward the floor.

"The balls too, guy."

He reached in again and put his whole hand around the base of the scrotum. He swung it up and out. From where he sat, it seemed to dangle halfway to Court's knees.

Court smiled even wider.

"Welcome home, baby," he said in a low, sexy rumble. And Steve felt the two rough hands encase the side of his head. He let himself be pulled in to the base of the cock.

Steve felt the hardness against his lips. The cock was rank with the smell of crotch sweat. His tongue poked out and felt the tube that distended the length of the cock. His lips opened wider. His tongue slipped around the dick, curious. He could barely encompass it. He sighed at the size of it and his own cock oozed even more precum. He began swabbing. His face was on fire. He couldn't bring his mind to the surface. His hands came up and rested lightly on Court's thighs. And he licked.

Court felt that thick, dull ache in his prick head. This is the best, he thought. Pink, virgin tongue swabbing the base of his cock. Pink, virgin lips. Damn. And he began to stroke the cornsilk hair on the back of Steve's head as he pulled him in tighter.

Steve's jaw went slack as he felt the width of the cock pry his mouth open wider. He nursed down the scrotum and sucked at the loose skin supporting the huge testicles, as if he and Court had been friends all their lives. Court pushed the head down and tilted it back.

"Open, baby."

One ball slipped in. His tongue explored it while he stared up at the man. Court's face was partly in shadow, but he could see the half smile. He drank in the massive, hairy chest, the two nipples rising and falling like corks on an ocean, and muscles on the hairy arms so powerful that one light blow could slap the sense out of him. He dropped his jaw like a snake and the other ball slipped in. He made love. Saliva ran out of his mouth and coated his chin. It began to soak Court's jeans.

"Swallow."

Steve tried and gagged.

"Swallow. Open that throat," Court coaxed him. "That's what it's good for. We're gonna train you good, baby. Don't be shy."

Steve's eyes closed as he tried.

"Open that tube, baby."

Court reached down and began to pull the jaw wider.

"Open. Press into that crotch, baby, and inhale."

Trusting the man, Steve did as he was told. He relaxed his throat with a sigh and swallowed slowly. Suddenly the huge mass of balls got past the blockage at the back of his mouth. They slid down his throat, one behind the other, like balls through a cockring. Steve gagged and panicked. He grabbed Court's wrists as his eyes squinted and his face turned beet red. His throat swelled out obscenely. Ignoring the struggles, Court yanked the guy in tighter.

"That's it. Oh, Jesus." He smiled and, pressing the head into his crotch with all his strength, he slowly tilted his head back, eyes closed.

Steve was snorting as his hands scrabbled at Court's wrists. Then something clicked inside him. He went limp and hung there. His pretty face was an open tube for the man's balls. Court felt the change. He looked down quietly.

"Atta boy."

Saliva was running out of both sides of Steve's mouth. Tears were running down his cheeks from the strain. He was beginning to pale from lack of oxygen, but his attempts to pull away were feeble. In a matter of minutes he had changed from an uptight accountant and ex-basketball hero to a hungry boy who would let a man gag him on testicles. A fuck toy. His throat would be sore for days from the stretching. But he'd welcome the soreness. Now that he'd felt the fullness once, his mouth would gape at the sight of any well-filled crotch.

Court hadn't even begun on his ass.

Court eased his balls out of the throat. They actually popped past the back of Steve's mouth. They oozed out of the lips. The mouth stayed wide open as Steve sucked in deep breaths. His eyes opened slightly and stared back at Court in surprise. And his chest heaved like bellows, puffy, pink tits riding up and down on a well-developed but perfectly hairless chest. Nice suckable tits.

Steve felt the hardness against his lips. The cock was rank with the smell of crotch sweat. His tongue poked out and felt the tube that distended the length of the cock.

Steve started reaching slowly for Court's cock, but Court took his wrists. He hauled him up slightly, then onto the floor. He straddled him with his knees, huge cock leaking, and released the wrists. Grabbing Steve's biceps, he pushed them up, baring his armpits. He stared at that pumped-up chest and Steve continued gasping for breath.

"God, you're a pretty man," Court smiled. Steve relaxed slightly, confused. Then Court lowered his tanned face covered with a day's stubble, and bared his perfectly white teeth. His tongue shot out and teased a nipple. His lips nipped at it. Then his teeth chewed gently.

Finally he dropped his jaw, sucked the tit in and tried to swallow it. He growled.

Steve bucked his hips. No one had ever touched his tits. The new sensation of pain and pleasure made him whip his head back and forth and he cried out.

"Shut up, asshole," Court said. He reached over, grabbed the shirt he'd mopped his pits with and stuffed it in Steve's mouth. Grabbing both biceps again, he went after the other tit.

Court pictured Steve on the basketball court, teasing the public with those heavy biceps and shoulders, hiding those tits under that flimsy nylon. He chewed deeper and deeper onto that tit, getting the nipple as far back as his rear molars. Court loved to give it to any guy he thought was a cock tease. He ignored Steve's cries.

"Serves him right," thought Court. "This guy's tits were made to be used."

As the tit oozed out of his mouth, he slid his teeth up the length of it and nipped the head once before he released it. He went after the other one again.

When Court finally raised his head, Steve stopped thrashing and stared at him wide-eyed. He was about to cum. His eyes were glazed and frightened. Court grinned and very slowly lowered his face again. He blew a stream of air onto one armpit. Goose flesh rose. He did the same to the other.

"You don't use deodorant any more, you understand that, guy?" he said.

With that, he swabbed the armpit twice with his tongue. Then he slammed his unshaven chin into it and dragged it up the length of the pit. The sensation of the stubble against the soft

armpit flesh was too much for Steve. Yelling into the sweaty shirt, he came. Banging his heels, he whipped his head back and forth. But Court held his arms and torso rock-steady. He moved his head over and methodically ripped at the other pit.

Steve had never cum without touching himself. For the first time he was aware of his asshole grabbing in rhythm with his prick, hungrily moaning and then slamming shut. And Court rode him like a skittish colt as he pulled the hair out of his pits with his teeth. Steve's cum soaked his jeans and began to run up the downlike hairs on his stomach and pool in his navel.

When it was over, Steve went limp. He began moaning.

"Good boy," Court said.

His cock was still out, hard and leaking. Calmly, he knelt up and pulled Steve's boots off. Then, standing, he grabbed the legs of the Levis and hauled them off with such force that Steve slid across the floor. Steve wailed once, like a child. Oh, yeah, thought Court, look at those fuckin' legs. Long, muscular legs from years of basketball. Hard with the muscle, but with hairless, poreless skin. Big, size eleven feet. The jockeys were soaked with Steve's load.

Grabbing him by the ankles, he flipped him over, knelt down and hauled Steve onto his knees, forearms on the floor. He wedged his legs between the knees, forced them wider and then ripped the jockeys at the crotch, leaving the waistband intact.

He ran his hands up the backs of the long thighs and again thought of them bouncing down the court, teasing. He slapped them with both hands, gripped them and hauled his fingers up hard. Steve bucked and moaned. He slapped again, gripped tighter, slid his hands up. This time he ended up at the buttocks. They were like two cheeses. White, perfect and hard.

"You ever get treatment like this from your coach, huh, guy?" Court asked as he ran his thumbs up the ass crack. "Walkin' around the locker room, swingin' that ass, sayin' 'Come, fuck me, guys.'"

He drew the tip of his middle finger from Steve's scrotum, up over the hole to the tailbone and back.

"Eager little ass-pussy. You been hidin' it. Starvin' it all these years."

The tip of his finger began to work into the hole. He was playing Steve like an instrument. Telling him just what he needed to hear.

"You're ass is lucky I'm takin' charge. Feel how grateful it is?"

With that, he began to slide the finger in. The combination of the sexy talk and the power of the man were too much for Steve. No one had ever played with his ass. Just as Steve thought he was about to pull away, Court twisted his finger suddenly and the ass bucked back toward the finger on its own. His back bowed down and the ass tilted up.

Steve's head went back and he groaned.

"Grind it, baby."

He rotated his ass as Court slowly finger-fucked him. Court reached under Steve and cupped a tit with his free hand. He slowly pulled the finger out of his ass. Lining three fingers up, he suddenly twisted the tit hard and rammed the fingers into the hole. Steve's own ass juices made a wet, squelching sound. His head whipped back and he wailed, but his ass bucked spastically, sucking at the pain.

"You're a natural, baby. You should have been team pussy. But we got a lot of rodeo riders who are gonna help you out."

He milked the tit and sawed at the hole. Court was beginning to discover that by playing with his tits, he could get him to do anything. Steve's ass went wild, sucking like a starving refugee. Court yanked his fingers out of the ass and put his cockhead at the entrance to the hole. He reached around and began to turn Steve's tits like radio dials. The torn jockeys framed the ass cheeks.

"Pretty ass, baby. Like to see it in a jockstrap."

He rotated his prick head on the hole.

"But no more jockeys. I'll just rip 'em off you."

The hole began opening.

"Shame to hide an ass like this."

"Push back, baby. Don't fight that hungry ass."

Steve pushed back and the huge head popped in. Steve hissed. He paused as the bunghole got used to the size.

"Atta boy."

Court gave the cheeks a slap and then yanked the tits harder. A low growl came out of Steve's mouth. He pushed back again. He needed this. Every muscle on his body stood out with the strain.

"Oh, yeah!" Court said. "Look at it go."

He slapped again. Steve barked and shoved back again. Four inches of the ten-inch dick were up the ass, distending it, straightening it.

"Oughta get a picture of you like this. Bent over, your hands spreading those cheeks. Make every guy in Colorado give up pussy."

Steve barked again and shoved back. Six inches.

"Ready, baby? 'Bout ready?"

Steve hung his head. Court sucked his stomach in and looked down at the ass-cock connection. Huge, dark cock with thick, black hair. Tight, blond asshole, tilted and ready.

Yanking the tits back, Court rammed his prick home. Like ten inches of metal pipe up the tiny hole. Steve bellowed and his legs gave. But the prick held him in place. Court grabbed him by the waist, squeezing the wind out of him. He began fucking.

"Show me that pussy, baby."

Steve wailed and shoved back. The talk was driving him nuts.

"Work it like a bitch, guy. How many girls you fucked, huh? That shit dick of yours plowin' loose cunt while this tight little hole was goin' hungry?" He slapped. "How long you ignored this pussy back here, playin' big hero?"

He rammed, rotated his prick and rammed again.

"I seen you checkin' yourself out in the mirror, baby." Slap. "Nobody pretty as you can stand it long without gettin' fucked open."

Steve lowered his head between his arms and shoved back. He was like a cat in heat. Slap!

"Harder, baby?"

Steve gave out a high-pitched whine. Slap! Slap! He ground his hips. "Needs to be heated up." Slap! "Move that hot little oven, baby."

Court began to pile drive the ass, laying claim to the blond body beneath him. He pulled the head back by the hair and slapped it hard.

"Need to be slapped a little, huh, baby? Need to be shown who's boss, huh?" Slap! Slap! "Oh, shit!"

He suddenly leaned forward, worked his arms around Steve's and grabbed his head in a hammerlock.

"You fuckin' bitch! Here it comes!"

He slammed in hard one last time. The force knocked them to the floor.

Court tried to shove his hips inside the hole with the cock. Halfway to Steve's heart the cockhead opened and began pouring like a faucet. He wrenched the body back violently, dragging the top of Steve's head along the floor. Steve reached back frantically, trying to pull Court in deeper. He grabbed Court's balls and yanked forward. Court howled.

Steve's colon squeezed around the prick rhythmically, instinctively knowing how to make a man's prick feel good. Cum backed up the tube and began leaking out the asslips. Court bucked again and bit the back of Steve's neck with a helpless yowl, claming his mate.

Steve came a second time, but the size of the telephone pole up his ass defeated his muscles. While the ass lining sucked and caressed the huge dick, grabbing hard like a band of steel, cum dribbled out of his prick in a slow flow.

He had completely lost control of himself. He loved this man who knew what he wanted. He groaned with joy as he gave the prick what it needed in return. When Court finally came back to earth he heard Steve whispering, barely loud enough to be heard.

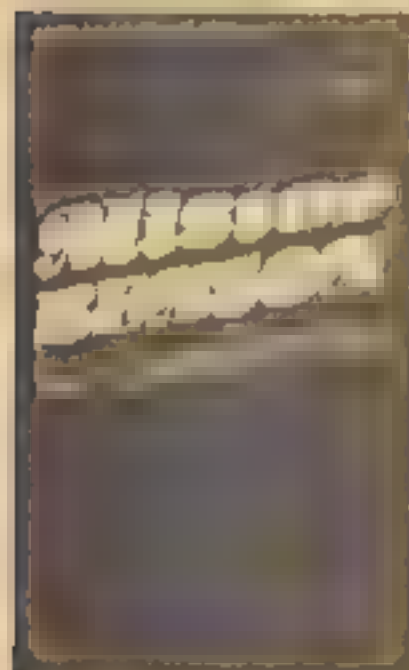
"Thank you, Sir. Oh, God. Thank you. Oh, God..."

Court smiled.

□

HOT READING FOR A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

FROM ALTERNATE PUBLISHING



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MISTER BENSON

The novel that electrified leathermen across the country when it was first serialized in *Drummer* revised by the author with an epilogue from Mr. Benson himself. Cited by *Panhouse* as one of the Top Ten SM Novels ever written,

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Had enough of whips, chains and heavy-duty SM? You won't escape them here—but you'll rediscover them with a decidedly humorous twist along with Carlo Carlucci's glowingly humorous look at every other aspect of gay life from the pangs of coming out to a Thurberesque cartoon series "War Between the Machos and the Sissies" that will have you in stitches.

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SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE

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by Aaron Travis
Illustrated by
Caveiro

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Dear Larry,

Slightly different problem here. You know this "Liposuction" that is going on? Well, I've seen a guy get rid of about 20 pounds—I don't know how many inches. Now the guy is hot, about 45, able to fill a mean pair of 501's, in every sense of the word. There is a gay dude doing this "Liposuck" in private. If you could turn me on to him, I'd be eternally grateful.

Slightly Overweight, Hollywood, CA

Dear Slightly,

My first random response: Why the hell don't you ask the guy who lost 20 pounds? Okay, so you're bashful. I have been aware of this procedure for some time, although I understand that most medical authorities do not approve of its being used to remove large amounts of fat. The technique was originally developed to remove small, fatty deposits from the face as a part of cosmetic surgery. (For those who don't know what we're talking about, this is the technique of inserting a needle into a deposit of fat, then suctioning it out.) I have heard about a couple of doctors who do the

type of thing you want done, but I don't know how to contact them. Neither do I know how expensive or how ethical they are. I'm sure someone will write and tell me, and I'll pass it on. In the meantime, I strongly advise against a nonmedical person being allowed to slurp your fat. (Doesn't that have a wonderfully kinky sound to it!)

Dear Master Larry,

When Master Sam, a burly, macho Italian, is using his wide leather strap across my bare ass, I use my tube sock to muffle the whines, whimpering, screams and moans from the painful application to my burning flesh. But, Sir, how can I stop the tears and crying from the pain? Master gets irritated at my crying/tears and he seems to extend the deserved punishment into something that is almost more than I can handle. My feeble explanations only merit a slap across the face. I am a lazy and disobedient slave, so I am not complaining about my punishment. Master Sam lays the leather generously and criss-crossed to produce a juicy, red rump. But neither of us wants the tears to flow. Sir, any suggestions? Respectfully,
Jason, A slave, CA

Dear Jason,

The only way to stop the tears is psychological. You must come to a mental set, wherein you command yourself not to shed tears. You might start by learning not to cry out or whimper while you're getting your ass reddened, since that entire complex of responses ties in with the tears. It will not be easy, but if it's so important to you, give it a try. Personally, I like to hear the cries and see the tears. How else can a man know he's doing his best?

Dear Larry,

I'm playing safe, which includes rubbers. But a question I have concerns the use of contraceptive foam instead of a rubber. The foam kills the AIDS virus on contact, so why not fill the hole with foam and fuck without a rubber? Will it work? I read Leather Notebook each month and enjoy your helpful information.

D M, Ohio

Dear D M.,

If you read Leather Notebook each month, you should have read my previous remarks on this. The foam kills the virus in a laboratory test tube. There is no guarantee that it is going to kill the virus fast enough to prevent its getting into your body through the rectal wall. I think it probably does, but do you want to take the chance? And by the way, there has finally been a test on rubbers, to determine whether they can contain the virus. The results, at least on the brand they tested, were positive; i.e., the rubbers did the job.

Dear Mr. Townsend,

For the past eight years I have been involved in the FF scene. For the first three years I had two regular weekly bottoms, both of whom were heavy tops on the home front, but came to me to release their fantasies without shattering their image with their "home" slaves. After three years of this, one of the men asked me to become his slave provided I would take care of his "fist" needs on command. This worked well for a couple of years, until Daddy began feeling the need to fist me. He went through some obvious emotional turmoil over this, during which he became needlessly aggressive and wouldn't allow me to offer any advice, even when he wasn't able to do a proper insertion. When I tried to offer some guidance on the basis of my own past experience, he really roughed me up...split lip, etc. Our relationship is now somewhat uncertain, solely because of Daddy's inability to top me in an FF scene. I know it has to do with guilts and fears stemming from childhood and his racial/religious (Italian) background. I want him inside me, but I am afraid of what happened before. Can you give me any advice as to getting suggestions across without another broken lip or nose?

Sad In Sheephead Bay

Dear Sad,

You're in much the same position as the psychological counselor who sees (or thinks he sees) exactly what his client's problem is, but can't maneuver the guy into discovering it for himself. I find Daddy's violence a bit disturbing, because he is probably on an even heavier guilt trip than you realize. But I think you basically understand the situation. You are in an unusual top/bottom/Master/slave relationship, however, and despite your both willing it otherwise Daddy cannot be complete Master until he resolves this FF role dilemma—at least not within his own mind. If he follows the classic pattern, he will only be able to contain the guilt over being what he is by being Master/top in every aspect of your relationship. You might, if you handle it delicately enough, convince him to let you teach him the techniques he lacks by both of you working together, topping a third person. This is assuming his inability to fist you truly stems from his not knowing how—and not from some other emotional blockage. In any case, you are dealing with a fairly complex psycho-emotional problem. It might be more than you can handle without some professional assistance.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.)

DRUMSTICKS

EXPERTISE


They do it with style,
Master Jim and his b
Note the poetry there
in the rhythmic whip
The perfection of p
his left cheek, then
and the left cheek
Buffs up his
The perfect

He was hoping for more
his "master" had left him
the door of his room.

aster! To leave a job
clearly half-finished.
blem, I assured him.

OPENING

I'm always surprised when his
At first, There's no question there's plenty of room
in that talented butt for my cock, And my fist.
But before that first entry, it about the third time
There's a moment of tightening
A moment of doubt
As his eyes look deep into mine for the truth
That frees him to open out a more than his ass.



Joe Altman's THE MEN OF FOLSOM

Originally from New York, JOE ALTMAN has been a San Francisco photographer for the last six years. His work has had several successful shows on both sides of Market. We have selected tops and bottoms here from Joe's collection, all shown at their best. But then Joe Altman's work always does just that. Joe feels that sitting for a photo should be as comfortable and casual as dropping in at a friend's for a cup of coffee. Maybe this explains the natural feel of Joe's portraits of these men.















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If the ad has a USA box number, follow the same instructions, but send it to: USA/Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

It's that easy! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen. By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as Drumbeats) we are doing just that. No deadlines, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 60¢ a word.

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like! There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that. The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!



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BOLD HEADING (26 letters & spaces maximum)

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Stats Healthy hunky man 47 5'7" 150 lbs. well-built rugged good looks, selfish yet caring bright, warm, imaginative, sensual, tactile, bearded balding big-dicked, tattooed, successful professional wears leather Levis boots as well as suits, ties & jocks & diverse interests, and a nice guy Looking to meet another man/buddy over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with for a night or life time. Write with your phone number to RCS PO Box 1064, New York City NY 10022 (LF4749)

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

DISCIPLINE OF A COCKSUCKER SCORES OF MEN needed to turn my cocksucker's fuck mouth into a simple pig's whore hole. Bring your cock, spit piss and come to help assure this scumbag never wants to get off its knees again. Men's rooms, book stores and bar stools will be its training grounds. Any recommendations of dirty smelly glory hole places will be appreciated. Join the lineup in New Orleans during Mardi Gras Feb. 7-11. Sewer mouth begins its lessons by accepting anything you wish to say at (907) 276-5016. Show no courtesies like hello or goodbye—just give your address for an infopak—along with anything else you'd like to say. It's name's just... Hole (LF4805)

MEN IN UNIFORM

I proudly wear a uniform as part of my profession. Seek same who wears his uniform naturally and not part of fantasy/ego trip. Am GWM 37 5'9" 170 lbs. Looking for someone my age group or older to be my Master/lover/companion. Looks not important, but integrity, honesty, tenderness a must. For a true man I can be most flexible. Box 4869

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by mid-30s, 5'10", 160 lbs., hairy bearded physician. You must be willing to serve and be between 21 and 45. Will train or relocate if necessary. Box 4871

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Would like to receive and/or exchange either or?? sex fantasies/experiences to help through this safe sex period. I am submissive leather slave, 30. Degradation, abuse and commanding letters okay too. Write to Box 4731LF

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Rugged outdoor trucker type "good buddy" needed by husky rural 35 bottom. Box 4928

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get off on sucking dicks, eating and sucking butts, getting sucked and eaten, drinking piss, pumping iron, horny parties, wearing a tan and listening to funky music. Tell me about it dude. Your letter gets mine. Box 4915

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED by butch attractive well-built 33-year-old Master. Must be trim masculine 18-30. Training will include long whippings and endless fuck sessions. Box 4445

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

DADDY'S MAN

After ten years of being "out," I've matured to this one man looking for another man—plain and simple. Professional, bold, clean, physically fit, and confident, high expectations. 31 yrs, 5'9", 157 lbs. considered hunky, balding, hairy and currently bearded. The man I see is between 30 and 45 years of age of good physical presence, has facial hair and possesses an aggressive nature which constantly seeks to satisfy its various needs including a varied and dynamic sexual appetite. Yes, I'm looking for a lot. Then again, I'm offering a lot of devotion and commitment, love and sexual intensity. A sincere response and current photo get the same from me. Reply to PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102 (LF4538)

BACKPACKING, X-C SKIING FULL LEATHER

Moving to SF or Seattle by year-end 1985. Japanese-American, 31 y.o., 5'4", 125 lbs. ex-gymnast, light hard body, good-looking, bearded macho. Into malesex in full leather caps, cycle jacket, tight chaps, boots, gloves, ball-stretchers, fucking, sucking, C&T, rough contact, 70% top, 30% bottom depending on partner. Safe no smoke/dope, scat, fist. I'm in management, highly educated, spend most weekends hiking, backpacking, bridge player, comfortable with straight social life. You SF or Seattle leather stud while physically in-shape, mentally sharp, 25-40 y.o., no smoke/dope. Goal: hiking or leather partner to committed relationship. Picture with letter please. Will reciprocate. Box 4544LF

FF VIRGIN

26, 6'1", 185 lbs. 88 tight muscular ass and body into hot ass play. Looking for experienced top or group for first list. I'm extremely hot and holding out for the right scene. Photo please. Box 4959

BOOTS, BIKES

BLUE COLLAR WORKERS

Full time blue collar worker by day and occasional part-time outrageous cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles and blue collar men. If you wear your boots at work and ride your bike to get there, maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work outside, not pumping iron in a mirrored gym. Attends many bike runs and bar anniversaries in and out of the West and Rocky Mtn area. Positive NO NO's drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera and high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs. blue eyes, brown hair and requires same who is a rider on their bike in bed and with their boots on. Box 2707LF

STUD CHALLENGES OTHER STUDS

to top, bottom heavy B&D games with cages, vented burial, suspension, immobilization, mammification, isolated sensory deprivation using rope, tape, rubber ace bandages, hoods, gags, Ben Gay wax and anything else I want. I stand 6' 185 lb./blu 28. Photo nude and phone to Box 4978

CORRESPONDENCE ONLY! INTERESTS: SPANKING, BONDAGE, S&M. BOX 825, BUFFALO, NY 14205

SIR

Masochistic Brutus-type slave seeks to be made worthy by sadistic and sane Brutus-style Master. If you have ever heard The Compound Tapes you know what I am and need I am naked and awaiting your orders. Sir Please Sir don't write when you can call me now (205) 442-8429. Call anytime. Please, sir I need it BAD. Also would like to be trained to work over other slaves. Thank you Sir! (LF4460)

TEACH ME, SIR

WM 6' 220, 44, full beard, desires friend/Top to show me how to be a bottom into some BD CBT dildos or the real thing. Have selection of auto-erotic hardware on hand. Must get to know and trust respondents before getting it on. Mutual discretion is expected and assured. Montgomery area preferred. Box 4481LF

LEATHER, LEVIS & BOOTS

I would enjoy fun times with leather guys into Harley Davidson Motorcycles. Let's get together—be my guest. I'm 49 5'10" 160 W blue, brown. Enjoy as well Horseback riding, mountain hikes, travel, oceans, music, good food & wine. Spend some time in UK each summer. Love leathers, levis & boots. Box 4482LF

SIR YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

FORESKIN HUMILIATION

21-year-old WM cut at age 17 due to humiliation, especially over doctor's examining uncult penis. Photo exchange. Phone 360. Write to David PO Box 59806, Birmingham, AL 35209

ALASKAN LOOKING FOR A DADDY?

Straight acting, hairy cut GWM 37 200, blue/brn. Quiet evenings home hottub, gardening, split wood, fish, ocean, trees. Pavarotti violin. USA 603

LOOKING FOR W M UNCUT CHUBBIES

40-60 short, little body hair. I'm At. K 58, 215, Hawaiian. Meet correspond saw nude pics. Box 4-122 Anchorage AK

UNCUT WANTS SAME

Would appreciate hearing from and meeting uncircumcised men. A photo would be nice. Thanks loads! USA 287

ANCHORAGE

Handsome Latin man, 31, well-endowed, wants fun and kink with while uncult males, 25-40. Into creative sex, no hangups. Send photo and letter to Box 3130 Anchorage Alaska 99510

PHOENIX DADDY

looking for young WM who needs to be taught a lesson. I will administer a good bare-ass spanking and fuck your mouth for good measure. Send detailed letter with phone number. Newcomers welcome. Box 4522LF

UNINHIBITED? SO AM I

like to write and meet others into c/w and skin. Like long prolonged French sessions and cock pleasures. Enjoy it all. USA 113

NEW AGE ARIES MALE

30s slender attractive. Just happens to have very handsome foreskin covering a magic mushroom inside in which magical healing powers reside. USA 700

CATHENA CALIFORNIA

VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE for friendship and whatever we on dy-cards, bowing and safe sex couples or three-ways OK. Both are tan, one 37 one 39. Tel (408) 227-3774

VERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE B K&R

looking for others into bondage with ps dirty leathers, bikes, tattoos and other sh. 1 40 years 6'4" 225 lbs. Send photo & letter to PO Box 161495, Sacramento CA 95816 4575LF

HOT HARD LEATHER ACTION

Full leather chains, erect nipples, hard pecs, defined stomachs, arms & legs, ringed nipples, fat dicks, uncult dicks with stretched overhangs, shaved balls & assholes, heavy C&T, T/T, V/A, piss, enemas, beer, sweat, spit, grease & lubricants. S&M getting stoned, heavy sloppy kissing, p.p. sex. I want! I am—in a SAFE hot environment! I'm 28 5'10" 165 lbs. with a very tight gym body, defined ripped washboard stomach, firm pecs & arms, shaved balls for heavy stretching & hung thick! I'm very versatile & very energetic! I'm looking for a stud who is just as energetic. 25-35, has a tight defined body, hung well and is a no-nonsense leatherman! Let's get together and play it hard in leather! Call Buddy at (415) 346-7416

BREECHES

Older GWM 5'11", 175 lbs., waist 34 wants young WM (or As an) dressed in boots & breeches (provided) for passive B&D. Advise phone to P.O. Box 805, Frank in St. #34, San Francisco, CA 94102

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

Whip and torture this health conscious intel gent, professional bootlicking cocksucking torturer. Live into 50's military boots. Fr Gr BD SM whipping and ball torture. Moving to SF soon and visit SF frequently now. Nautilus, computers, bridge, travel, books. No WS, scat FF, rear Fr. Send photo to Box 4532LF

EXPERIENCED SM MASTER

searching for slaves. YOU! Not under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage, whipping, TT, CBT, ME, Hot, 41 muscular. A DS-aware. Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4512LF. First consideration for appointment with photo.

PIERCED, TATOOED

GWM 41, tattooed, pierced, adventurous. Seeks men. Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 4256LF

SACRAMENTO LIVE-IN LEATHER

5'9" 33 160 lbs. med. j.m. build, mustache. As an leatherman seeking a permanent leather relationship with another leatherman with same interests. Willing to relocate in Sacramento. Your photo gets mine. Box 4587

SLAVE/DOG

29 years 6' 175, masculine handsome healthy slave/dog—mentally/physically strong, submissive, totally obedient into S M B D FF TT WS, and more. Looking for hot, handsome, masculine demanding Master/Trainer serious about his business. Suite 205, 2040 Polk St. San Francisco, CA 94109. LF454

OPERA & TORTURE/LONG TERM

Semi-muscular aggressive, v.g. stud, 37, 150, 7" into 4-hr torture (both S&M) and essential monogamy. Seeks similar male into same opera and startling achievement. Write Coil today with photo. Box 4875

TOP MEETS BOTTOM

Drummer ads get results and Ric in Eureka and Mike in Sacramento have now gotten together starting a great life together with a monogamous relationship. We would both like to thank Drummer for bringing us together. We're both believers that Drummer Class finds get results. We couldn't be happier and hope that you too find that right man.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM

A NEW ENTRANT

on the way to super or Masterhood is where I place myself. After prolonged thought, introspection, and exploration on the edge, the time has arrived to "test pilot" the primary mission. Sexual evolution progressed me through the experiences of whoring, pissing, communicating, and understanding and rendered me proficient in each. The art of Mastering is the final and the most complex of these evolutionary effects. The development, skill, and precision of practice in what I consider an art-form is the objective, an objective I intend to attain. Those capable of comprehending my headspace and interested in sharing the experience of their persona, uniqueness with me on this journey are invited to contact me. My stats for the record: 38, white, tall, handsome, trim, masculine, intelligent, creative, successful, lustful, controlled, and coldly calculating. Box 4472, F.

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM bottom 40, 155 lbs, 5'8" good condition seeks student jock for daddy/son relationship. CP/VA, HUM. Box 4677

SLAVE BOYS WANTED

White daddy 30's, accepts pleas from submissive, obedient bottoms to serve him. Open to many fantasies. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4723

SF ASSHOLE SPECIAL

Get your white-hot asshole serviced. I have all the right equipment. Call Peter (415) 285-8390

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER

BIGGER IS BETTER

Horny, reliable bottom looking for very well-hung top or tops for long satisfying sessions. Into most scenes. VA, spanking, light SM, just so long as I get it in the end long and hard. My ex has 9" do you measure up? Write with phone and description of what you have and what you like for instant reply. Box 4976

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude. A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemies, boots and toys. This horny hairy WM 29, 6' 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar-smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711, F.

MAN SEEKS SON

Dad, age 45, good build and healthy wants son for leather service. Should be masculine, aged 25-35, and healthy. Facial hair a plus. Must have desire to please and be willing to expand his standards are high but so are the rewards. Goal is to find a long-term father-son relationship. Send photo and resume. Box 4944, F.

HAIRY CHESTED FARM BOY

Life begins in the forties and I'm now there! Hairy-chested farm boy—versatile, hot and eager to prove it. No tats or feds. Call evenings (415) 431-4293 (SF)

DADDY MASTER

Very experienced, 42, 5'9", 160 muscular, good-looking, seeks son/slave extremely submissive, young and slim. Explicit letter, photo and phone to Master. Box 7117, San Jose, CA 95150

HOT KINKY REDHEAD

Lean, 6' hung 37 prefer B/D handballing with verbal fantasy gym, military western incest. Eager to learn winning positions, pitching or catching. Robin, San Francisco. Box 4907

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

MUO

6'4", 34, brown/blue, large moustache looking for guys to sleep in the mire with. Hairy a plus. Farmer/rancher sought with land to muck around on. Box 4945

OIL UP—POSE DOWN

with a bulging sweaty muscleman, new to coast 33 yrs, vgl 6'1", 200 lbs, 48" C, 17 A, 30 W, 8 thick inches. Mirrors, oil, mutual worship, fantasy prolonged J.Q. man smells exhibitionism. Photo if possible—all answered. PO Box 22613, Santa Barbara, CA 93121

INTO BONDAGE?

Or fantasize about it? Step into my playroom and I will fulfill your dreams. Beginners welcome. Uncula plus. Send explicit letter with photo to Box 19065, Oakland, CA 94619

SUPERMAN SEEKS HIS SUPERFOE

Here's the fantasy. Superman's arch nemesis challenges him to combat. Knowing he will win, he agrees. But unknown to our hero, his foe is wearing Kryptonite-lined leather gloves. Quickly the challenger moves clamping fingers like steel vises on those supernipples. Superlax moans, paralyzed as the destruction of his tits begins. Through endless hours he suffers the twisting, ripping, warping as this villain threatens to tear him right off his goddamn body! He can't believe what's happening! He grows weaker as his mortal enemy grows stronger, all his super powers being drained through betraying, weakening nipples—and into his dread foe! His enemy's biceps swell massively with his former strength only to unleash this destructive force vengefully upon vulnerable nipples. The tag whimpers as his now super-powered Nemesis continues the torture just for the hell of it! Hours pass. Finally Supervillain strains his muscles, forcing all his evil energy down, exploding biceps, veined forearms into steel fingers unleashing holy terror on the hapless tits. He twists the tag's tits, rips them up in the air jerking him to his feet. Eyes rock. As the tit death grip sucks out his life. Super Eyes suck out his soul! Through years of slavery he worships his master's muscles, serves him. Superfoe returns Superman's powers now and then only the beat them out of ball, ass, muscles, or mouth and those stretched tits. Villain must have rock hard Kryptonite body, be highly imaginative, brutal, verbally abusive, and enjoy the power of destroying a man with his nipples so much that you lose all control and tear him to shreds! Gotta hard-on? Got that churning feeling in your stomach that says you gotta do this to a man? Damn! You're gonna do it! If so, send letter, photo, phone if you're powerful (and loving) enough to really do this to me, just maybe you can keep me! Box 4943, F.

OUTPOST

ADAM J. DRUMMER



ONE OF DRUMMER'S
"10 BEST MALE VIDEOS
OF THE YEAR"

STUD STORE
960 FOLSOM STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94107
(415) 543-2124

REALLY INTO LEATHER?
LEATHER really turns you on and you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots. Keep reading if you like to be dominated, worship your master's leather and boots and enjoy f/b. Keep reading if you are looking to find a master to explore your LEATHER slave fantasies with. Keep reading I am GWM 39/6'1" 220 lbs, good-looking, stable, professional and sane master who is really into LEATHER. Turned on by the sight, smell, touch, taste and feel of LEATHER. Also into very tall boots. NOT into drugs of any kind, smokers, anal sex losers, heavy S&M. Reply oneshot possible. Now reply with phone and photo to Jim 1850 Union St #60 San Francisco, CA 94123. F48071

MASQU SLAVE

SEEKS! m Sa Mm wad
frang n mly o e v -
dage CBT pp Ay r d
Hf mje ny 3' y p y
way at qz h th ove f
phone tks 168 k p z R u
500B St F O A H . t "

If you are haunted by these words, if you feel compelled to slavery if you need to serve, then you will submit an appropriate application to: John Phillips, PO Box 2755, San Francisco, CA 94126. A man A Master Sensitive yet cruel Sophisticated but tough Patient experienced perceptive Accomplished and successful Early 40s, tall well-built damn goodlooking Real

[illegible]

Slim GWM 33 needs hard spanking PO
box 4077, San Francisco, CA 94101

Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to train the right 21-35, husky, amenable man for complete service. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men other than yourself. Strong discipline. No bullshit. Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 100. You can call me Sir!

GWM experienced in VA. B&D and is interested in taking over my fantasies. Any age over 35, hirsute (the more the better), size unimportant. Must be clean, safe sex only. I feel "ba-d" is beautiful. No FF SCAT TT BALMCH or money. Sincere replies please. I am 50, 140 lbs, 5'8". No lems or druggies. Your weight also unimportant but a clean, sane person is. Box 4530LF.

I am thirty-one white 170 lbs 5'8 1/2" brown hair and eyes I'm into raunchy s-e-a-z-y k-n-k-y sex Not into scat heavy pain. I'm a dedicated leatherman that needs a dominate, aggressive Daddy/Big Brother to train me use/abuse me, discipline me like I know I need to be I am ready to submit to a Daddy/Big Brother who is not modest, is into dirty talk and verbal abuse is not afraid to strip me collar me, finger-fuck me, use me at anytime and much more If you are mature, over thirty-five and want a boy that's real then please send delayed letter about yourself what you want to do to me, along with a hot revealing photo. If possible All answered Box 4858LF

Ths little guy needs a man over 5'9" who prefers short men and knows how to use the difference in our height and strength to your advantage and our mutual excitement. With a little guy do you ache to pin him down, pleasure him until he screams (but not stop), dominate him into light bondage, dictate how he is to pleasure you and win his trust so he will give up all of himself to your power? Objective monogamous, safe-sex relationship based on open communication, caring, growing together and deeply-shared sexual needs. Ma WM boyish thirties, 5'5" 120, handsome, bearded, responsive. Likes beach mountains, music, candlelight dinners, cuddling, surprises. You 30s/youthful 40s, masculine attractive, fit, healthy, affectionate, nonsmoker, drugfree, progressive thinker. Optional bearded, outdoorsy, artistic. Letter photo 584 Castro Suite 609, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588.

Gay bondage magazine was 20¢ per issue, plus \$2.00 for shipping and handling. The magazine was available for \$10.00 per year (12 issues) plus \$2.00 for shipping and handling. The magazine was available for \$10.00 per year (12 issues) plus \$2.00 for shipping and handling.

NUDE HOUSEBOY
wanted full-time for two men East Bay
Letter, photo to Box 640453, San
Francisco CA 94164-0453

bearded F ST MASTER for steady mutual SAFE exploration by sincere 38 y o (415) 863-7772

WM 36 5 10" muscu ar wants to serve Dad If you're intelligent attractive healthy sincere and sane and looking for the same, if you're commanding controlling and dominating and want the opposite if you want a man you can make into your boy if you want to train your inexperienced boy in BD VA, WS if you have the patience to calm your boy's fears and allow him to trust and respect you, then this boy is waiting for your instructions. Sir! Box 4921

I've spent 36 years becoming a man—now I need to be a boy. Bind my hands, push me to my knees and guide my head down to your black boot, make me lick your sweat-flecked jockstrap, use your hand or belt to make my ass a red and warm to your touch. Beginner's fantasies from a 5'10" well-built, good-looking healthy quiet and sincere WM who is seeking a dominant sane hot San Francisco Dad to help me realize and expand these fantasies. Box 4963

I will tease you, taunt you, torment you, torture you, take you to a place you never have been able to reach. 80 SM WS FF scatology body worship, verbal abuse & much more by GQBB, 6'11", 200 lbs, fully equipped. Photos and video available. Ask Brett (415) 863-6116.

Hol muscular stud. 35. needs his 8
cock serviced after workout. Alter-
nates best Boxholder P O Box 1522
Carmichael CA 95009

looking for sexual fulfillment/friendship in SACTO area. I'm 6' 165 lb brn/brn. with beard and into bondage and T7 but mainly safe sex and ero. fun. Box 4962

want your well-muscled rugged body to struggle sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough torturous set of curls ignoring your screams for mercy Your BOSS is into hot slave animal training oiled up, flexin' hot wax endurance trips. CB/T TT 4-wheelin' rock smoke and country ways Not into phone trips or bullshit If you're not in the area, write. BOSS, PO Box 30091 Walnut Creek CA 94598 If you're in the area and are ready to sweat call (415) 944-9984 before 10:00 P.M. on week nights anytime on the weekends. Keep America Meant Box 50011 F

The Man seeks experienced masochists for devilish explorations into pain trips. Intense but safe erotic beatings with 1/2" rattan cane. Special interest in severe discipline punishment torture and wood shed scenes. Tit torture a specialty. Write The Man, POB 4622 San Francisco, CA 94101.

[illegible]

Sit on my face, open my hungry hot receptive hairy hole—wide and deep! Belt my buns. TT WS Like huge wide dildos both big hairy muscular arms Love to tongue, lick, kiss and eat hot juicy hairy holes for hours! Not into really heavy SM B&D or CBT! Pul feel anywhere! Tongue-clean hairy chest and armpits ass—want to satisfy my top Like long, no-holds-barred sessions Well-trained and experienced Will try anything Box 452SLF

WM Topman-Master 46 5'8" 140 lbs
mustache. seeks completely-bottom
thoroughly-submissive son. No wood
shed or SM abuse. Don't want a whip-
ping boy want a passive Daddy's
Boy—a boy who needs the guidance
dominance, security and love only a
Dad can provide. Boy can expect to be
kept naked and well-disciplined. Boy
can also expect to be cuddled on Dad's
lap as well as tied to Dad's bed and
fucked. Prefer slim, trim, quiet affec-
tionate home-type boy under 30 who
needs a real Dad and knows a son's
duty is to obey his Dad and service his
Dad's cock. Permanent and live-in.
Asian or Latino welcome. Boy's phone
number gets an immediate call from
Dad. Box 455†

GWM 30s leather/levi guy in shape
clean cut & healthy seeks others in
Torr Redn. San P LAX area for friends
/fun on/off motorcycle Lit, Ph # to
Box 4248

GM 22 5'10" 160lbs seeks strong friendship. I like sex between working out wrestling make medical examination massage with oil Please only 18-22 Photo is necessary I am honest faithful supportive Write to George PO Box 6307 Los Angeles, CA 90055

Handsome WM 33.5 11" 160 hot body
hot buns looking for similar men into
serious discipline Must give and take
whip, paddle, belt No FF WS, or scat
Write with photo phone to PO Box 1190
Artesia CA 90701

good-looking, smooth, hard, partial an part Greek, horny and should have no trouble getting what I want!" But how do I go up to the "right" man and say, "I could be the boy who's face you smear with the head of your cock. I could be the hole who sucks it. I could be the one who worships your your meal and drinks your piss"? How do you tell a possible Daddy that all he has to say is "down"? How long do I have to go on beating my dick just thinking about nasty dirty fuckin'?

Alright, spent the money on a P O Box and this ad. I'm gonna find the sort of man who dreams of pissin and fuckin and suckin a boy like me. A man who knows what he's doin and brags about me before sharing me with his friends. He's the one I'm gonna call "Sir"

- He's big a over
- He's somewhat good-looking
- He doesn't mind poppers, etc
- Has control of himself
- Could be uncivil

MUSCULAR LEATHER SLAVES
Are you ready? b s id y e f us
ticed that you put it a d d a t
the day . H v ar zed Does
yo th n y m n r d ? S
wait g c r s n d a n d e p l a y e d
d w n g o t h e w a y y o u s h o d ? An
experienced respected and sadistic
Leather Master (W M 43, 6'1", 210 lbs.
8" uncut) has room in his pens for a few
hot, untied, raw muscular animals
who are ready to be stripped, chained
and motivated. Permanent positions in
residence are preferred but wll con-
sider non-live ns. Your experience to
date only indicates a starting point
with me. Everything you might have
been is history. If you've got guts
enough to submit total y to the actual-
ity of a real-life sadomasochistic rela-
tionship then contact Frank A. brght at
(b19) 578-3629 weekdays 4 to 8 P.M.
Pacific time. (LF4729)

Slave Danny will submit to bondage
and tortures for groups parties photos
or one Master Phone (818) 846-9486
Thank you Sirs! LF47201

Interested in expanding limits on S/M
CB/TT whipping piercing bondage,
weights mummification, etc. Not into
FF or scal 37 y's old 6'1" 250lbs Box
4704

Clothes the slave do not always make.
Preppy "all-American boy-next-door"
type 32 bl./blue 6' 160lbs looking for
Levi, leather top for mutual sale same
pleasures expand boys horizons No
SCAT FF Al else trainable Wil travel.
Correspondence play top Box 46991 E

Bondage cock and ball torture You want it and you need it. Only a select few accepted. Send 1st frontal nude photo to Sir Suite 540 3610 W 6th St, Los Angeles, CA 90020

Very hot, healthy 52-year-old BB, 6'2"
200 lbs clipped beard, bading w/
expertly punchfuck your hungry hole
You be equal hot, hard creative have
a tight healthy body and a sick mind
Your ass will be thoroughly used In
appreciat on you will skillfully service
Daddy's large nipples while dickfuck-
ing Daddy's tight ass Reply Daddy PF
Box 4886

WM 40. 6 170, seeks kinky partner
Enemas dildoes. fisting Long and
deep Box 1166, Cathedral City CA
92234 (619) 325-4153

ROUGH S.M

Manhandle my big uncut cock and balls Box 5001 El Monte CA 91734

BOTTOM MAN SEEKS TOP

into whipping, titwork, safe sex. I'm tattooed and pierced Box 4922

FREEZE FAGGOT

YOU COCKSUCKIN PERVERT
PARK YOUR GODDAMN QUEER

RIGHT THERE, FUCKHEAD

ATTA BOY, COCKSUCKER
UP AGAINST THE WALL.

HANDS BEHIND YER BACK

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

Decidedly for... a boot leather tough disgustingly arrogant dirty-mouthed obstinate, stubbornly unruly proud muscular b-p-booted stud station—white sonofabitch... callously gunghe to get his rebarious, awless white out man-handled roughly humiliated for ceably stripped naked handcuffed and induced to serve, as directed by uncompromising y domnant sadistic trim muscular 42 Black Cop-Moncho White prisoner to be immobilized for interrogation, enforced C/B Torture and exacting correctional discipline to insure, reinforce proper attitude and behavior Insurgent White studs write with photo to PO Box 60331 Los Angeles CA 90060-0331

DADDY SEEKS SON

Businessman-type Dad 41 6'3", 240 lbs hairy, seeks son Dad has high standards for your behavior and expects you to live up to them You will be disciplined when you deserve it However Dad's loving and affectionate and is concerned only about your well-being Son, if you need a Daddy to take care of you and help you grow write and tell him about yourself Include picture for immediate response Box 4934LF

VISITING BLACK BOTTOM

5'7", 170 lbs. 44 years old. F A, 3-P masculine appearance will be in Irvine first week in February Seeks masculine appearing White top for luckmate that week Write Boxholder PO Box 408748 Chicago IL 60641

MASTER WANTED

by WM 34-year-old blond, blue 6'1" tall I am a little overweight and small endowed I am looking for a Master that will train me in CBT, TWS SM BD FF VA, tattooing shaving, piercing, hot wax, dildos gags hoods prolonged bondage electric shock piss smoke mum heat on, any! Willing to be kept chained there for my Master's use at anytime he chooses My Master's age, race, endowment, looks does not matter Ask is that you are dominating If there is a Master wanting this slave please call (213) 856-4324 or write Occupant 1265 North Harper #8 West Hollywood CA 90048 When calling please ask for B.J.

BOOTBLACK SERVICES

Have an extensive boot collection in need of cleaning or shining? Will make house visits Will clean on premises or return within a few days. No charge Send photo of collection if possible or state No of pairs owned PO Box 932 Anaheim CA 92805-0832

EXPERIENCED PIERCER WANTED

Help me build up my tits and you can pierce them Also open for suggestions (818) 896-3554

NEED STRICT MASTER

for forced gym workouts Push me hard and make me sweat My goal A washboard stomach large pecs and your I! Box 4914

HOT FF BOTTOM

Heath conscious WM 5'11" 165 lbs with service leather booted uniformed tops—I have sing, toys harness etc (213) 660-2600

LEVI LEATHER LOVIN

boot lickin' bottom seeks egotistical demanding arrogant type to serve and worship Will surrender mind and body for your use and abuse Dig boots—polished or rough, feel—clean or dirty mental and physical workouts, SM VA hirsute bodies, hoods collars gloves uniforms, kennel training military discipline 52 6' 180 lbs Travel USA Box 4411LF

GOODLOOKING DAD

looking for special brother for Joe Someone to help with chores to share a brother they never had Discipline to be applied for training and awareness You will become a hot man-boy in time Submit a letter stating general facts about yourself: Abilities, schooling, etc If you have doubts, end use in sealed envelope to Joe as he can assure you by phone of life's ultimate experience Positive growth oriented family Box 4535LF

YOU ARE SPECIAL

masculine trim any race and eager even if not perfect or inexperienced am special, masculine trim, brown hair and eyes 39 8 thick inches artistic, professional, with the bronzed body of a weekend outdoorsman You are excited by the rare men you'd like to be and are willing to endure some pain for their attentions I'm seeking worthwhile camping companions etc If you are also a bold, consenting adult then your good pic will get one you'd pay to get Maybe an invitation too Write Holder Box 6344 Rosemead CA 91770 LF4521

HOT BOTTOM IN LONG BEACH

WM 31 6'1", 170, blond blue with moustache Looking for one-on-one with older Master/Daddy who is same size or bigger with moustache and is hot Hoping for long term not one-nighters Would like gym buddy to work out with Need someone strong and affectionate Someone to administer discipline and punishment fuck and fist my ass and kiss and hold me If you're the right man there is no limit to how much I'll give Write Occupant 33-2nd Place Apt 5 Long Beach, CA 90802 or call (213) 435-4500 between 9:00 A.M. and 11:00 P.M. No JO calls 4577LF

THE JOY OF BONDAGE

Hot to be helpless? At your happiest when you're bound and gagged? Got a hard defined body? If so, this lean handsome, muscular top can promise you a little piece of heaven I'm 35 5'11" 150 lbs brown/blue sane sense of humor Safe sex (V.O. only) your place weekdays no SM Photo or complete description to Doug 7985 Santa Monica Blvd Suite 109—Box 318 West Hollywood CA 90048 (LF4748)

HOT LITTLE STUD NEEDS SERVICE

Humpy good-looking Marine, 35 5'4" 130 muscular, hairy wants hungry expert suck slave boy or daddy into domination, hot talk round butts spank tits fantasy Steady action your place Hollywood Box 4960

SON SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy Master in his 40s dominant but caring with good home and good lifestyle MARK (213) 626-3383

BOTCHED CIRCUMCISION

Are you interested in my mutilated penis? Do you have one? Write Gene PO Box 1002 Los Angeles CA 90078 Cal. (213) 416-9053

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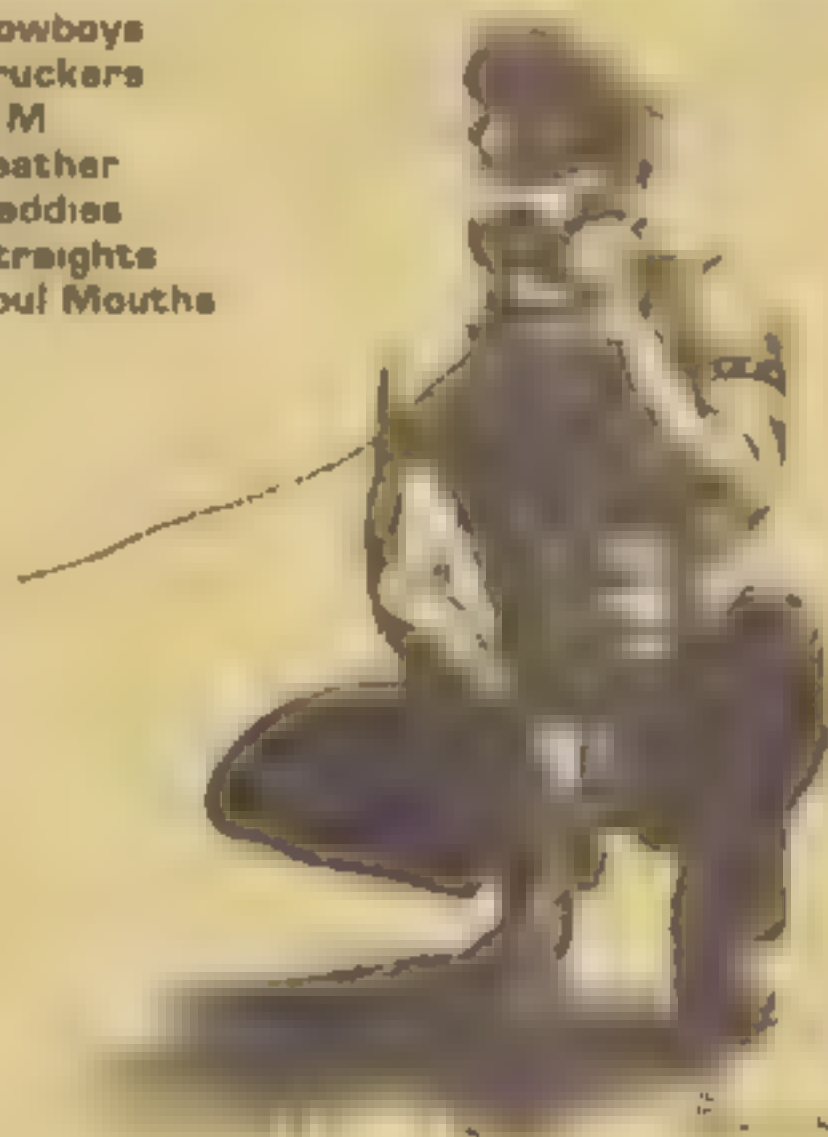
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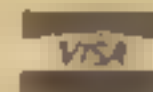
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4x4s

Good-looking 30. WM 5'9" 135 lbs wants to meet someone w th a 4x4, who likes to take his truck out into the hills and get down and dirty in the mud. Box 4916

ATTENTION REAL BUTCH DADDIES

Hot GWM bottom 32 5'1" 7" cut looking for you to top him. Bring your hot top buddy along and we will play in three. A so into WS boys, etc. Safe/healthy only. Reply to Box 69275, Los Angeles, CA 90069

WHIPMASTER—L.A.

Whitema seeks slaves/prisoners. 20-30 years, into belts, whips, cats, complete body flogging. Cock/ball torture. Total bondage with gags/hoods. Looking for a workout? Am 3' 5" 11" hair/body sk. head moustache. Paul (213) 657 4816

TOPMAN/TRAINER FOR BODYBUILDER

If you are a hot TOPMAN interested in a permanent change, bondage, blond, bodybuilder, stable financial, successful, needs directed training mentor, and Dad to develop, shape and mold subject. Have facilities, equipment and deep drive to meet your challenge and go beyond! Looking for quality and leather experience have much potential—and the time is NOW #245, 8308 Wilshire Blvd., BH, CA 90211

DEAR SIR YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

WHERE'S MY BIG-FEET DADDY? Jncut, hairy boy is 33-years-old 5'10" 155 lbs., 31 waist moustached good looking, cock sucker boy. Send me your picture. Daddy I need you. One on one relationship only! Box 4951

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ACTIVE ASS

WM 6'3" 165 40s. wants dominant guy(s) that will give me right B&D TT ass spankings, lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave too. Leather and mature turns on but no FF W/S or scat. With poppers and hard cock my ass gets very active. Denver area but will correspond anywhere. Reply to Box 4731LF

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice 46 170 lbs. hungry and submissive seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped immobilized tied up, chained, spanked steadily but not brutally. In my tight round limbs glow then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip

chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys some tit work but no heavy pain. No WS FF scat shaving drugs damage please. Submissive and respectful but not humiliated bottom. G.W. PO Box 18005 Denver CO 80218

FAG MASCOT

I seek to be a Connecticut man's fag mascot. Bikers, policemen, ex-inmates respond. My intentions are the following: in lieu of the AIDS crisis, I am seeking men who in an otherwise situation would be bisexual but because of fear of health may have chosen to remain totally straight. I am not promiscuous and have not had sex with men for six years. I am seeking a group of men known to each other (two or more) who would like to have me as their sexual slave like a bikers gang mascot. You will have the opportunity to ravage and own me, as specific individual needs arise. Am 31 seeking men who are active, Greek. Discretion is of prime concern, and the respect of mutual privacy. Must have experience and knowledge of what they desire. Willingness to commute to my place or abduction. Arrangements preconsented to at a private location. Maybe into S&M, am inexperienced, rough sex is fine, am orphan and need powerhouse influence. Desire to be trained to satisfy. Must respect my limits. Must enjoy unmistakably sex with women. Must be inclined to see themselves as my protector. Prefer encounter with no pretense to possess attributes of compassion, affect on, verbal abuse, manipulation. Must be macho, manipulators, sexually selfish, powerful with wolf-like animalistic instincts. No

quickies must be by their conquerings. A Master over all situations sex to them is an expression of aggression and relief and a symbol of their masculinity. Weekday meetings preferred, some weeknight meetings possible. Outdoor sexual activities possible like consensual preplanned rape. Am healthy and seek same. Must respect only my right to privacy and expect same. Write to Boxholder PO Box 930 Deep River CT 06417

CONNECTICUT BONDAGE

Submit vs boyish WM 28, seeks bondage, spankings, kinky scenes. Uncula plus Box 4942

BEARDED MASTER

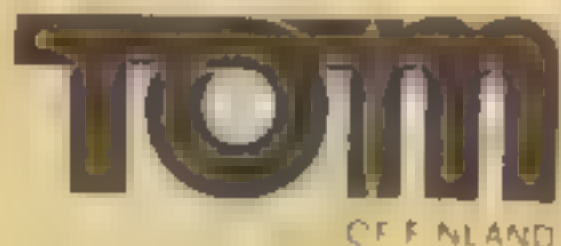
42 5'10" 165 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped den. A scenes except scat. Novice guys get T.L.C. I am in the Annapolis-Ba I more-DC area. Letters with photos get answered. Also looking for other good Masters. Box 1893LF

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN


WM 37 5'10" 155 B Bl moustache, pateo SM BD CBT TT WS FR GH seeks others into same both top and bottom. While PO Box 2341, Manassas VA 22110 LF4696

HOT FF BOTTOM

DC Metro hot FF bottom into intense scenes, enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy a little surprise and novelty, not expecting your chains, top-bottom situation. A little imagination, concentrate hard. 6'5", 180 lbs., WM and a real surprise. Alex Box 4732LF



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RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

LEATHER TOP

27, 5'8" 165 lbs BB into body worship and black leather You submissive under 35 into C&BT TT restraint & boot licking Must have receptive mouth and ass Send application & photo for reply Box 4883LF

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM 40, 5'11" 175, 45 C 30 W Masculine well-built lean/muscular no drugs, nonsmoker health-conscious together earthy erotic Seek submissive Master for SM BD whipping whatever your pleasure JW, Box 44029 Ft Washington MD 20744

HANDSOME BOTTOM

Muscular hairy GWM 32 yrs 5'8" 150 lbs brown hair and moustache green eyes healthy—seeking healthy hairy muscular GWM dominant top man and enjoys good hot sex verbal action in play etc Reat onship possible Send photo and phone to Box 4973

HOT STUFF

Hairy handsome hot healthy GWM 32 yrs 5'8" 150 lbs brown hair and moustache green eyes muscular bottom with sensitive seeks dominant muscular hairy GWM topman for hot workouts possible relationship Send photo and phone to Box 4889LF

PISS ON COCK AND BALLS

of 37 155 lb white man Send details photo, phone to PO Box 26381 DC 20005 Human urine for you and healthy friends Many piss fantasies help me live them Mardi Gras in New Orleans DC area anytime

THE SARGE

33, 6 ft, 165 lbs short brown hair clean-shaven goodlooking fur leatherman. Looking for a man. If you are muscular clean and together a man who care of himself and knows how to care of another man if you spirit, maybe you can join my corps Sarge is top but always welcomes correspondence from other tops Send a picture for an answer C'mon and shy Now stand at ease and within Box 4526LF

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

WANTED FULLTIME SLAVE

by Master (30, 5ft 10 in 165 lbs bearded hairy) Must be submissive obedient, healthy into leather heavy S&M 8&D Gr/P Fr A FF P and more Must submit to complete training duties Sincere only Apply with photo to Bridwell PO Box 7686 Atlanta GA 30315-0686

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wants smooth hot pumps asses under Nonsmokers only! Pix and info to Daddy PO Box 7294 Fort Lauderdale FL 33338

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Fort Lauderdale beginning Feb 1 1986 seeks SM leather/Levi partner into healthy sex

act me at address PO Box 18163 Cleveland OH 44118 Mail will be for your photo gets mine w/

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ed and ter procure 4751 Ft Lauderdale

HOUSESLAVE TRAINEE

on available for best-qualified no application with photo to PO Box 1523 Miami FL 33261

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

live-in with this 45-year-old A brown hair hazel eyes Lev and rather Master Gentle but firm Your respect gets mine Limits respected Phone and photo to Box 4974

ORLANDO AREA

55 lbs 48 Wants J/D

HAIRY, HUNG DADDY

seeks Slaveboy Daddy's Boy for possible permanent relationship Daddy is 49 5'10 hairy and hung big Boy is younger (but legal age) smooth with a big uncult dick and low hangers Boy must be obedient eager to serve looking for love and security Daddy can provide good home for training strict control and all decisions Can travel anywhere or meet you here in Florida Photo and submit letter required Box 4453LF

SLAVE NEEDS INSTRUCTION

Save with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training Slave is 35 5'11" 200 lbs blond blue eyes into doing Master's wishes limitations No drugs scat piercing or marks Please Sir train me to serve you Box 4461LF

LEVI BOOT SLAVE

tan 41 WM slave into 501 pulled by eva whips black leather boots boot licking SM CBT Fr Gr etc Not into FF scat rear fr uncult drugs WS piercing damage unsafe Send phone to Box 4974

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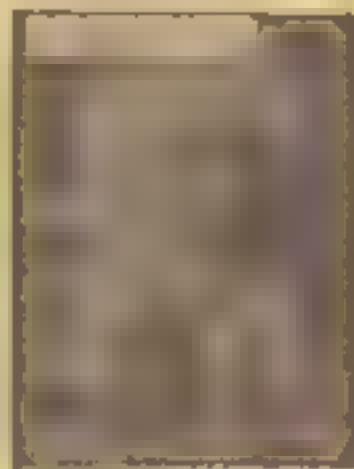
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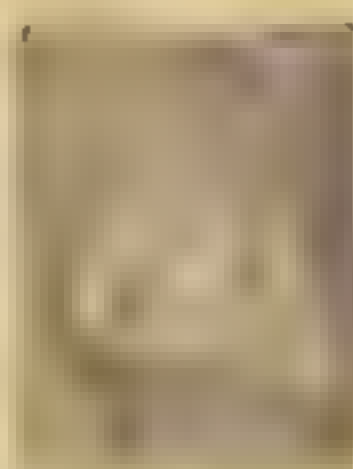
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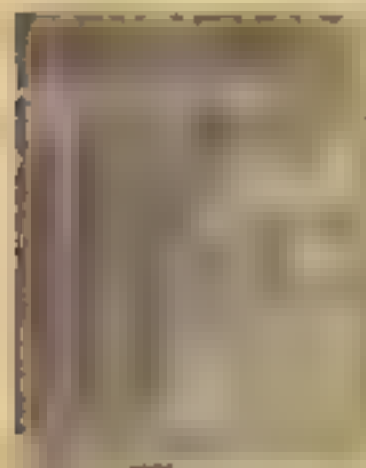
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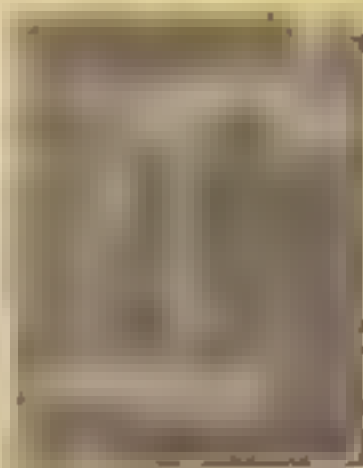
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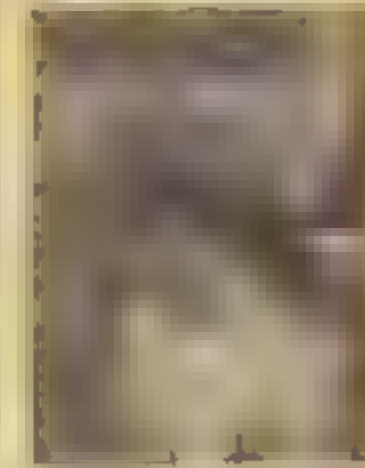
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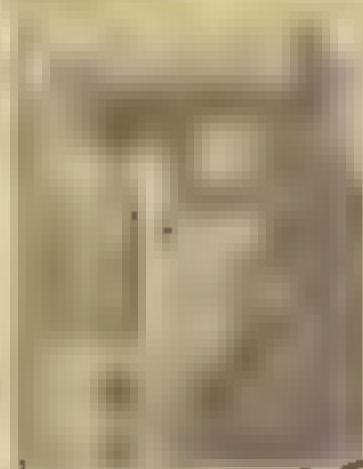
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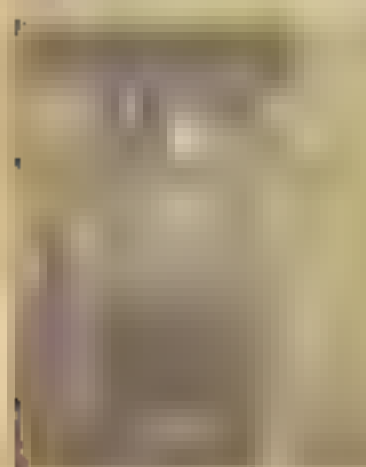
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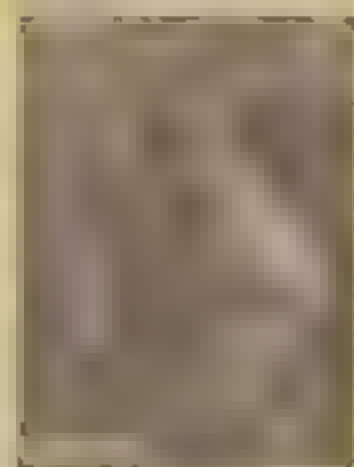
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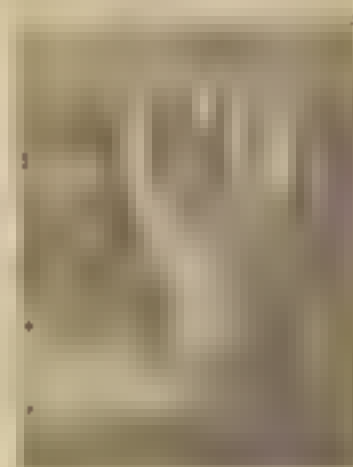
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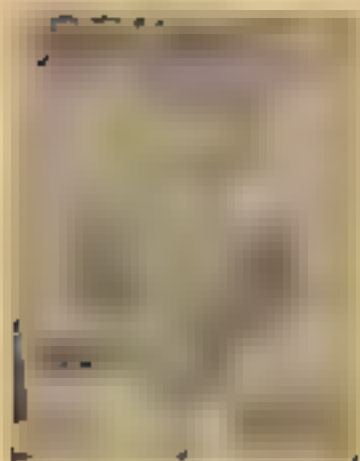


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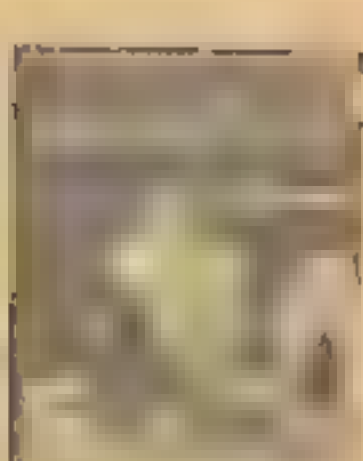
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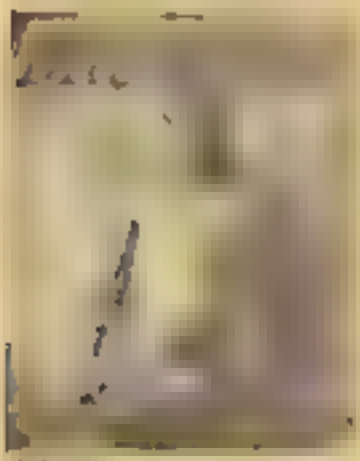
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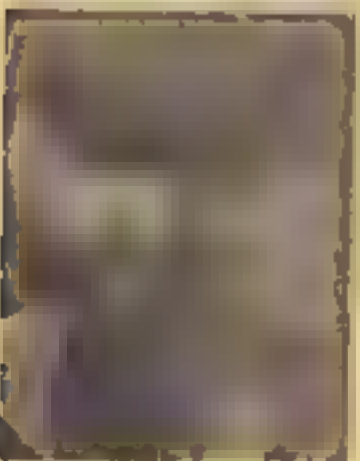
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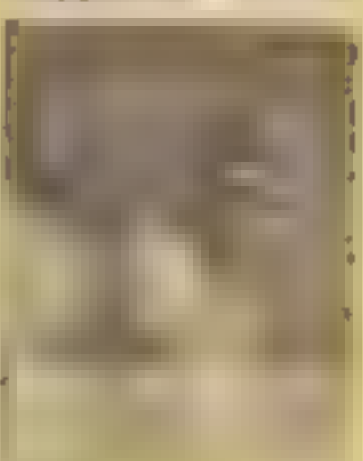
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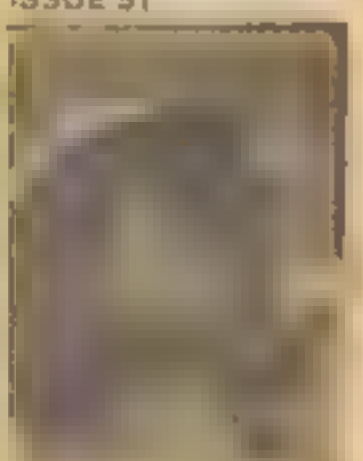
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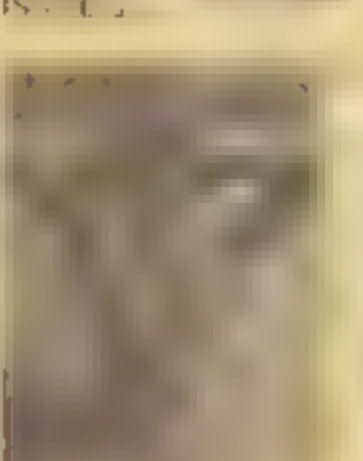
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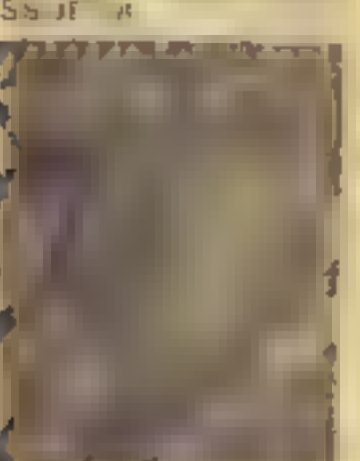
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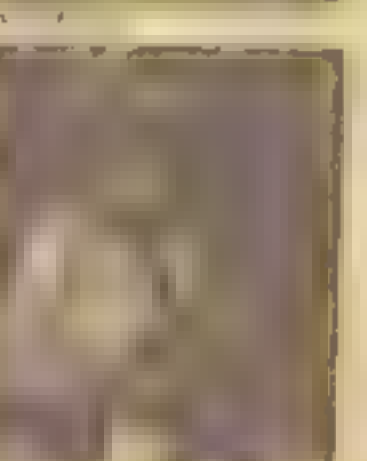
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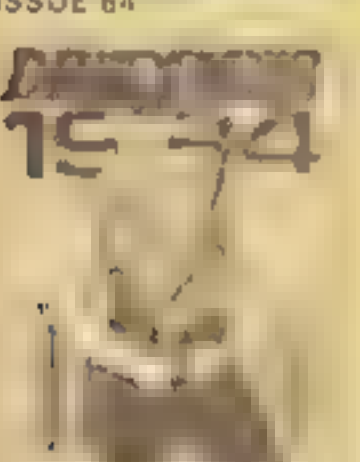
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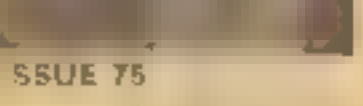
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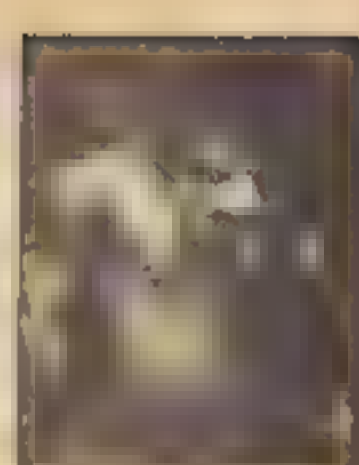
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SLAVE-MODEL, NO GEORGIA

Master WM 40s heavy build demands a slave WM 20s, who is well built very affectionate, humble obedient ready for full-time permanent chained service as boot boy body slave field hand model lover This position is not for the half-hearted or insincere No drugs FF seal damage A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF

HOT KNIGHT IN AUGUSTA

Hot masculine muscular 44 yr old white motorcycling batherman seeks permanent relationship with man into either uniforms boots Speedo swim briefs and b.g bikes Must be open honest mature 35-50 yrs and willing to become my workout partner motorcycling buddy companion, friend and over into light to moderate health-conscious S&M Prefer the top role but enjoy switching with man I respect No feds freaks aka druggies or weirdos Send photo please Box 4728LF

HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN

GWM duo 29 and 38, both 5'10" 150 lbs. moustaches smooth/hairy Seek hot tops or bottoms, singles or couples for hot times with no hang-ups Any & all scenes with mutual respect Got a fantasy let us make it a reality! Also looking for houseboy/slave live in or out with initial input considered Wt train no experience OK Photo, pl one detailed letter PO Box 76125 Atlanta GA 30358-1125 (4700LF)

TRAINING—COMPUTERS

Would like to join with others in Atlanta in enforced training and discipline Also would like to make contact with others with computers Box 4710LF

SIR

This Atlanta slave awaits your discipline and orders I am 33 5'9" 140 lbs and need your help and training, please Sir Box 4409LF

BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE

WM 27, 6'0" 180 lb slave Sir this southern boy needs to worship you and your boots Sir! Sir This boy is into WS shaving BD SM TT and rough ass play Sir! Dominant Master needed Please write Sir or call (404)881-0294 Sir this boot boy is on his knees waiting for your orders Sir Box 4483LF

VERSATILE

Attractive WM 38 6'2" bearded masculine sensual seeks hot sessions with good looking slender smooth, verbal guys 25-40 into good smoke anal toys, enemas WS light bondage shaving greasy wet or torn jocks or briefs 501s, outdoor sex exhibitionism and fantasy scenes Send letter with photo and phone to Drummer Box 4857

ATLANTA S&M

Top (sadist) bottom (masochist) into either BD whips and paddles CBT dildos FF and safe sex looking for singles couples, or groups into all or any of the above This top is 5'8" 41 bea ded, intense and experienced Bottom is 40 5'8" clean-shaven muscular good-looking into heavy bondage and exhibitionism Your picture, phone number and letter gets ours Write 1096 Monroe Dr NE Atlanta, GA 30306 LF4866

BLACK BOTTOM

5'7", 170 lbs bearded 44-year-old handsome, nice body extremely masculine in appearance F/A G.P seeks masculine-appearing white top in poppers fit play mirrors cuddling, safer sex No feds feds alcoholics drug addicts Write with photo to Boxholder PO Box 408748, Chicago 60640

SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN

WM 42 5'11" sensitive, loving professional straight appearance Factive G passive seeks well-built, heavy-hung 8. W. Spanish man to use hungry deep throat and hot eager receptive hole Send photo and description of needs to PO Box 592, Springfield IL 62705

GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED

Chicago Master 43 6'3" 190+ with well-equipped Dungeon/Playroom including sling wants submissive slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage humiliation, discipline, fraternity initiations, paddling C&B work SM exhibitionism, etc All time is respected Photos of sessions available if desired Novices accepted Race no problem Will be Drummer Dad to deserving young studs Also require occasional services of slave to maintain & care for leather toys and playroom and to perform miscellaneous tasks Send photo if possible to PO Box 2630, Chicago IL 60690

MATURE MALE MASTER

white, seeks slaves and submissives for casual sessions Not interested in teacher role, dopes, drunks, or leather queens Want men 18-50, white or Oriental who are healthy in good shape well-set-up and know the score Prefer between 5'1" and 6'0" and 130 to 80 lbs Box 4404LF

PROVE YOU'RE MY MASTER

Aggressive Norseman 29 seeks a hot time sadist/full-time partner Training needed in raunchy sex Serious toys call Dave (312) 472 4094 anytime Find my limits if you can!

SLAVE SEEKS SAFE SM

6 ft 200 lbs., slave seeks Masters into bondage whipping torture dildoes verbal abuse Hot for black leather Age 30 and up Box 4910

YOUNG S MASTER SEEKS DOG SLAVE

GWM 5'8" 140 lbs., 29 years imaginative Gemini will train healthy slim M dog in all scenes except scat Limits respected and expanded Prefer submissive dog to be 18-30 5'10" or less must relocate if accepted Send letter photo and phone to Box 4912

NEED DADDY

Me GWM 25 6'1", 172 lbs sincere, intelligent, masculine good-looking, Gr a/p, Fr a/p interested in experimenting will drive 100 miles of Springfield You 25-38 bearded, masculine slightly overweight sane, dominant yet careful commanding, yet warm rough yet loving active and passive Box 4919

VIKING BOTTOM

Sheepskin-lined leather/rubber bottom seeks top/master/daddy into TT FF CBT BD dildoes, Gr/a for long, hot safe-sex sessions. PO Box 476707 Chicago IL 60647

PAIN & PLEASURE

Want to meet others in this area into leather dildos F/F whipping spanking, T/T piercing foreskin (am cut) pain & pleasure Write or call Karl, 836 Wheeler St Woodstock IL 60698 (815) 338-9137 Hot fun with emphasis on safe-sex

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

LIFE IN LEATHER IN CHI.

WM 37 5'6" 130 lbs brn both, moustache fit masculine attractive imaginative seeking single blue or green-eyed healthy very handsome, very masculine yet sensitive 32 to 42 Tattoos motorcycles facial hair a plus. Enjoy wearing leather? Then put your leather gloves on and write a letter along with picture I'm a light smoker and drinker—want to know more leatherman? Box 4970

KINKY UNCUT BOTTOM

37 slim and hairy seeks creative, erotic and physical adventures in SM through bondage, toys, WS medical scenes, CBT etc Box 4966

BONDAGE SLAVE

anxious to serve WM 160, 5'10 1/2" tall with some limited experience is anxious to be put into your control and to perform services which my master demands Also interested in initial on experiences either by myself or with other initiates. Am not into FF or electric shock but would expect strong discipline for master's pleasure Can travel on weekends in Northern and Central Indiana, or even West Central Ohio Would also be interested in prisoner scenes being used as an animal and dungeon experiences Discretion essential Box 4475LF

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

FT WAYNE AREA

Bring me your fantasies! W M 5'11" 180 lbs blond/blue hairy into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to heavy S M whipping paddling, etc FF a specialty! Mostly top, but extremely versatile We can work out your mildest or wildest fantasies together Can travel and entertain Photo appreciated, but not necessary Reply Drummer Box 4705LF

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

SW Indiana submissive WM 5'8" 135 lbs., cut, brn/blue moustache seeks a r. bigger top/Master

CUM TO YOUR MASTER

Dominant Master/Daddy 35 5'10" 155 seeks slave to surrender his body up for his Master's pleasure You will give yourself totally to this Master and receive proper care and training in return Prefer 18-30 short, good build but will consider other hot sexy situations ready to call me Master The Master PO Box 1373, Manhattan KS 66502

LOJ 8/10

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans WM 30 6' 165 LF4458 seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather There is no such thing as too much black leather tall black leather boots breeches g overchaps, jeans jackets, belts caps Prefer to be bottom, but versatile Also into toys My breeched ass works on a HD by days, and I ride a V65 Magna at night in leather Also have Kawasaki Ninja and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear Police uniforms and gear also into BD SM light to heavy scene, action only Cigar smoker Phone JO ok Call (504)282-0729 PO Box 57161 New Orleans, LA 70157 No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather call someone else

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

NOVICE SLAVE

WM 30, bl/bl good-looking needs sane AIDS aware leatherman to serve, expand limits Shaving CBT V-A toys, fantasies, etc. Locals only Box 71313 New Orleans LA 70172

YOUNG WHITE ASIAN

for light bondage No S&M I'm GWM 48, top, uncut Tennis hike run travel all summer (504) 831 9299

MALE

TIE ME UP AND ?

Serious bondage bottom interested in prolonged sessions Box 2186, South Portland ME 04106. All answered LF4459

MARY LAM

EXHIBITIONIST

will serve you and/or your next party Bobby Box 4861

SLAVE SLAVE SLAVE

If I haven't made it perfectly clear that's what I am—ready to be used by my hot leather Master I respectfully submit my 30-year, W.M. 6', 175 lb., hairy body to the hands, cock, boots and bindings of my aggressive and dominant top I need to obey your orders, grovel under your leather boots yield my mind and body to your total control Limits drugs scat, l.t. ing shaving permanent damage—very health conscious—but still obedient Your turn! Please show and tell me why I need you to enslave me Box 4848

FACE FUCKER WANTED

Very attractive white male nice personality 31, 6' 160 brown, green, clean, seeks 70%/30% relationship with super horny non promiscuous endowed cut dominant sadistic white

MAZACHUSETTS

TOTAL LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dad and Son want a GWM approx 6' tall, 170 lbs a m body no facial hair who is ready to relocate immediately to a small town and live in a large house You will do house and yard work, but will not work a job We will support our slave We are into leather rubber SM, B&D TT shaving and W.S. Playroom is well equipped to provide discipline when required No feds drugs FF or scat For initial contact call (413) 267-5278 before 10 P.M. Eastern time We are ready are you? A doctorate in slavery is not required LF4247

GWM

35, 5'9" 140, trim well-built masculine seeking same 20-40 for Master/slave relationship Would like to be examined in my skin-tight levis and T-shirt with white Hi-top Nikes bound at wrists hanging from ceiling Paddle my light ass in levis then strip me torture my cock and balls with leather straps, then shave my masculine cock hairs I'm bald Shave my ass cheeks until they're smooth Keep me hard for hours until my Master makes me cum Box 4405LF

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

INDEPENDENT BOTTOM

Boston area, seeks a mature (35-plus) Top, who wants the willing service of an intel. gent thinking and bottom into bondage discipline, WS ranch, and uniforms. I'm 40, 5'11", 170, blond, clean-shaven, smooth body but Ultimate goal is a healthy dominant-subordinate relationship involving the intellect spirit and body Sir let's explore the possibilities Reply to Box 4474LF All replies will be answered

WM, 41, 6', 185 LBS.

Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips into pain Turned on by bondage whippings, tit-cock-ball torture and lots of piss Not into drugs scat FF blood and damage Seek sane top/buddy for mutually satisfying times Photo/phone for early meeting Box 4724LF

NOVICE SLAVE WANTED
for long-term B&D light S&M Patient training firm discipline 25, muscular hung You are 21-30, muscular, under 5'10" Send physical description, revealing photo, and respectful letter to Box 4825

BLACK LEATHER and BONDAGE
WM 27 6'1" 185 needs booted gloved arrogant Leather Master for dog training, humiliation, heavy VA and heavy bondage (gags, hoods, collars, cuffs, etc.) Send me your orders Sir and I will obey Complete discretion requested Box 4576LF

NEEDED: LEATHER MAN
Bottom man needs knowledgeable erotic top man into bondage I am 33 5'8" 140 lbs. and eager to learn more of leather hoods gags restraints, gloves, whips, flogs, rubber and hot scenes with erotic hot top A+ replies will be answered as you order I travel a lot of New Eng and Box 4757LF

CONTRASTS
A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress A harsh, demanding Master who treats his boy when he's good and punishes him when he gets out of line An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own Leather bondage discipline boot-licking, ass cock tit and ball play, raunch, wrestling, fantasy I'm a well-built handsome, little guy 30 into either or both roles Health conscious, no one-nighters Box 102 Boston MA 02112

SADIST SEEMS MASOCHIST
I'm muscular with black hair You are thin and submissive Safe and sane torment of your body will bring us both pleasure PO Box 214, Woburn, MA 01801

LEATHER BONDAGE-UNIFORM
Good-looking guy 6'2", 185, seeks to serve dominant 25-55 y.o. in either black boots uniform or regular basis Safe sex with heavy bondage Box 4913

FFA SLAVE SON WANTED
Dominant, bearded burly beer-bellied demanding uncultured farmer early 40s with rugged good looks seeks young, obedient submissive GWM slave son for hard labor, complete servitude down on the farm A+ scenes available as reward to right slave Must be able to relocate to New England Photo phone stat stics to Box

BIG NIPPLE DAD
Looking for son who can handle my hot tits and able to endure intense workouts I'm bearded hairy body uncultured 40 170 lbs 5'9" Your hot reply gets us together Box 4950

SPLIT-SHED MILITARY BOOTS
Shoes USMC uniform fetish Safe with male, 46 looking for someone to share polishing photographing collecting or adoring military footwear PO Box 181 Milton Village MA 02187

OPERATIVES NEEDED
27 y.o. WM seeks healthy horny mature well-equipped coconspirators in NE for missions involving abduction interrogation Supply personal stats contact instructions intentions and resources PO Box 1455 Boston MA 02117

C&BT
Whipping GWM 18-27 live-in slave wanted Box 4966

JACKSON AREA TOP
36, 6'0" 170 lbs well-built long thick

uncultured 10 1/2" topman into man-to-man leather SM sex GR FR FF CB BD TT WS toys—you name it! You Masculine, 20-45 with hot eager hole submissive and willing Write with photo specs # and your favorite fantasy Box 4539LF

SPANISH-ASIAN
28 y.o., 5'8", seeks muscular man to explore fantasies/possibilities Am versatile and ready to serve or be served Only 35 y.o. or younger No drugs no tats. Only muscular men wanted Cal (313) 751-0982 PO Box 1268 Sterling Heights, MI 48077 1268

FETID FORESKIN
on raunchy 38-year-old 150# 5'10" pig needs attention from other raunchy freaks who are 35-50, beefy, dirty hairy JC & mean Hot filthy correspondence welcome 4571LF Grant, PO Box 6194 Minneapolis MN 55406

WICCAN PRIEST
rides 1000cc bike sane SM Wants to contact those with similar interests Write for details Box 4527LF

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER
Photo phone please Write to Box #109DS

DADDY WANTS SON
Seeking young man for permanent relationship Daddy/Master stable sensitive, sincere loving dominant leather Son/slave is smooth 18-30 (youngest given preference all others considered) submissive obedient needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security Son should desire affect on as well as light SM BD humiliation ownership shaving WS verbal abuse being fucked must be excellent cocksucker Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF

MINNEAPOLIS
Slim male would like to meet hard Luckin truckers Please no phonies queens, or bullshit Box 4804

PRISONER AVAILABLE FOR TORTURE
Blond slave 22 seeks dominate master for confinement and torture. Whips spread-eagle TT, CB&T, dildos stretching obedience and training 612) 874-9139 Box 4703

SLAVE FUCK BOY
Wanted by experienced top for hot sessions including dildo work To age 32 any race Send letter and phone number to Sir PO Box 3672 Loring Station Minneapolis MN 55404

LOW HANGING BALLS?
WM age 35 attractive wants to be slave for man to age 45 with big hanging balls Everything goes Box 4396

LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP
Jockstraps are for cheek creases in basket buggies, hard bailing games climactic excruciation Leathers are for daily wear long bike tours, sweaty aromas harnessed heavy huggin and more At 43 5'8" 143 lbs I'm a balding bearded booted professional enjoying all of the above in a drug and smoke-free but well-leathered life Looking for a together guy who's comfortable in leather without artificial putdowns or attitudes and who appreciates home traditions and the finer arts If you

share these definitions and interests and feel a long-term commitment is worth working for please write Harold PO Box 5172 Bixlox MS 39534 (LF4831)

SEARCHING FOR LEATHER MASTER

heavily into bondage enemas rubber shaving etc Slaves white 26 yrs., 170 lbs. medium build novice-needs training and servitude Master will have devoted slave Please write soon Sir Box 4555LF

WANTED!!
White male who is serious about our way of life Who expects to be treated as property and will make his Master proud of his property, who does not include address and photo which will be returned on request Box 4719LF

MANSERVICE
WM 45, slim tattooed, into WS, FF slapping, verbal abuse, rimming, body worship, wants to service a slim to well-built, healthy stud who is foul-mouthed and funky Box 4926

MISSOURI
Missouri's finest Attractive hung for lies Master seeks sons under 35 for weekends Equipped training room Safe sex, common sense assured. Sincere novices considered Write Boxholder Box 28852 St Louis MO 63123

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED
33 5'10" 160 lbs. enjoys being BOUND CHAINED or STRAPPED DOWN and could enjoy doing the same to you Not anal or orally oriented Enjoy JO fantasies with another man who is into leather uniforms or other fantasies with bondage and light SM's OK If you are masculine thin or muscular man 18-40 years old and enjoy men struggling against their bonds send photo I would like to get together for mutual fun Box 4816LF

NEW JERSEY
GWM 38 5'7", 140 lbs. extremely health-conscious, into spanking TT crotch shaving, CBT enemas VA humiliation I prefer to take rather than give but will consider trade-off with right person No exchange of body fluids PO Box 74, East Brunswick NJ 08816

STRAPPINGS EXAM NATIONS ENEMAS
Formerly administered to deserving young men Reform-school style Cal this handsome 31-year-old, hairy guy (201) 635-7066

SAFE RAUNCHY P G SEX WANTED
GWM 25 seeks attitude not looks MEN not boys I grovel you get off Travel to NY or PA PO Box 284 Hamburg NJ 07419

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?
explored and expanded as, naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 8 PM EST anytime weekends (LF4789)

SUBMISSIVE
Slave 38, 5'10" 140 lbs. needs Master local only for abuse I aim to please like toy chests game rooms Box 8064, 44 Stelfon Rd Piscataway NJ 08854

NEEDS VERBAL ABUSE
WM 39 Fria, needs masculine men under 45 to serve with his mouth No pain or bondage Paul, c/o PO Box 1245, Mon NJ 07083

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING
Union County slave is 26 y.o. 156 lbs brown hair brown eyes very hairy muscular wild hairy ass loves to be fucked long and hard Need training by sincere, muscular Master The more muscles the better All replies with photo answered first Box 4956LF

38, 140 LBS., BLOND
green 8" cut, hot hung, horny and into everything you can imagine PO Box 9152 600 West 58th Street NYC NY Box 4557LF

TOTALLY JADEO
39, 170 bs. blond/green, 8" cut hot hung, horny and into everything you can imagine (4557LF) PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street New York NY

MACHO TOP
I'm a mid-50s macho top with a mid-40s body and a mid-30s mind. Looking for a macho man who needs care and affection and is willing to commit himself to creating a mutually rewarding relationship Must also be willing to share mutual trust whether it involves sexual limits finances or friends I am 155# 5'10", medium build, athletic, a dominant sex, experienced and versatile and looking to a like bars baths, a hammer on a sibility I have never had any STD's and am AIDS negative and medically knowledgeable Professionally I am a scientist financially secure and can support you fully within limits but expect you to have motivation and a rational purpose in life or be willing to help you find one. Your facial features, physical condition and emotional maturity are important to me so please send a recent photo My last lover was a model but that's not a requirement I do expect you to be sincere, honest and to respect yourself and your body and to be willing to make yourself important to me I haven't mentioned either, but I wouldn't advertise in Drummer if that were unimportant Box 4520LF

STUD vs BTUD
wrestling fighting WM 6' 185 lbs 29 extremely good-looking bond blue eyes, muscular stat on LF4407 Looking for other hot muscular studs into wrestling fighting for top Winner takes all—loser gets fucked long and hard Looking for men who are 21-45, top G A muscular and willing to let their ass on the line wrestling, fighting ball tug-of-wars cock fights and other combat for hot hard matches to submission I get into wrestling in leather oil piss mud naked and in jock straps Looking for men who are also into ball tug-of-wars wrestling with balls tied together and other hot hand combat that leads to sex No bottoms need apply only looking for serious fighters. Back bodybuilders, wrestlers and muscular hipsters can try if they think they can handle it Still waiting to meet the man I can't beat Wanna wrestle? Located outside New York City visitors challengers welcome Write with picture to MS PO Box 712, Knips Park NY 11752

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy NYC jock 39, 5'10" solid 160 into man-to-man, heavy body contact, face punching and verbal action between 2 raunchy jock-fied studs. Also sp. t, hairy pits and pees. Wants a man who gives what he takes. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

WM 42 discreet sincere LF4471 out seeks licenced surgeon especially Hispanic, any age/race in the Tri-State Area to lengthen piss slit on arse tits, nipples, implant multiple piercings (tits/nipples, cock balls ass "tang belly") and catheterizat on to remain for days, plus extensive urological cystoscopy, proctological exams, steroid and estrogen therapies. Anesthesia possible optional. Have adequate health insurance and am prepared to pay privately if necessary for professional talents not reimbursable into cock sucking ball-sac reduction. Contact experimental animal (516)285-5181 9 PM-7 AM Mon-Fri and 24-hours weekends. Write Box holder Box 3092 Grand Central Station New York, NY 10017. Please call doctor—your self needs this.

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuild 32 years 45 chest 32 waist solid 160 lbs. big arms & pees dark hair and eyes. I am a very intelligent and sensitive man who meet dominant and emotional exploration. Extremely health-conscious. Our physical and emotional limits expanded. Nick PO Box 1350 Jackson Heights Stn New York, NY 11372 (LF4020)

TOP/MASTER/SADIST

I am a safe, sane very experienced top/master/sadist into all S.M. and more. No drugs—no damage. I will hurt you but never harm you. Or scenes with professional equipment part of scenes you will not forget. Write Sir Paul Breeme, PO Box 4369 Old Village Station, Great Neck NY 11027 (LF4215)

FANTASIES FULFILLED

Trim, bearded master 35, needs slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage discipline and verbal abuse/humiliation. Have well equipped dungeon and broad eager too. Applicants must be healthy, trim, under 35. Arrogant punks & novices welcome. Reply with phone & photo. J Miller Box 3086, Kingston NY 12401 (LF4092)

IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM.

POLICE BOOTLICKER

WM 32 5'9" 195, muscular built, rugged-looking stud wishes to meet cops, especially mounted motorcycle NYC highway patrol and troopers. Dig serving boots and sucking cop dick on a hot rubber. Dig 3-way JO and safe sex practices. If you are a uniformed officer or man who understands cop attitude and wants service from another man write to T S Box E 9 426 Hudson St New York NY 10014

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1" trim clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence. Obedience over arrogance ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporate punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure an reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4731

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

40, good-looking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 15-25 who are in need of a brother, father image and friend or more. I'm dominant in bondage shaving, light SM, Greek, and other fantasies, depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching holding fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Inexperienced—that's OK. Have lots of patience. You should be a non-smoker, light drinker and non-fem. I travel the US as well so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long Island. Respond with photo and phone if possible. Box 1027 Valley Stream NY 11582 (LF4711)

BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY

I'm 36 6'2" 220 lbs with a shaved head and beard. Most everyone thinks I'm a top because of the way I look and carry myself. What I'm looking for however, is an intelligent affectionate guy who's really my Daddy in bed. I need someone to go slow with me at first, but also someone who can teach me how to be a good son in the bedroom. I'm an independent intelligent guy who is looking for a complete and equal relationship outside of the bed but who definitely needs a dominant, strong man for an intense kinky but healthy sexual relationship. I'm fascinated but not experienced in shaving, tit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and probably a hundred other things I've never thought about. I'm not into pain or life-threatening situations. I know I'd be a great catch and would make the right Daddy very happy. Please write and maybe we can explore new possibilities. Box 4709LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy NYC jock, 39, 5'10" solid 160, into man-to-man body contact verbal action between two raunchy jock-fied studs. Also pees, spit and hairy pits. JO and hot sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

UPSTATE LEATHER MASTER/DADDY

WM 6'2" 180 lbs masculine Master seeks slaves for training, possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive & obedient. Have own home in country. Box 4756LF

RUBBER/LEATHER—MUD WRESTLER

WM 45, 160, wants to meet buddies into mud/oil wrestling and WS in full rubber or leather gear. Any farpers out there with a mud hole? Can travel East Coast and help with animals. Photographer to PO Box 689, Brooklyn NY 11202

HOT BUTCH NYC BOTTOM

WM 43 (looks mid-thirties) 6' 190 lbs thick brown hair and moustache thick and cut 8" cock nice nuts. Construction worker look. Hooked on hot sex and hot, big fucked tops who know how to manhandle and take control from this butch and masculine and handsome 190 lbs strong hunk. I want to explore hot wild and creative SAFE SEX including wrestling, bondage toys, verbal abuse fantasies, sucking, getting fucked etc etc etc. In addition to the above I enjoy loving being loved, downhill skiing, theatre, scrabble, sailing, beaching the arts, family and friends. I am warm, loving, bright, honest, fun, and always horny for hot man-sex. Send letter, phone number and hot photo to Box 4776

PUSSY TRAINEE

White male, married, 31 5'5" 140 lbs seeks to safely serve real man or men as humiliated bitch. Enjoys VA light B&O TT WS. Gr p Hot men to 40. Write Box 172, 132 W 24th St New York, NY 10011

GASTROENTEROLOGIST/UROLOGIST

patient needs total colonoscopy I seek only the legitimate experience. Also seek cystoscopy. Will travel. Serious ad for serious responses only. I am GWM 34, 5'10", 160 Call (212) 874-1325

BONDAGE MASTER

40, 6'4", leather, cigars, uniforms, tattoos looking to own a total slave. If being stripped, shackled, shaved and trained to serve one Master permanently has been your fantasy here's the chance to make it a reality. Lots of equipment to tame the slave and teach him the meaning of restraint. All letters answered but those with photo and phone number get first priority. Write to Bondage Master 263A West 19th St, Suite #160, New York NY 10011 LF4730

SLAVE

WM 59" 135 lbs brown grn smooth clean-shaven, 7" uncult, 24 years old wants to be trained as a slave by older master who is masculine and experienced. (718) 479-9118 after 5 PM EST

NEEDY FUCKSLAVE

WM 42 (looks younger), masculine intelligent obedient goodlooking red hair

commander to around 45. Quest intense mind-body fusion through control abuse and deep-plowing. No scat FF heavy pain. Ready for long term commitment to serious focused caring master. Exchange photos phone/s/letters. Box 4725LF

MUSCLE SON WANTED BY BB DAD

to grow develop and even become competitive, for dad who will be 88 coach. Prefer boy over 18 who is not afraid to show off his muscles and have dad exhibit him. Must be ready to adhere to strict training schedule and keep dad happy as well as serve him in his apartment in NYC. Good situation for a big man with big goals. Ph/Ph/Letter to Drummer Box 4717LF

LEVI/LEATHER DAD

Hairy WM 40 5'11", 180 with thick cock and large balls will train and discipline sons abuse and use bottoms roughhouse with other dads. Enjoys bondage tit and ball torture hot wax clothespins, whipping ass, cuddling classical music, travel, motorcycling, bulshitting. Tough D's and skilled To may expand my horizons. No scat FF drugs. Have house with playroom in Kingston, NY, can travel. Photo required with letter, phone speeds. Reply Box 4716LF

CRAVING DISCIPLINE

31 165, 5'11" handsome hairy hot mustached professional desperately needs to be leashed, collared, trained to obey masters every command (within limits of safe sex). This dog seeks master 28-40 in good shape. Photo/phone Box 1038, Southampton NY 11768 (LF4715)

HEAVY BONDAGE

looking for intense administration of heavy bondage, prolonged leather encasement in hoods, leather straitjackets, restraints, suspension etc. Seek total master intelligent, wealthy and sane. Box 4683LF

BEARDED 35

looking for hot, health-conscious scenes. No holds barred, so long as we both can walk away feeling we haven't put our health at risk. Like muscular men in chaps with beard, moustache. Especially like hot older men in great shape. Your picture gets me. Box 4711

BODYBUILDER TOP

Hot Italian BB top, 197 bs, 6'8" 50" chest 18" arms, dark moustache 38 wants to exchange photos and meet hot guys into visual, verbal safe scenes—hairy and moustache a plus. Box 4902

SLAVES WANTED

GWM slaves, 18-27 into no-I m.d C&BT vices electric liquid heat and heavy pain. Also TT FF, whipping while in rigid spread-eagled bondage for 1+ days. Cal. DR on (617) 497-0651 Boston, MA. Leave your age description and heaviest experience with phone no and best time to return call. I'm 45, GWM 8' 210 bs

SAFE RAUNCH

Seeking close ongoing relationship with guy who is also very health conscious and who wants to combine affection and intimacy with raunchy but safe sex. Let's get off on each other. A sweaty bodies, the smells from filthy asses, heavy shirt and pants stained jockey shorts etc. I'm a young 40 5'10", 160 lbs, moustache, moderately hairy. Let's see what we can work out to satisfy raunch desires while remaining healthy. Box 4886

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS

Do you fantasize your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM 29 6'1" 185, who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212) 675-7352 after 9 PM for real locker room action.

HAZOR STRAP

Tall WM thirties interested in receiving woodshed, belt paddle and strap. No nonsense use. Photo Box 493

MASTER NEEDED

very inexperienced nov. seeking patient Master. The best M for me will train the best slave. Me handsome Latin, 27, 5'8" trim hairy moustache. You very attractive, well built we hung with a firm hand. Photo/phone to Box 4933

UNDISCIPLINED

32 6'2" 225, Irish handsome former high school jock looking for tops with imagination and control for scenes involving bondage balls, blindfolds, toys. Tell me your scene we'll make it happen. Photo gets same. JM c/o 400 W 43rd #14P New York NY 10036

DEAR SIR

MY MASTER'S MASSIVE FAT MEAT

is my dripping scumgod. Masculine, healthy, good looking 6-foot 5" 250 lbs. looking for THE perfect milk and worship, maybe a little. Successful, discreet and secretly obsessed by penis. Shaved 1 1/2" nipples, 12"x7" throat. Force-feed me including dildoes and drive me crazy, cummaster. Will beg slobber/grovel and pay for vacuum-pumped/siliconed or just plain enormous dick. Dig my shaved 8" and nipples fucked up. Serious letter/picture to Box 4938

GOOD-LOOKING BOY

24 6' 160, needs to be coerced chained and trained by tall, arrogant leather Master. Bondage, VA Greek body worship, piss, domination, not pain. Safe sex. Photo/letter gets mine. Box 4941

BOOT SERVICE WANTED

Black-gloved, mean-ass, cigar-smoking bully cop in full police uniform demands respect and service from lowly cocksuckers and law breakers. Officer is 5'10" 195 lbs, beer-gutted but not fat. Has big arms and slab pees from heavy weight lifting. Dig wild but safe sex. Lick my boots, clean sn. If my leather cop jacket. No scat. Wimps blacks. Write to A S Box 2120 Elizabeth NJ 07207 2120

STREET FEET

This hot stud is into a natural masculine, barefoot lifestyle and attitude and goes barefoot everywhere, always. Would like to meet other hot masculine barefoot studs, young punks, and street dudes who are the same, with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy—*for* barefoot outings, correspondence, and hot man-to-man action. Love going barefoot on dirty city streets, in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and barechested in odd jeans or cutoffs if this lifestyle is your thing. Contact this very hot, good looking, naturally masculine BB who is W 5'10" 172 lbs. of muscle, straight, looks and attitude, uninhibited, and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo gets mine. The dirtier they are the better. The bold the tough the daring the better. BF, 16 Sandy Hook Rd. Northport, NY 11768 (LF4872)

FOOD SLAVE NEEDS TO BE FED
WM, 210 lb., masculine, looking for masc/butch WM into fattening me up, force feeding, making my gut HUG. Photo if possible. PO Box 1838 Madison Square Station, NY, NY 10159

HOT, HUNG DADDY

Mascula toys 35, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8 inches. Seeks sons for hot bondage games. Box 4918

BLACK BOY HOLE/TITS

New slave 21, 5'10", 140, hazel eyes, clean cut, needs training. Some limitations, Girl Box 4947

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

BOOTED RUBBER GUY

Versatile hard-hat seeks guy into heavy rubber gear B&D Photo/phone. Box 4948

SUBMISSIVE WRESTLER/KID BRO
Wanted by big bro, 32, 6'3" WM, 195, top UR 7-30 jock, BB Levi punk who needs to be fucked over by his big brother. Box 4920

SATAN WORSHIP

At present, I am looking for a male WM, 18-30, who is into Satanism, occult, and all things dark. I am looking for a long-term relationship. Details, description, photo, if possible to Box 4961

BIG BOTTOM SMALL EQUIPMENT

Sought in genuine bottomman by Top. You enjoy the shame of your super small or missing genitals. Life partnership possible. Box 4981

UPSTATE WHITE DADDY

seeks white bondage friends. Role reversal possible. Hairy subject preferred but not necessary. Discretion a must. Box 4969

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

ATHLETIC TOP

New to leather anyone want to train his top? Me GWM 44, 5'10", 165, muscular, sensitive, Gr/A Fr/p. You good body, smart. Goal hot monogamous relationship. Ph/p to Box 203, 70 Greenwich Ave. New York, NY 10011

DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT

GWM, 25, 215 lbs., 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, beard, moustache, lives on Long Island. Seeks a derman/mentor. Leather top to administer discipline on a weekly/monthly basis. Seeking to transform myself physically emotionally. Discipline used to achieve 1) weight loss, 2) eventual muscle gain, 3) raising of self-esteem when I can appreciate my proper place as bottom. Discipline can range from spanking to enemas, bondage, watersports, etc. work Greek? Safe important for discipline to be effective must be administered with love and affection. Box 4828, F

SADIST DAD SEEKS SADIST SON

6'1", 210 lb. bear-dad with a mean streak, into ropes, cuffs, bondage, verbal humiliation, lil restraint, leather, Levis, black ripped T-shirts, mirrored sunglasses, fantasy mind, expanding it ps. I'm in late 40s, bearded, good-looking—solid but not BB. Looking for strictly safe/sane/health-conscious, absolutely NO BODY FLUID EXCHANGE, man who needs domination and safe non-harming torture-bondage-control with absolute trust and no drugs, no fucking, no scat, no FF, no dildoes. JUST submission/control mutual JO sex. I am seeking monogamous guy who has been abstaining from everything since the AIDS crisis began as I have. Son or peer must be in top shape—slim or BB or swimmer type (25-38). Highly intelligent and motivated and either employed or solid financially. No hustlers or trash or guys who rule their lives by cock size or who will chance their health for the sake of an orgasm. Prefer to establish a one-on-one permanent relationship—and when the fantasies take a break, honest, trusting friendship and sharing take over. I look hot with cop's gear and am 90% top/dom but want son to fight back and get off on punishing his Dad for past and future abuse. Son will have to accept losing and giving in to all Dad's demands. Son will refrain from sex but devote himself to satisfying his Dad's needs above all. Prefer highly educated, super-intelligent, masculine guy. Lots of hugging and caring. Tenderness will be your reward. Send full details of what you want and need and photo for immediate reply. Box 4718LF

MUSCLE POWER

Super hot muscular jock is looking for other muscle-bound jocks into muscles, bodybuilding, leather, going barefoot and barechested. Showing off our hot bodies and big bulges in tight sweat pants or 501 jeans. I am looking for straight-acting, muscle jocks who want and demand the best in hot, uninhibited sex and man-to-man action. I get into wrestling, boxing, bodypunching, general horsing around, posing and flexing, sex challenges, heavy ball work, Harley's oil, sweat, exhibition, piss and hard sex. I am W 29, 5'10", 180 lbs. of man, with a rock hard ripped body. I have brown hair and eyes, I am a hot rugged good looking guy, and a real cocky straight attitude. I am health conscious so I limit myself to a few hot and horny muscle-bound men like myself. You must be 18-40, a true muscle jock into the above with a spirit of adventure. So if you are interested, heavily muscled and into muscle, then reply with picture. Then we can get together, pump-up, oil-up and put our hot muscular bodies through a hot sexual workout. Reply with photo to Duke, PO Box 165 Kings Park, NY 11754. Let's work out our hot, horny muscle urges on each other. Box 4746LF

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

SLAVE NEEDS MEAN FUCKER

WM, 33, 6'2", 160, handsome, needs domination by demanding S&M ass-master. Crave asswork, titwork, face-fucking, C&B, torture, humiliation (italian hairy a plus). Health conscious. Box 4984

AIM TO PLEASE

Young 40s white slave ready to experience where you are. 5'11", 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and moustache, lean and hairy body. Bottom and active. Ready to obey orders. Like S&M B&D All ages and can travel. Call (718) 507-6358 or write Box 4975. Photo appreciated.

TEACH ME

to be your slave. I love seeing you through a back mask. Titclamps, bondage, your boot in my face. 29, hand some 5'7", slim. You to 45, muscular and willing to tame a brat into your slave. Photo. Box 4980

TOTALLY BALD BOTTOM WANTED

by haired Top. Bottom ready to be shaved or otherwise depilated eagerly welcomed. Permanent relationship possible. Box 4981

GWM, 38, 5'8", 145

seeks Master with the drive to cut through my BS and turn me into a useful piece of property. Need strict Master to take me from easy lifestyle, break me and train me to be the obedient and willing slave that I was meant to be. Hope to find life of full intent through the use and abuse of my Master in satisfying his wishes. Box 4698LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

I hope I have let enough time pass to give all the jerk-offs and time-wasters a chance to either get serious or get lost. I still seek a live-in slave. I do not wish to waste time with idle jack-off fantasies. If you are serious about being a slave, then we can talk. You will be interviewed, tried and trained. You will be loved when earned, punished when deserved. But always cared for. Your pleasure will be to maintain a sound mind and body and to always try to please me. You will be disciplined as my father disciplined me, and will be a better man and slave for it. For a serious interview call Randy (704) 865-0983 or write 1729 Hudson Blvd #76 Gastonia, NC 28054

SLAVE FOR MASTER

YOU Master/Daddy/Top, masculine, healthy, heavy built, hairy, muscular, well-endowed, 5'10", mature, experienced, demanding, tough, sane, caring, intelligent, honest, stable and secure. Seeking total surrender, domination, control. Thorough exploring, extensive training, and total commitment. ME slave son, bottom WM 30, 5'10", 175 lbs., masculine, healthy, hairy, moustached, brown hair, blue eyes, submissive, obedient, intelligent, stable, professional, secure, straight-looking and acting. Eager to serve, respect, worship. Warm, sensitive, devoted, caring, possible relationship. Heavy B&D, moderate SM, C&B, TT, FR, a/p, heavy GR, p, WS, VA, leather, poppers, uniforms, toys, rough action, expanding limits. Sir, please send your orders, photo and phone to Box 4903LF. Sir

DISCIPLINE

effectively incorporated with marine bootcamp by former English prep school dormitory prefect. GWM, 38, sharp and super physical shape. Inspections, physical workouts, PWS, liberal doses of paddle, strap, belt and/or cane applied in a no-nonsense fashion on recruit's ass. Send picture to Box 4764

WANTS TO LEARN MORE SIR!!

Boy, bottom 28 WM, 170 lbs, stocky, moustache seeks hairy, raunchy Daddy/top, to SS, to use/teach me. Prefer hairy, uncut, beer belly, but all mature masters will command me for himself or to entertain same friends. No scars or scat. Learning to enjoy leather, C&B, TT, WS, FF and all kinky fun! Let me learn to satisfy you. SE Florida and Detroit/Chicago tri-annually. Box 4806LF

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE
WM Master 39, 5'11", 195, brn hair & eyes seeks slave for S&M B&D TT, watersports, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

TALL BIG WM

Tall big WM, 50, new to Wayne County looking for new friends and possible permanent relationship. Box 4706LF

WHITE UNDERCOVER Sissy

Me Macho bottom 6'1" 200, 41 blue/brown, hairy but submit to shaving, wear panties, tight pussy, obedient, submissive, respectful, not promiscuous, nor into gay scene, biker. You Race/age unimportant, macho daddy, deep voice, who knows what he wants, has belt, knows how to use it when punk not respectful and submissive. Daddy knows when touching up required, sissy just drops panties. Muscles and tattoos a plus. If you are a normal-acting dude who likes that brown eye but don't want to be caught walking down the street with a freak, I'm your guy. Daddy please write with photo and phone. Box 4843

FISTING BUDDY

GWM hairy 33, needs experienced hands. Playroom a plus. FFA & TAI, members welcome. Action at PO Box 14292, Cleveland OH 44114

TEACH ME TO FIST FIGHT

Box 21822, Cleveland OH 44121

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA

14 lbs 6'1" 52-year-old 5'20 13 boot heavy box of service, a master of the senses, a lover of the body, a lover of the body, a lover of the body. Every day 1 M 51 423 19

SEEKING CORRESPONDENCE

White gay male, 30, 5'10", brown hair, brown eyes. I'm looking for friendship and hope to find someone special. Write Michael Adams 182 247, Box 45699, Lucasville OH 45699. Will answer a letter.

MASTER SEEKS 2ND SLAVE-HOUSEBOY

(2 GWM) Master and slave seek permanent relationship. New slave 30, 30 years old. Into all scenes except scat and serious injury. Limits respected but will be trained to suit Master. Must be able to relocate. (NO FATS, FAKES, FEMS). Only seriously interested need to respond. Send personal information, photo, and a recent photo a must. Write answer to S R PO Box 23561 Oklahoma City OK 73123 (LF4534)

EAT MY ASS

Working man seeks others for no-strings sex. A beer, a joint & a JO buddy. Nothing up my ass bigger than a finger. Also likes, cockstraps and group sex. Port and Oregon or the Northwest. Box 4455LF

OREGON LUMBERJACK

who is heroically handsome, hunky and profoundly professional (35 GWM, seeks similar sapling with no asence of skin, sensitivity, sincerity, skill nor skull (503) 223-7600

VERSATILE BOTTOM

needs hung dominant top. I'm into a p Fr & Gr. Really like to suck cock and be fucked by cock, dildo or butt plug. Would like my limits expanded, but respected into bondage, enemas, WS, FF, 1m 40 57" 160 lbs, blue eyes, cul. Please send orders, desires and phone to Box 4560LF

MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED
WM 5'9" 185 lbs looking for Master-
/Topman who is into prolonged bon-
dage w th masks, hood, straight-jack-
ets, etc Boots on forms, watersports
whipping—you name it. No limits
except no drugs or permanent mark-
ings. NY MD W VA VA DC PA Area
Box 4531LF

BASIC TRAINING
Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by
Military Drill Instructor Basic Training
in a strictly-disciplined military setting
will include a thorough pre-induction
physical exam, servicing spit-shined
military Jump Boots and physical
training. Discipline administered to
recalcitrant recruits with lite SM and
BD techniques in a safe, sane and mili-
tarily satisfying session. Disillusioning for
"A FEW GOOD MEN" who need to be
"squared away" for the first time or
who wish to re-live the BOOT CAMP
experiences. Recruit card dates should
request orders from MCRD-PHL BDX
242 Parris, Pa., 19047-0848. All
responses acknowledged but those
with photo, phone answered first.
JF4257

MUSCULAR TOP 29 6'3", 220 X-college football player is accepting applications for a body's ave App... must be straight looking and dating man... lar and between the ages of 17 and 40... Will consider newcomers, but you must be ready to serve a Master If you're not sure you want to serve, don't waste my time with your application. Send your photo and application to MASTER, PO Box 55, Genshaw, PA 15118 (4484LF)

Once you get me over you or find you set the limits, I, your bondage slave needs total control and extended heavy bondage sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2081 Philadelphia PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel to your domain. (LF4674)

wanted by 43 yr old Harley riding Leatherman into boots ass-kicking body-punching ba l-torture and VA You can expect to be face-fucked while hooded and bound, have a dildo used on your throat and ass, and submit in general Few toys needed—just boots leather and fists No theatrics wanted Attitude a bit important TLC possible for right person afterward Prefer under 30 slm however all considered Fisting a plus Visit NYC frequently Photo and phone a must Bgx 4840LF

6' 165 lbs., 48 year old master Greek
active French passive, requires in-
dient slave for training S&M B.D. WS
etc. Limits respected and expanded
Assistant masters also welcome Send
respectful letter with phone to PO Box
7363, Philadelphia PA 19101 LF4836

n Pittsburgh area for extensive training am WM 6' 180 lbs., 45, uncut, competent 100% U.S.D.A. Prime with over-equipped leather fuck room. *Men only need apply* Require mind, body and then some. Can't handle it—fuck off. Box 4406LF

Goodlooking masculine WM 38 5'6"
fr m 140 lbs., brown hair/eyes/moust-
ache, into hot, imaginative mutually
stimulating boot/foot scenes, wres-
tling, B&D, S&M body worship, V/A
Can also enjoy just good masculine
companionship. Versatile and health
conscious. Travel: Northeast Midwest
often RW, Box 332, Harrisburg, PA
17108 (LF4897)

SW Pennsylvania and region. Handsome masculine, 26-year-old. 6'1" 160 lbs, safe sex. Limits respected. Tell me your fantasy we'll do it! Looking for bottoms under 35, hairless chest & plus. Face and/or chest photos answered first. Box 4949

seeks diddofuckholes for humiliation
trips, VA, C&BT toys, smoke aroma
Jr/O, safe-sex Good attitude preferred
to great bodies, though latter a plus.
Reply w th photo and/or description to
Box 36065, Philade.phia, PA 19112

Clean, healthy bl seeks to service verbal booted macho types Box 2232
Pittsburgh PA 15230

Dominant, Italian GWM seeks to move in with qualified slave. Qualifications are Age 25-35, Height: 5'3"-5'11" Weight Not over 10lbs norma. weight Hair color, N/P, mustache-mandatory body hair-OK Race N/P Education, HS grad. some college Domestic, good cook & housekeeper. Employment must have steady income. Ass small buns, tight harness Cock size not important must be cut, Sex Greek A/P French P monogamy bondage Health Must see physician regularly All applicants must submit full resume with current photo and phone A1 letters will be answered only if rules are followed Box 4252

GWM 32 5'11" 145 lbs slim hairy 0'
uncut seeks healthy masculine partner
for mutual SM exploration & satisfac-
tion. B&D, CBT, transplay dodos
piercing, shaving Very versatile
Answer all Can travel Box 4744

I am white, 32 married male looking for hot stud for daddy, uncle, older brother type relationship. I am a bottom who is Greek passive, French active, love to receive til torture, cock and ball work, watersports. Looking to enjoy these activities in a SAFE context. Ready turned on by a hairy body—the more the better—but attitude more important than looks or age. If you need a hot, submissive eager to please masculine partner contact: Boxholder PO Box 16291 Greenville SC 29606. Complete discretion expected and assured (LF4829).

SLAVE BOTTOM
White male, 30s slave/bottom. 5'9"
175 lbs. hunky good-looking uncut
into sucking, fucking WS. long hot
sessions of servitude with genuine
Leather Master Do anything within my
power to please lick boots, chaps
drink piss eat ass Send letter and pic
to Box 486?

Wht to male 30, slave/Bottom, 5'9" 175
lbs hunky good-looking uncut. into
sucking fucking W.S. long hot ses-
sions of servitude with genuine leather
Master. Do anything with n my power
to please lick boots, chaps, drink piss,
eat ass Send letter & pic to Box 48621 F

Burly (6', 215 lbs.) bearded WM 45.
needs weekend use/abuse from mean
aggressive roughrider into domination
and degradation of beer-bellied Yankee
S.O.B. Serious only Any age, race.
528 Box 4939

B - sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch smell taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest. It seems few "gays" know it exists. Long slow mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6' 150 lbs. 45 yrs., graying black hair, beard and moustache, w/ a natural, uncultured dick that'll hang a heavy 7-inches for the buddy that takes to it right. Dip sweat hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, low-swingin' balls and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 61, f.

WM 43, 59" seeking bear truckers and
travelers passing through Box 40404
Memphis TN 38104

LEATHER/UNIFORMS-BOOTS
WM 31 5'11", 175, hairy ex-cop seeks
others who turn on to uniforms
shirts and high black boots Also into
SM, 8&D, TT, WS & condoms Photo-
phone gets first response Houston
area preferred—some travel possible.
Box 4528LF

6' 180 lbs healthy and cu1 WM with
stocky build, medium chest ha
as slave/Master meeting and pos-
sible lasting relationship Enjoy JD, FT
am pierced and tattooed chains and
leather jocks and other athletic gear
Willing to experiment with right per-
son 25-45 Younger appearance than
my 50 years and could assume dad
role Photo phone and description to
Box 4454LF gets mine Dallas area

Healthy hot, B M 27 6'0" 160 lbs
gym body needs hot master for bon-
dage discipline, CB T Lt. J/O Safe
sex, Sir! P O Box 541242 Houston, TX
77254-1242

Safe sex with a super-clean firm white top I'm into boy torture, spankings, W S abuse Age 48 5'9" 140 lbs Box 4743

want to be handled GWM 37 s/m (6' 155 lbs.) seeks muscular or trim topman/men for C&BT, TT WS, shaying obedience training & B/D. Healthy sex only. No fairs, crazy's or over 45. Dungeon a plus. Picture preferred but not required. Box 47221 F.

Obsessions, blood, boots, branding
breath control, bondage choking con-
finement control discipline dog train-
ing domination, electricity, gloves, gul-
punching, hoods, interrogation,
knives, leather, needles, piercing, piss,
rimming, shaving, sweat, latex, tortu-
re, uniforms, violence, interests, ash-
tray, enemas, fisting, plastic, rubber,
Satanism, scat, whippings, serving
live. Pretty much anything for intelli-
gent MASTER. (713) 928-3318 (LF4792)

140 lbs., seeks slave for long-term
B D leather Levi. No fats. Fems Only
serious into bondage need answer and
cui for total domination. Foto required
for immed ats reply (21-35 yrs. on y)
PO Box 34244 Houston, TX 77234

Healthy novice. 38-67", 140lbs blond
brn eyes well defined body hairy
chest goes bra w/ educated and
we loved seeking partner in light
hondage and light S&M Focking and
rimming a specialty plus TT and toys
Mar seek must be 30-50, masculine
and well educated and posses a
strong power a lady Respect s
ealed with to turn fantasy into real-
ity with a real man for lasting relation-
ship. A man who is a world rose
with a first W. CW 1944kgs
MC 4121 Dallas TX 75219 (409) 3

WM 44 Yrs 180 lbs 7 Ove 0 get
I'm turned over by to tam and o be
abused The bigger the dick the better
love to suck on it love to be eaten out
A little s-murder I like to d&S-M
Send me pictures at Bx Bx 494

I'm 25 & 100 lbs muscular and hung.
Recently I graduated from college and
am now on a man hunt. I do leather
sings, dildoes, poppers, cockrings and
big dicked Daddies into any scene con-
taining hot man-to-man action. Send
photo and letter to Bob, Rt #1, Box 832
Wytheville, VA 24382 (LF4854)

- ◆ BOMBS, EYES
- ◆ JAWKETS
- ◆ JAC PACE
- ◆ JOKES, NAME
- ◆ KEY RINGS
- ◆ LEATHER GARMENTS
- ◆ IGLOO ON MAIN
- ◆ LEATHERN KITE
- ◆ LEATHER ROSE
- ◆ JUBILANTS
- ◆ MAD WUNNY
- ◆ WHIRL HAND
- ◆ MAGAZINES
- ◆ MASKS
- ◆ MASHAGERS
- ◆ MICH - JAWFULTIZER
- ◆ BRILLIANT GUARDS
- ◆ MOVIE LEG
- ◆ PADLOCKS
- ◆ PEPIDOCIA, B
- ◆ POLICE EQUIPMENT
- ◆ PORTABLE TOILET
- ◆ PUMPS
- ◆ RES. NAME'S
- ◆ REK GREETING CARDS
- ◆ ROPS
- ◆ SLINGS
- ◆ SLINGGLASSES
- ◆ CLAMPS
- ◆ PRUCKER WALLEY
- ◆ VISHA ORS
- ◆ VIDEO APPLES
- ◆ WEIGHTS
- ◆ WHIPS
- ◆ WRESTLING SWEETS
- ◆ WRESTLING GURTS

Leatherman seeks to serve other leathermen. Blond blue-eyed and pierced w/ling and ready to serve. Located in Tidewater VA. Your photo will get my reply. Dan from Virginia. Box 4953LF.

33-year-old GWM young goodlooking
145 lbs 5'10" seeks mature secure
Master/Daddy to train beginner/slave
for possible permanent relationship. Am tired of fantasy and bars.
Need Master Daddy to respect obey
and worship who is patient and consi-
derate of slaves limitations but knowl-
edgeable enough to expand them and
ultimately control both my mind and
body. Slave into toilet training, WS
bondage, verbal abuse and humili-
ation seeks introduction to piercing.
Master is to use all methods by
and financially secure slave will need
to continue working while being
trained. Thank you Sir box 14448

Submit to your *Drummer* desires
Safely explore your new hor zone Box
4876LF

m a 40-year old ex-bogger 6'1" slend build, 165 lbs. w th tattoos and beard. I am considered good looking, m into grease, mud suspension whips paddles, TT C&T and some role playing. I like men who are grubby looking and uninhibited. Age not important but health and shape are, m not into FF. If you think we might have something in common how about a photo and some details. I respond. Box 4927, F

28. well-bu B man needs total SM ex
r ence SWH. Box 1274, Longview WA
98632

Charleston area bottom seeks top in
WV Oh's PA VA for use and abuse
into TT CBT VA bondage, poppers
rather To top in's bottom write Box
3938 Charleston WV 25339

and gentle cuddling? BWM 28, seeks
younger brother to take under wing and
explore life together. Madison area
Box 4925

When answering foreign ads with box numbers remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per ½-ounce letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

By bootlicking English W/M 28, under
8', 175 lbs, into W/S SM BB Gr/P
dudes. Want to try FF Master should
be under 45. W/M muscular hung into
leather rubber & toys Playroomapius
My experience is limited so you will
enjoy expanding it I'm open to most
suggestions. Travel Europe. USA
often Also interested in hearing from
leather rubber masters in Europe
Photo and detailed letter please. Sir
You won't be sorry London Box 490

Sh + master (40) wants to vary his p
grave's (35) meals Leathermen/mas

also beg sample from master Ali, but those with photo/sample answered first Box 4726LF

Being top or bottom to momentarily satisfy one's own needs is unrewarding. This 5'9", 160-lb. 38-year-old bodybuilder is ready to commit himself (mind, heart, body) to the training of a heavy built, serious, demanding but loving and protective Master. Do you exist? P.O. Box 872, Station H, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

Ex-patriot living in Frankfurt area. 35, blond, B, 155, moustache—seeks either few contacts for friendship and sex. Enjoy peppers, cockrings, chaps, toys. TT CBT WS. Moustache and hairy chest preferred. Am willing to provide short-term accommodations to American men visiting Deutschland in return for same when I visit USA. Discreet on assured to European contacts. No hard drugs or chain smokers. Have video and playroom for mutual pleasure. Box 4456LF

wanted by experienced man 45 5'11"
160 looking for top or mutual pigs f
snob sh l, puke, enemas, mud gr
on, rubber and leather gear cal
mercing hot wax. S M TT cock and
all torture, shaving. Interested in
world-wide contact. Box 4682LF

What do Scotsmen have under their kilts? EVERYTHING! American Scouts seek to exchange letters and particularly hot photos with other beefy or raunchy Scotsmen. So lads put on your kilts and start writing and don't forget to include photos of whatever Scottish equipment you have. Scottish regiments welcome. Write BJ Box 4973

for unusual man who gets off on man
smells J/O watersports, high S M
and more with a good looking, mascu-
line guy who wears dirty greasy 50's
rockstraps, and jockeys Travel consid-
ered (415) 928-0449

Oakland-SF masseur Fr-a.p. Gra
Phanic lovers, J O \$60 in. Photos
phone sex. Marc (415) 444-3204

Leather Master very muscular XXX
hndsm Tom of Finland looks intelli
gent & a bit WM
men
Humil. Submission, Spanking
Crops, Pain/Pleasure Daddy & more
Safe sex International model \$125 m n
Out only MC Visa FRANK (415) 861-
5549 Photos/Travel info \$10 to Frank
Holt, Ste 486 PO Box 15068 SF CA
94115 (584 Castro)

Male models & companions, Handsome Masculine Men' Clean-Cut Well-Groomed!, Versatile, Well-Endowed! Warm—Friendly Models! Fresh As The Morning Dew! All Types For All Types Bikers, Leathermen, Lumberjacks, Outdoorsmen, Swimmers, Jocks, Guy Next Door, College Students, Bodybuilders, Businessmen, Wrestlers, VIP Models. Turn your fantasy into reality! Discreet & confidential arrangements by the hour, day or week. Around town or around the bay. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457 Male Models & Companions for a night on the town or an evening at home. 21 to 35 Years of Age. Dinner, Dancing, Theatre, Sightseeing, Tour Guides, Birthday Presents, Nude Photography, Fashion Photography. Male Strippers For Business Or Private Parties. See before you hire. For photos and descriptions, send \$5.00 to Richard of San Francisco Box 111 1800 Market Street San Francisco, CA 94102.

BONDAGE WHIP MASTER
Sadist hot n husky offers a safe place
for masochists and submissives to
explore restraint and sensory input. I
am discreet, caring and AIDS aware.
Straight and bisexual men especially
welcome. Special interest in bondage,
erotic loggings and beatings, lit play
and pain trips. South of Market play-
room unusual gear fantasy contract-
ing. Arrangements can be made for
long-term restraint. \$150 minimum.
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UP THE ASSES OF THE SPANISH MASSES A Gay Director Forces Gays and Straights to Watch Each Other



MENAGE A TROIS: A congressman, his wife and a young hustler get it on in *El Diputado*

In the films of Eloy de la Iglesia men make love to men, men make love to women, women make love to women and, in one case, a dog has made love to a woman.

"I'm not trying to shock anyone," the Spaniard told *Drummer* through an interpreter. "I like to communicate what I think." As for the dog who played the title role in *La Criatura* (The Creature—1977), "It was a very marginal scene. I wanted to inform people that this thing (bestiality) existed. If it shocks them it's their problem. I feel sorry for those who couldn't stand it."

Best known in the U.S. for his drama *El Diputado* (The Deputy—1978), the forty-year-old De la Iglesia has made twenty films in as many years. He mixes gay and non-gay elements in each—"For me there is no separation. It's a

continuum"—but identifies himself as gay and starts work in March on the final film of what he calls his "gay trilogy."

The first, *Los Placeres Ocultos* (Hidden Pleasures), was made in 1976, the year after dictator Franco died. Censorship was on the way out in Spain, but De la Iglesia had to fight for three months before he could show his story of a gay bank director who offers a job to a young heterosexual he has a crush on. For a time there's a benefactor, but when the girl's father breaks it up the youth denounces the man at the bank.

In *El Diputado* a sexual menage a trois develops involving a congressman, his wife and the young hustler hired by the right wing to embarrass the politician and discredit his (socialist) party.

The last of the trilogy will be

called *Galopa contra el Viento* (Running against the Wind). It will again concern a romance between a young man and an older one. The youth, a radical Basque (as is De la Iglesia), will be played by Jose Luis Manzana, who has appeared in four of the director's last six films.

His lover will be a member of the *Guardia Civil*, the peacekeeping force that was fanatically loyal to Franco and remains a conservative presence in Spain today. De la Iglesia wastes no opportunity to show them in a bad light in his films, especially his most successful, *El Pico* (The Needle—1983) and its sequel, *El Pico II*.

He wears an expensive-looking leather jacket—not biker style—to our interview. The leather scene "hasn't happened yet" in Spain, he says. "It's a very small scene there."

De la Iglesia made eight features while Franco was alive and says he attempted to invest them with elements of leftist politics and deviant sex. "I was trying to deal with the same subjects (as today), but I had to use hidden vocabulary and innuendo."

Since Franco's death, even before censorship was officially lifted, he has thrown caution to the winds. He came out publicly in 1976 without damaging his career. "I have made a lot of statements and participated in gay organizations," he says. As a member of the communist party, "I tried to gain political recognition for gays within the party." Failing this he left the communists. Today he calls himself a "marxist" and finds the ruling socialists too conservative but is "happy they're in power." Better them than Franco.



JOSE LUIS MANZANO: He reluctantly admits to himself that crime is his only hope in Eloy de la Iglesia's *Colegas* (Pak)

De la Iglesia's films are his most blatant political acts. While only two are considered gay, all contain elements which show us an integral—if not always-constructive—part of society. His gay films include scenes of heterosexual coupling, although De la Iglesia insists they're not there for commercial reasons: "I am opposed to the idea of a 'gay ghetto' on ideological grounds." The sex is more graphic than in mainstream American films, but far from hardcore. "I'm bored by porno," the director states. "Sex has to be there, but within a plot."

It's no longer illegal to be gay in Spain, according to De la Iglesia, but it's still "a big social problem." He believes film can alleviate social problems by holding them up to public scrutiny.

• • •

I recently sat through a marathon screening of all three Eloy de la Iglesia films which have been released in the U.S., two of which I had seen previously. The experience was less painful than

many triple features I've seen. The cinematic equivalent of junk food, his pictures aren't very filling, but he knows how to spin a tale to hold an audience. He can point a camera and elicit passable performances from sometimes mediocre actors, often pretty young men. But there's little art behind his skill and his gay consciousness leaves much to be desired.

Eduardo, the gay protagonist of *Los Placeres Ocultos*, is semi-closeted and sends out mixed signals about his feelings toward himself and his sexuality. He has sex in cinemas and toilets or pays hustlers for it, but sometimes he gives young men jobs at his bank in hopes of receiving their "gratitude" later. He accepts the label of "corruptor," not a very positive term. A coworker, Raul, is a role model he won't follow—totally out and totally proud. When someone calls his coming-out declaration a "confession," Raul replies, "It's not a confession. Only sins and crimes need to be confessed and I'm neither a

sinner nor a criminal."

Eduardo's current protege, Miguel (Tony Fuentes), is straight, as we see him prove with his girlfriend, an older woman and a whore Eduardo buys him during a night on the town. Gay sex, on the other hand, is only suggested and takes place offscreen; but De la Iglesia uses any excuse to parade scantily clad young men in front of the camera.

Full frontal male nudity was saved for *El Diputado*, made two years later when Spain had loosened up somewhat. Jose Sacristan plays Roberto, the politician compromised when his old, gay feelings flare up and he falls in love with young Juan (Jose L. Alonso). English subtitles confuse the politics, often translating "communist" or "red" as "leftist."

Roberto isn't ashamed of being gay, only concerned about hurting his wife and his party. He converts Juanito politically and sexually. Finally aware of his true feelings, the youth says, "My biggest lie was saying I just did it for the money." A vibrant actress,

Maria Luisa San Jose, doesn't have enough to do as the wife, but easily steals the picture from Sacristan, who is handsome but a stick.

The above films feature Angel Pardo, who is sexy and convincingly dangerous as a duplicitous hustler in both. Another point in common is their open endings—a rather silly one in *Los Placeres Ocultos*—which leave us wondering whether public exposure will destroy our heroes' careers.

Colegas (Pak—1982) is one of De la Iglesia's nongay efforts, but it has more gay and gay-appeal material than most movies you'll see this year. Jose Luis Manzano is screwing Rosario Gonzalez, the sister of his best friend, Antonio. When he gets her pregnant the unskilled, unemployed young men try to raise abortion money by hustling at the baths and petty theft.

They get involved with a guy pusher (Enrique San Francisco) and there's a hilarious scene where these straight boys, so afraid of being fucked, have to shove packets of drugs up their asses to smuggle them out of Morocco. You'll also enjoy watching Jose's younger brothers jacking off under the covers. They're supposed to be straight, but one can't help glancing at a Bruce Lee poster on the wall as he pounds his pud.

The youthful criminals in De la Iglesia's films are presented as victims of poverty. With tongue at least halfway in cheek, I ask the director if he is intending to make serious social comment on the order of Babenco's *Pixote*, Bunuel's *Los Olvidados* and Pasolini's *Accatone*. To my surprise, he straight-facedly says yes.

Rather than belonging in such elite company, De la Iglesia's work is actually more on the exploitation level of the old Roger Corman school, except that some graduates of that school have gone on to better things.

Eloy de la Iglesia makes popular entertainments, but he's not one of the great international directors and is in the front rank of gay filmmakers only because those ranks are so thin.

—Steve Warren

MY BROTHER, MY LOVER, MY HACK

The back cover blurb for Tim Barrus's *My Brother, My Lover* (Gay Sunshine Press, \$7.95) exclaims, "Thomas and Sean, lost their parents when they were in their teens. Thrown together even more than before, their love grew, deepened, became sexual... Then Thomas moved away to search out his self-identity (as opposed to other-identity?) and Sean was left alone to explore his gay sexuality in San Francisco's streets and cruising areas." Does anyone want to read this tired old story again? The gay ghetto novel is dead (after what seems like a million novels beginning "When I found out I was gay, I went to San Francisco/Greenwich Village and I..."—who cares?), but nobody has told Tim Barrus that, so he takes us on a—mercifully brief—tour of overly familiar terrain.

Barrus has managed to do the impossible in *My Brother, My Lover*: he makes San Francisco boring and utterly lacking in charm, providing a provincial's view of urban gay life, a world populated exclusively by mad, "witty" queens, one-dimensional leathermen, burned-out druggies and dreary, self-pitying alcoholics. All the characters in *My Brother, My Lover* seem to come out of Jerry Falwell's worst nightmares: fags as freak show.

My Brother, My Lover must have been written in a terrible rush; how else to account for the formulaic plotting, lack of character development, and odd sense of dislocation? We're never quite sure when the action is taking place: the freewheeling sex suggests the 1970s, but then out of nowhere a character announces, "Disease city! Let me tell you. They're dropping like flies out there..." The characters don't have any recognizable human motivations: why does Thomas leave Sean in the first place? The way it's presented in the novel, Thomas seems annoyed at Sean's constantly whining "You're going

to leave me." *My Brother, My Lover* closely resembles the trash that the porn mills have been churning out for years. When I was writing for these smut factories, I used to join in with other ink-stained wretches trying to think of the quintessential title for a cheap porno novel. I was always partial to *Teenage Enema Nurses in Bondage*, but a friend countered with *My Brother, My Lover, My Slave*. "It has everything," he said. "Why, you could go on writing that same novel for years!" Who would have thought that Tim Barrus would? (Barrus's first sex tale,

slobbered mess out of my ass onto the floor of the Mineshaft. At least a dozen men spermed off watching as his glistening cock gutted out my submissive hole. I squatted and shit his sperm onto the floor as they watched it drool out of my rectum in silence." That's Barrus's version of macho male gay porno; it sounds like John Preston on Quaaludes.

But when Barrus turns his word processor to the production of "lyrical" pornography—as in the scene when the two brothers first have sex—the results are even

for years but had never been tinalized physically." If Barrus keeps that up, he could become Gay Sunshine's resident Gordon Merrick.

In the course of his odyssey into stereotypical gay subculture, brother Sean becomes—what else?—a star of porn films (cliche #712, right up there with "Incest is best") which allows author Barrus to opine, "It's not the sex in pornography that affects me, it's the dishonesty, the myths." But it's only bad pornography that's dishonest. Barrus wants to demythologize porno: "People," he writes, "don't want to hear that all these porn stars are more like them, than unlike them." But he tells us anyway. By taking all the heat out of his narrative, Barrus is aiming for pornographic realism. The result is a contradiction in terms and not something you can jerk off to.

A great deal of pornography is written out of sexual anger and frustration, and the best pornography has a cathartic, liberating value. Talented erotic writers reimagine the world, and what they come up with is thrilling. The job of pornography is to produce a mythology, not to destroy it. Good pornography expresses the triumph of human sexuality; *My Brother, My Lover* degrades sexuality.

Though *My Brother, My Lover* contains the requisite amount of sadomasochism, it's not a sadomasochism that SM's partisans are likely to respond to. Barrus appears to have read a good deal of SM fiction; he knows what goes on in a scene, but he has no clue why people are fascinated by SM. For Barrus, sadomasochism is an exercise in self-hatred. To show us how low Sean has sunk in self-esteem, Barrus has him have an SM affair. In the chain of Sean's self-abasement, SM is the step beneath prostitution. In the world of Tim Barrus, when a character puts on a leather jacket or goes to an SM bar, he's signaling "See how much I loathe myself." And

"Robert fucked me against the bar. I asked him to do it...I wanted them to see me take it, demand it, suck the meat in, and eventually shit his white slobbered mess out of my ass onto the floor of the Mineshaft."

written in 1983 and later published in *First Hand* magazine and Gay Sunshine's *Hot Acts* was entitled "My Brother, My Lover." Let us not accuse this man of originality.)

For someone who has made his reputation writing JO stories for gay slicks, Barrus's erotic sensibility is curiously moribund. The sex scenes in *My Brother, My Lover* (like those in Barrus's earlier novel *Mineshaft*, which was written for a porn mill) don't celebrate lust, but ugliness. Pornography that doesn't get you hard is worthless, and the horrible writing in *My Brother, My Lover* is enough to instantly wilt the most raging hard-on. "Robert fucked me against the bar. I asked him to do it. I wanted those men to see an asshole get degenerately tucked the way an asshole is supposed to be fucked. I wanted them to see me take it, demand it, suck the meat in, and eventually shit his white

worse: "My brother was making love to me. I needed him desperately. Insanely, I straddled him between my legs. His hard thick cockhead was covered in a slick lather of pre-cum and he pushed the head painfully though slowly inside of my rectum. I gasped with the unknown pressure and grabbed onto the back of his long blond hair and raised my legs. Thomas pushed his shaft deeply inside of my bowels and kissed me fully on the mouth sending his wet tongue into my throat. His face was covered with his wet tears and I kissed them tasting the salt. I wanted to kiss the tears away. 'Make love to me, Thomas,' I said. 'I have wanted you for so long. So long.' And his hard meat thrust itself into the softness of my guts obviating the intrusion of anything other than the fact that we were finally loving fucking—making a reality out of feelings that had existed inside of us

Barrus loathes his leather jacketed, bar-going SMers too, coming up with sentences like "His thick hog cock thrust itself into my shithole forcefully and he raped his meat into my bowels as he begged me to stop" with depressing frequency. A more sex-negative gay writer does not exist.

My Brother, My Lover is a decidedly minor work, but it's indicative of much of the gay fiction being published today. Not many years ago, gays complained that so few novels about the homosexual experience were being published. Now, new gay books may be purchased by the gross, and we have to face the fact that freedom to produce gay material has not increased the quality of the material available. When a gay book had to fight to get into print, almost everything on the homosexual experience was worth reading. Today you can write damn near anything and there's a good possibility a publisher will take a chance on it. A gay novel needn't be very good to be published; in fact, it helps if it isn't. Literary talent scares publishers who fear readers won't buy challenging books. For gay novels, the 1980s is the decade of the hack.

An honest hack novel, one the author wrote and the publisher produced solely for money, is forgivable, but the new hacks don't realize that they're coming out with garbage. Unlike the hacks of old, who could spin out a gay porn novel in a single twelve-hour stretch, who hid behind pseudonyms, who took the four or five hundred dollars such a novel generated and went blissfully on to the next project, today's gay hacks have deluded themselves into thinking that they are turning out quality. Had *My Brother, My Lover* been published as a \$2.95 throwaway stroke book by a porn conglomerate, I still wouldn't have found it any good, but I wouldn't have been offended by it. What's offensive about *My Brother, My Lover* is its pretensions. Barrus has dedicated this book (in part) to his daughter, Kree, so he's obviously proud of what he's written. That's the sickest joke of all.

—T.R. Witomski

DRUMMER VIDEO

THE SEMEN IS RISING



IN AND OUT: Jamie Blue demonstrates his talent with toys in *LifeGuard for Sex from HIS Video*

There's probably been no surer way to make readers turn the page than to use the term *safe sex* in the first sentence of an article—particularly of a porn review. But if I'm daring enough to write it, you can be man enough to read it—besides, I not only guarantee that the hot stuff follows but will show that for *safe sex* the tides are turning—or perhaps that's more colloquially put as the semen is rising.

When the idea of *safe sex* first appeared several years ago, it seemed to obliterate sex as we knew it. Few activities were deemed acceptable. To many, masturbation was fine as foreplay but not for an entire evening, and though rubbing two sticks together

may cause fire, its bodily equivalent, *frottage*, doesn't strike sparks as a substitute for the conflagration of humping. Here's what else *safe sex* offered: you could talk about it, write about it, look at it and even think about it. Sex had become a nonactivity. It was very zen: you could do everything, but do it. Aargh.

Most of our ideas of *safe sex* though, were based on a lack of information. After years of expanding our sexual activities and refining our particular/peculiar tastes, the abruptness of the *safe sex* lists offered no guidelines for change or demonstrations as to how such seemingly dull activities could be better than—or even as good as—

what we were asked to give up. Therefore, many did not give up their risky sex lives.

Some leathermen had it a little easier, for it was soon discovered that SM, being basically concerned with the manipulation of a subject's psyche and bodily exterior, were (and had been) *safe sex* all along. But the rest of us were left adrift for over two years before the glossy entertainment magazines paid any attention to the survival of their readers.

The worst offenders, to my mind, were the film and video porn industries, which refused to accept the fact that their "art" was no longer depicting our lives. The spread of sexual trends can be easily traced through their depiction on screen, and with the advent of AIDS the division between on- and off-screen sexuality reached what seemed an unbroachable chasm. Screen sex, so long a primer of sexuality and stimulus to action, was now a directory to death.

Through a slow groundswell the industry is finally changing. A number of frequently filmed San Francisco sex stars have insisted on wearing rubbers and eliminating rimming as clauses in their contracts. And finally, a gay porn company has bitten the bullet. HIS Video has released *LifeGuard for Sex*, the first *safe sex* video. If it is not a marksman's bull's-eye, as a first fusillade it is a fine and frequently invigorating opening shot—especially at its unusually low price (\$39.95 for a feature-length video).

Directed by Richard Morgan and well-edited by S. Andrew Roberts, *LifeGuard* enlists a phalanx of star phaluses to demonstrate the erotic and fulfillment potential of *safe sex*. Yes, Leo Ford puts his mouth on the balls and shaft of Michael Christopher's all-too-solid cock (though caution must be advised in mouth-to-shaft activities as it's just a slip away from the verboten cocksuck-

ing), and you'll see just how satisfyingly far oral activities can go when Christopher straddles Ford's face for some ball-sucking. Ford, more than anyone, demonstrates in his hypnotic fascination with cock that penis-play, with worshipful attitude and concentration of focus, can be mesmerizing, precluding the cock-contacts once thought of as necessary for fulfillment. His clear telegraphing of sensation could make the fondling of a phone book arousing, suggesting that much of our arousal stems more from our attitude toward what we are doing than what is actually being done. Ford, with the inestimable inspiration of Christopher's cock, shows what cock worship can be.

Colt star Cole Taylor, whose once-boyish face is taking on a manly cast, brings his up-and-at-'em nipples and sharply jutting cock into hard contact with an attractive blond, to show that mutual masturbation has more points of contact than hand-to-cock. The scene's simultaneous double climax is seen in delectably clear slow motion.

And toys. A greater dependency on self-satisfaction and visual stimulation has brought toys into increased favor, and two dildoes make star appearances here in a hole-widening scene with Jamie Blue. The tranquil and ascetic cast of his face belie the ease with which his ass sucks up a fat rubber cock, and the excellent cinematography details the tight grip of his asslips on it as the dildo pulls them in and out. Unlike dildo scenes of the past, noted more for their aggressive use of the toy, this one details in the palpable sensations provided by vivid close-ups of a calm yet strong penetration.

There's more to be learned about safe sex, though, in the all-star pairing of Melchior Diaz and Giorgio Canali, in which their tightly muscled bodies, coiled sex drives and broad, hard cocks are done full justice. Here's some mouth watering foreskin play and the video's only use of rubbers. You'll be surprised how a rubber actually sharpens the definition of a cock, and even allows for a good, old-fashioned cock

sucking.

Here's where *Lifeguard* ran into difficulty. HIS Video felt strongly that official acceptance of the video was necessary from the SF AIDS Foundation, and the video was issued just as news came out that the AIDS virus cannot penetrate a condom. So a hot Melchior/Canali fuck-with-rubbers was deleted from the video. Perhaps we'll see it in a sequel—the still photos are great, and prove to me that sheathed cocks do not dilute the visual stimulus of a scene.

Despite the news that condoms withhold the AIDS virus, Chuck Frutchey, Information and Referral Coordinator of the SF AIDS Foundation, states that fucking with a rubber will remain on the "Possibly Safe" list of activities due to the possibility of breakage. But rubbers, if correctly used, rarely break. So, yes, he says, use them for fucking—but know how. The biggest problem is air inside the rubber, bubbles which can pop during use like a balloon. Be sure to squeeze air out of the rubber during application (a drop of lubricant in the tip will assist this). Age and misuse can cause breakage. Don't store them in your back pocket or in the sun—rubber products are degraded by such conditions. And finally, use water-based lubricant, and much of it, during play, to retard breakage from friction and deterioration from rubber-degrading products like Crisco. And finally, be careful not to tear them when opening a package, change them frequently during sex, and eroticize them—tie one around your cock as a cockring, or have your partner put yours on to make application sexier.

A trio of jack-off and a lengthy fantasy montage round out *Lifeguard*, although there's not enough footage of lifeguard Steven Craig himself. His chiseled, rock-hard perfection of cock demands more screen time. He appears in the final fantasy, along with Rick Donovan (bulging through white jockey shorts), and a Latino (with lengthy cock and foreskin) and a mystery man in a helmet but with an enviably fat dick. Their anthology of gusher shots is a fine finale.

—John F. Karr

THE JOYS OF SELF-ABUSE



The popularity of jacking off has spread since the advent of safe sex, although it must be reiterated that many men were committed to JO as their primary sexual choice before its current application as safe sex. Many men know the joys of a long, sweaty and deep JO trip, and many others are just discovering these pleasures through a recent number of JO videos. Of special interest to the men of *Drummer* is Robert Payne's one-hour video *The Joys of Self-Abuse* which places special emphasis on the abuse aspect of joy. This video anthology not only uses split screen and computer graphic visuals to modernize the video scene, but presents a group of men who bring a man's attitude to the frequently rather passive art of JO. Here is the force of impact, the subjugation to a Master, and an aggressive approach to meat-mauling that will satisfy any *Drummer* reader.

Compound DI Brutus opens the video in an indelicate fashion which fully lives up to his name. He slaps his cock ferociously against a workout bench, and twists his balls into a tight sack before hammering them with his clenched fist. "Oooh, the pain," he moans, before shooting a heavy load on the hairless, muscular pulchritude of his famed body.

Brutus is followed by a husky black workman with a pair of bulfnuts whose routine

can only appear calm after the force of Brutus. But Scott O'Hara picks things up again as he performs in biker leather before a live audience. The camera is kind to him; his youthful skin is warm, his gold tit rings gleam, and his blond hair shines. He knows what to show and how to show it, pointing his piss slit directly at the camera and then bending forward to lick a pearl of pre-cum out of it. His is the longest JO footage in the video, with Brutus more concerned with the SM aspects of his trip. O'Hara just jerks that stiff thing, holding off repeatedly and then shooting his pent-up load with force.

Chris Burns is next, taking orders from an off-screen Master. Burn's body is totally shaved, his cock and balls tightly bound. As his balls turn a dark purple, he slaps and tortures his cock, working it aggressively. Meanwhile, veteran star Mickey Squires appears in cop uniform, pulls out his weapon and aims it at the camera. His bountiful nuts offer bulging beauty to the eye, his cock is sleek and shiny, and does he get off with a finger up his ass? Certainly. He's got a charismatic cock which gives off energy and pulsates feverishly before it pumps its load, as does Burns, for a load of a finale.

The Joys of Self-Abuse features some mean meat-beating—just what the Master ordered.

—John F. Karr
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POWERLESS *Continued from page 7*

or standing against the brick walls awaiting the night's connection

I followed the leatherman's lead, walking around the corner to his place. We went in, passing through a living room, then a bedroom, then the kitchen, then out through a back porch and down some stairs and into a dark, close leather sex chamber. My eyes feasted on the equipment—the walls were padded in black leather and there was a special apparatus in the very center of the room, half a table, half a sling, completely covered in leather. The room smelled delicious, and everywhere were leather toys and clamps and paddles.

"Why don't you strip," he said, "and let me show you to heaven."

I couldn't argue, so I shucked my clothes in a heap in the corner and stood waiting, my cock already half-hard.

He stripped, too, peeling off his tight clothes, revealing a fine, bronze body and a hefty cock and big round balls. He looked me over. "Turn around," he said, and as I did, he mumbled his approval. "I like it, a lot. You got a nice body, kid, and I'm gonna love working it over. Now come over here."

He pointed to the leather table, or whatever it was. I walked over and stood beside it.

"Okay, climb up here on your knees," he said. I got on my knees on the low leather-covered platform. He put his hands between my legs and pushed my legs apart. "Yeah, keep them spread like that."

It was as if I were kneeling—which in fact I was, in a way—though I was atop a wide, low bench about a foot and a half off the ground. This put my ass and genitals even to his, as he stood. He was wrapping leather straps around my ankles, calves, and knees, so that my legs were held firmly in place, wide apart.

"Like that?" he asked. "Like the way it looks?"

I started to shrug, but then I noticed that one of the walls, the one to my left, was mirrored, so I could see myself kneeling atop the leather bench, my legs securely in place. My cock hung half-hard in the air, and my balls dangled vulnerably between my legs.

"Yeah, I do," I said. "I like it a lot. Looks hot."

His hand fondled my balls, gently at first, then rougher. I squirmed a bit, but he wasn't hurting me. I enjoyed the feeling of freedom my body enjoyed, even though my legs were so firmly attached to the bench. I could twist and turn, bend and stretch. His hand moved back between my legs, passing over my asshole, then fondling my butt. He ran his hands lightly over my round butt, feeling its shape, squeezing my ass cheeks gently, then tightly—pinching me. Then, slowly, he began to slap my ass, not really spanking me, just warming me up.

I moaned. "I like that, too. Feels real good."

His hand pulled away. I rebelled a little in my mind, why did he stop when I expressed my pleasure? Moments before he had elicited an answer. I frowned but said nothing. He walked around in front of me and smiled, his handsome face making me feel a little bit in love. I forgave him for stopping. I observed him in front of me and reflected in the mirror. His cock was fully erect, jutting out in front of his body in an obvious display of excitement, and I saw that his big balls were pulled up tight beneath it, like a base for the big tool.

There was something extremely erotic about the total absence of clothing for adornment. Neither of us wore a shred of anything. I was used to serving Masters decked out in leather pants or chaps, boots, vest, armbands, whatever. Our mutual nakedness underlined our sexuality, not our roles, and this gave me a clue as to what he had meant back at the bar, when he had protested that sure, the toys could add to the scene—maybe...but that he was "...just a pure physical S&M type."

It had been at that point in the conversation that I decided to change the subject somewhat, because the fancy talk was bugging me, lowering my sex trip, but now, considering our mutual nakedness—and the rough, masculine animality of it, its pure sexiness—I began to understand how someone (like him) might consider the theatrical role-playing of slave-to-Master,

submissive-to-dominant, boy-to-daddy, or whatever to be utterly unnecessary, certainly superfluous, and perhaps a bit silly.

I didn't know what I thought. Certainly I had had my share of experiences as a good slave, a good boy, down on my knees begging for it, pleading for it, doing a good job, withstanding discipline and punishment (for what, though I never could figure out). And it had always been mostly hot. But I know only too well that feeling of being upset at a Master's attitude of superiority, as if his humanity was worth more than mine. I never went for that. But neither had I gone for a scene totally stripped of these roles, as this one was proving to be.

He was staring at me. I realized I was lost in thought, not altogether there. I focused on his face again.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said, shaking my head.

He furrowed his brow. "Now, at this point, for an answer like that, any other Master would slap you. But you're a grown man—I don't have to slap you. You can either choose to be here, and go ahead with this scene, or not."

"I'm sorry," I said.

He raised his eyebrows and turned one hand, palm up. He nearly shrugged one shoulder, but held off; that would have been sarcastic. And this man was not sarcastic. He was respectful, admirably well-mannered.

"Well?" he said, very quietly.

"I was just thinking that I had never been with a Master when both of us were equally naked. That's all. I was realizing what you meant about the physical side of all this, rather than the emotional. It's just that I'm so used to..." I didn't finish.

"To what?" he said. "To begging for it? To doing tricks like a pet to earn it? To being punished if your tricks aren't good enough? Or even if they are, for maybe taking pride in it? No...sorry...that's not me. I want to work you over til I sweat, til we're both brought into a state crossed over..." His voice trailed off.

I nodded my head and half closed my eyes. My butt was cooling off, my body suddenly relaxing again. It seemed time for silence again, time to get on with it.

He stood in front of me for a moment longer, his eyes moving up and down my suspended body. He nodded, as if to himself, a gesture of approval, of appreciation. I closed my eyes.

He went over to a cabinet, which was beside and behind me, opposite the mirror. He opened the cabinet door and flipped a couple switches. Music filled the room, strange, serene, new age space music; it made me feel drowsy and sexy all at once. The light in the room went from low white to dull red, and he moved around the corners of the room and lit candles set in standards in the wall. The room was warm and cozy, strangely sexy, safe, and alluring. My flesh looked golden in the red light and candlelight, my thick cock hanging heavy, my hunky torso twisting as I watched him move towards me.

His complete nakedness turned me on, as did mine. We had nothing between us, though of course my legs were bound in leather straps. His cock swung in front of him when he moved, and when he turned around, I felt my own cock start to rise at the sight of his muscular ass, which squared, rounded, and lengthened as he moved this way and that, gathering up various tools and toys, bending to retrieve leather straps and clamps that were on the floor.

He came up in front of me and ran his hand over my chest. By virtue of my position atop the bench, I towered above him, but this was not to last long. He pinched my nipples and tugged them into firm erection, then placed tit clamps on them. I smiled at the wonderful sensation, and then, from the chain which connected the two clamps, he attached light metal weights.

I nodded my pleasure, and he smiled. "You're gonna love this," he said as he climbed up on the bench with me, wrapped his arms around me, and kissed me. We kissed for several minutes, feeling our hard cocks rubbing against one another, feeling them prodding our bellies, feeling our lips as we bit and

nibbled and ran our tongues across them.

Then he stepped down and wrapped two heavy leather wrist cuffs around my forearms. These he connected to leather straps and chains which hung from the ceiling, but I was required to lean far forward, abandoning my center of gravity, so that my body was supported by my wrists and by the tension of my torso pulling on my bound legs. This position let the chain and weight between the tit clamps dangle from my chest, swinging to and fro, sending sensations through my body which made me tremble. My dick was very hard.

He stepped back for a moment to observe me as I dangled between the bench and the ceiling. "That looks real pretty," he said to me. "Real pretty. And that's part of my trip, just seeing how pretty men are when they're strung up and ready for more."

I nodded and smiled. I was feeling good, but apprehensive—in fact, my dick was so hard and I was so horny that I was rather eager for him to get on with it. So I said, "Let's not talk anymore, let's be silent and see just how intense we can get."

He nodded, smiling his agreement at me. Then he walked to the wall behind me, gathered some more toys and, for a moment, hummed along with the spacey music. Then I felt his hands on my nuts, kneading them, pulling on them. I moaned and arched my back, thrusting my ass and balls back towards him. He wrapped one hand around my nuts and pulled, as if to milk my testicles down to the very base of my ball sac. With his other hand he wrapped a wide ball stretcher around my distended scrotum, securely pushing my nuts all the way down. The sensation was intense—just short of painful, but very, very pleasurable. My dick began to drip sticky precum—a long strand that stretched to the floor.

The pressure on my balls made me vividly aware of the space between my legs, the way the air caressed them as they were thrust back between my thighs in the open space. I could feel a rub on my asshole, too, because the position of my widespread legs parted my cheeks, exposing my butthole.

I realized that my back was beginning to ache, so I relaxed my body and let myself fully drop against my bonds. The sensation was exquisite, a complete release of tension, and not only from my back and shoulders. My thighs went loose, my neck dropped forward, my shoulders stretched luxuriously against the upward pull. In my bondage I had found complete release for my body was supported by the leather bonds. I had only to release all tension.

Then, with a resounding crack!, I felt a leather paddle on my butt. I arched myself in surprise at the slap, but then went limp again, once more surrendering myself to the support of bondage. The paddle travelled in light taps up and down my thighs, buns, and back. There was no pain, just light, slightly stinging slaps that stimulated my skin, activating my senses and brightening my flesh as the blood rushed to the surface.

I closed my eyes for a moment and listened—all I could hear was the music that made me feel as if I were floating. I was in a way—and the steady rhythm of the paddle landing on my flesh. It was almost as if the sound was disconnected from the sensations I felt.

When I opened my eyes I turned my head to look in the mirror. I saw myself suspended and hanging forward. I saw his hand moving up and down as he paddled my ass, and I saw the body to which that hand was attached—bronze, muscular, leanly defined, the handsome face, and the fully erect cock that bounced around as he shifted position this way and that to spank me, to reach the corners of my butt that were not yet red enough.

I admired the man, admired his handsomeness, his extreme care in paddling me. I admired the sweat on his brow, the way it made his forehead glisten, the way it wetted the front of his hair, those damp strands flying against his forehead the way the paddle flew against my butt.

The blows increased, both in force and frequency. Then, without warning (and what could he have done, anyway, made

an announcement?), the paddle was slapping my asshole itself—lightly but firmly—and then I felt the tip of the paddle moving between my legs, just beneath my asshole, in that sensitive space between my hole and balls. I knew what was coming, and I tensed my body in an involuntary reflex, though there would be no way to avoid having my nuts paddled by that leather strap, if he so chose.

He sensed my reflex and stopped, his hand poised in midair. I looked at him in the mirror, saw his motion interrupted—his firm stance, legs apart, sweat glistening on his body, all his muscles tight with action, his arm raised, the paddle high in the air. It all stopped, and he lowered his arm, as if in slow motion.

And then I raised my hips. I felt suddenly as if I were a terrible disappointment, and I wanted to thrust my ass and my nuts back, open to him, to prove that he could continue, that I wouldn't fail him, that I was a good slave, I could take it.

He just dropped his arms to his side and put the paddle down between my legs. His warm hand ran over my ass, but it felt cool to me, my ass was so hot from the paddling. But I could feel the sweat on his hand.

Then I felt his hands on my nuts, kneading them, pulling on them. I moaned and arched my back, thrusting my ass and balls back towards him. He wrapped one hand around my nuts and pulled, as if to milk my testicles down to the very base of my ball sac.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Go on, please."

He shook his head. "No, I'm sorry, I broke the flow. There's a rhythm that must be maintained. Rhythm is more than half the trick. It's the constant repetition, the continuous stress that's important. And, of course, the pain."

I nodded. "I felt the pain."

"Yes, I know," he said. Then he stepped in front of me and kissed me. "I'm going to have a cigarette, take a tiny break. You want down from there?"

I shook my head. "No, I really don't. This is really quite comfortable. And I do enjoy being powerless with someone who invokes such trust, the way you do."

"Thank you," he said as he lit a cigarette and sat cross-legged on the floor beneath me. The smoke spiraled up beside me. We were silent for a moment. The music was very serene, the volume low. I realized I had failed to hear it the last few minutes. I stretched my body, twisting this way and that, enjoying the freedom I enjoyed in this curious, half-hanging bondage. It was something like floating on an air mattress in a warm pool on a hot summer afternoon. A feeling of complete relaxation and support it was.

He smiled up at me and leaned back back on one elbow. His dick was only half hard now, hanging bloated over his full balls, which looked rather pumped up somehow. "You look so pretty up there," he said. "And your ass is turning such a bright red, it's really pretty, too."

"It feels nice and warm," I answered. "Though it's starting to cool off."

"We'll get back to it in just a minute," he said. "I'm gonna take you right over the wall, just like I promised. But let me clue

you in—I'm gonna work on your ass again, then your nuts—a long time on the nuts. Then, with all my energy and force I'm really going to beat you, maybe enough to bruise you, but that's just when you'll forget about everything, believe me."

I shook my head, then half smiled. "I've been beaten before, I've been whipped. I know how to take it."

"Ah, that's it," he said as he crushed out his cigarette. "I don't want you to take it. I want you to abandon yourself to it. There's a difference."

I frowned. I was puzzled. "Excuse me, but that sounds an awful lot like 'breaking' a slave to me, to beat him so hard he just gives up and let's it happen; you know, gets trained to accept that pain and make it into pleasure."

He shook his head and stood up, facing me. "No way. No fucking way. You're not going to break. I want a real man with a real spirit to take over the edge of pain. But you're not going to submit to it, nor are you going to give in to it, or put up with it, or learn to accept it for my sake. No way. You're going to enjoy it because it's going to make you cum, it's going to provide you with more fucking pleasure than you've ever had before."

The paddle left my nuts and landed on my ass with full force. He stood sweating now. . . I could see his hard dick bobbing in the air as his body put full effort into the blows. I could see his own nuts dangling beneath his erection and between his widespread legs.

I said nothing. His face, and those golden eyes, and that soft intense voice, and that loving, caring sincerity. . . I didn't care what his trip was, or what he was talking about. I just wanted him to use me, to do whatever he wanted to please himself. And if I got pleased as well—or, as he promised, taken to Nirvana and beyond—well, that would be great.

Then it began again. The paddle worked me back to the fevered pitch I had been at just before he'd stopped, and when I was moaning and writhing in a state of mind which tried to comprehend all the talk and tried to integrate it with all the paddling I was receiving, the paddle finally, certainly, and steadily reached my stretched nuts. The first wave of pain shot through my groin and into my clamped tits and out the end of my dick. He said the word *polarity* and I frowned. But he was paddling my nuts harder and harder, and then suddenly I understood what he meant. The intense sensations that were neither pain nor pleasure (but both at the same time as well) travelled through my body like electricity; it was like the Eastern practice of polarity.

And it was working. I felt energy flowing through all my body. My fingers were outstretched wide in released tension. My toes were curling and then extending. My nipples were points of vivid sensation, as were my balls, my asshole, my lips, my knees. The head of my cock was swollen and throbbing, pulsing with every slap and circulation of wild energy.

I tried to nod my head in an affirmation, tried to whisper the word *Yes*, but I could only abandon myself—and all thought—to the sparkling sensations that travelled from his brain to arm, through the paddle to my balls, up into my body and out. The room was alive with this fusion of him to me, with the spirit we created.

The paddle left my nuts and landed on my ass with full force

He stood sweating now, his feet planted wide apart. I could see his hard dick bobbing in the air as his body put full effort into the blows. I could see his own nuts dangling beneath his erection and between his widespread legs. I could hear his labored breathing, could see the sweat run in rivulets down his forehead, across his chest.

And I felt the beating as the leather paddle resounded against my ass and against the backs of my thighs. He concentrated on my butt mostly, letting the paddle land again and again on the same spot, until I thought I would be unable to endure another blow. Then, with one final blow that would threaten to exceed my threshold, he would move the paddling to another area of my butt, repeating the same pattern.

The rhythm increased, but remained steady. Over and over he beat my ass, again and again, so repetitiously and so harshly that within minutes I reached a point where I knew I would have to cry out, beg him to stop.

And then he struck me harder, more than I thought possible, and I felt tears run from my eyes—but not in real pain, not in emotional hurt. The tears were cleansing, as if some deep tension were translating itself into physical form and rushing up to deliver itself to the corners of my eyes, washing free from my spirit and spilling onto my cheeks. I knew I wanted to cry out, to plead with him that this was just too much after all, he would have to stop.

But just as I was beginning to shake my head, just as I was opening my mouth to form the word *No*, my lungs gasped involuntarily, my body tensed and relaxed in a flash of blinding light, and then I felt a tingling numbness in my fingers, across my face, in my belly and groin.

There was suddenly nothing but pure joy. Any feeling of pain or hurt, any notion of worry, tension, fear, or anguish was completely absent. I felt wholly connected to this man; to this leather paddle, to the exquisite sensations—purely physical sensations—that filled my body with unparalleled pleasure and washed my mind free of anxiety.

I thought—for only a moment—of what he had told me, of the brain's response, of the runner's high, and I knew that he had taken me there, that I had been brought to the threshold of pain-pleasure and crossed into physical heaven. My emotions followed. My spirit soared. And with my spirit, my cock followed, springing about in the air with every blow. My cock head had become so sensitive that every movement felt spectacular. I was vividly aware of the air around my dick, as if it was being caressed by the open air, and within seconds I felt that orgasm was near.

He continued to paddle me as hard as he could. His body was covered with sweat, glowing under the dark red lights and candles. My body was drenched as well, in utter release, and the thrusts my hips made with every crack of the paddle forced my dick into the air in front of me, until, in one long and sudden moment, my cockhead tingled, probed the air, and spurted forth its powerful load of semen, shooting into the air and landing on the far wall, dripping down the length of my shaft and running in rivulets from my balls to the floor.

I shuddered in profound release, my eyes half open, half closed. I could see him as he put the paddle down. My body felt gloriously warm, glowing. I watched him walk around in front of me, and as I hung there in total relaxation, I watched as his hand stroked his own throbbing erection beneath my face, bringing his orgasm in seconds, the big cock gushing jet upon jet of white cum into the air before my face.

He smiled and kissed me deeply, a slow, lingering kiss that only made me warmer, more supple. He released me from all the ties that bound me, and we collapsed on the warm floor in a heap, our arms and legs entangled.

I whispered into his ear that it had been incredible, and he whispered *yes*. Then he said, "Let's rest just a bit before starting again." I smiled, nodded in agreement and nestled my head on his big shoulder. I could feel his breath on my face. We drifted off to sleep just as the tape ran out. The room was warm and silent. □

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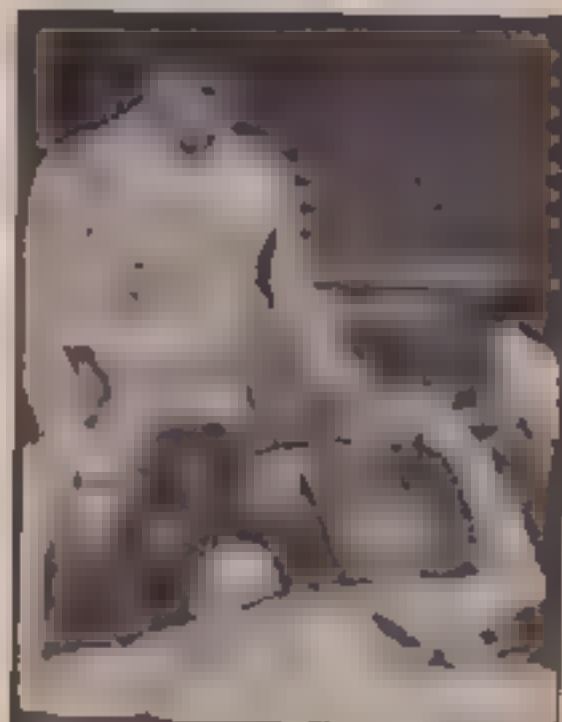
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IMPROVISATION *Continued from page 11*

He could use a teacher that could teach him something. I don't want to give you suggestions on the kinds of things he's ready for until I know for sure that you want to fuck him.

"Let's say I could force myself," I confessed. "And if you're afraid I'm some kind of marshmallow, think again. I get pretty damned hot when I fuck, Leo. Most of the time I have to catch myself and try to hold back because I do some damned hard pumping sometimes. I usually have to force myself to calm down for fear I'm hurting the guy."

"Well, there you are! I mean, what a bitch to have to hold back! How the hell do you expect him to have a good time taking you if you don't go to it? Damn, if you don't let him feel like you're really getting off on him? Shit!"

"I read the book," I groaned. "Okay, so holding back is a bitch, and right now the idea of not even trying to is pretty damned exciting. Oh, well, maybe if it's the guy's very first time, you could try to be a little gentle and easygoing about it, but I see what you mean... number fourteen."

"You're catching on," he grinned. "You want that one down there?"

The handsome runner came close by us again and made a playful gesture to Leo that he intended to run twice more around the track. I could also see, however, a look of deep concern in his eyes. I wondered if, perhaps, he knew what was being discussed, and if Leo had ever done this sort of thing to him before, ordering him to be with a stranger. I felt strange to think that he might have known what was going on, but when he passed us and made the turn around the oval track, my eyes lowered to focus on his firm, attractive ass and the way it glistened and bounced in his tight, satin blue running shorts. I felt a stirring in my pants, and I flashed another thought about the condition of my apartment. I wasn't about to end my conversation with Leo. "I could fuck that like a mountain bear," I confessed. "What more would it want?"

"Things to remember it by," Leo grinned. "Use your imagination."

"Shit, how would I know," I complained. "I only skimmed over that one book. I don't think I could get into the verbal abuse stuff it talked about."

"Why not?"

"I couldn't stand over that guy's ass and say something about how it looked ugly to me," I answered. "I'm not that good a liar. Besides, I don't know the guy. It would take a while to discover things I could put him down for, I couldn't insult him without meaning it."

"You could keep a slave in his place, though," Leo prompted. "I mean, you'd be with the guy with both of you knowing he's yours to fuck. That means he's yours to command, anything and everything you want from him. You sure as hell don't take any crap; he doesn't get away with trying to tell you what to do or refusing any order you give him."

"I'm so used to trying to consider the guy's feelings," I worried.

"If you really consider them, then you'd care enough to give him a slap across the face if he gets out of line. Joey, what he wants is to serve you, and it's your job to see that he does, and to let him know... I mean, really know, if he fails. You are the Master and he is the slave."

"Yeah... I guess."

"Hey, he's just as liable to try to talk back or give you some shit. That'd be because he wants you to put him in his place. He needs to have you be the boss, all the way, and if he should goad you a little bit it's because he wants to have you show more power, more authority."

"Yeah, yeah, I understand."

"Good man," he grinned. "I knew you had it in you. I just had to work on bringing it out, that's all."

"If I did slap him around a little bit, he'd know it was just to make the sex better?"

"Awww, don't backslide on me," he moaned. "Now you're getting a little bit too simple. If it feels like you should hit him,

then you hit him because it feels right."

"I'm confused about being the all-powerful Master if he has to find ways to ask me to punish him."

"You don't let him ask for anything, you make him beg for it."

"You know what I mean."

"Every fuck there is has got to be a case of give and take, Joey. If he wants you stronger, a bit rougher, then you do it to make him happy. So you give him a black eye if he needs it. Make some sacrifices. Give and take."

"I can do without you making a joke of it," I said. "I'm a little taken back by what's going on inside me. What I'm used to, all that trying to be sweet and gentle all the time, never let me really feel like a man. You've put something in front of me and told me it's okay to just roar, and I'm beginning to feel like a real animal. I mean, physically, like a physical beast. Animals have at it and they don't feel like they're supposed to apologize afterwards. Damn it, I'm feeling—shit. I'm getting damned excited, that's for sure."

"I'll take my shorts off myself, and I might let him smell at them and lick them if he wants... maybe even put one foot up on the bed so he can get under and wash out my crack. He can wash the whole area between my legs, and do a number on my balls."

"Hey, Joey. I'm about to give you an afternoon you'll remember," he smiled.

"Are you?"

"All I wanted to see was the man that would rise up out of you," he answered, pointedly looking at my crotch. "I think you could do a damned good job on my property, so I am about to decide to let you have it."

"Yeah?" I smiled as I watched the runner approach us again. There would be only one more turn around the track.

"You like the looks of that all right," he laughed. "Aww, shucks, and I thought it was my ass that had you interested."

"Only now you've let me know that you'd want me to be the slave."

"You any good at it?"

"I've never done it."

"The hell you haven't. You've been fucked. Every time you're fucked, you're submissive to whoever's giving it to you. Your only problem was that you were always content with that muck, and you never tried to keep building on it and make it more and more every time. Hey, I looked you over as a possibility, I think maybe I could break you in. Only, after I let the little game in the library go for a few days, I figured you were more of a Master. As long as I was going to tell you something about me, I figured I'd share it, too."

"Yeah? Setting me up with yours? With him?"

"Well, now, don't go crazy about it," he teased. "I think you've got the potential for it, but when it comes to letting you use my property? Okay, you could slap him around and fuck hard... what else?"

"I'm not quite ready for the chains or the cat-o-nine."

"Maybe that's what he needs just to get warmed up," Leo tormented. "Close your eyes and picture it. Tell him how it's gonna go. You got him in your bedroom, you've ordered him to strip and he's kneeling in front of you waiting for your next command. What is it?"

"Am I still dressed?"

"Yeah, why not? Pants and shoes and socks maybe," he allowed. "Hell, you got sneakers on. That guy really gets hot on

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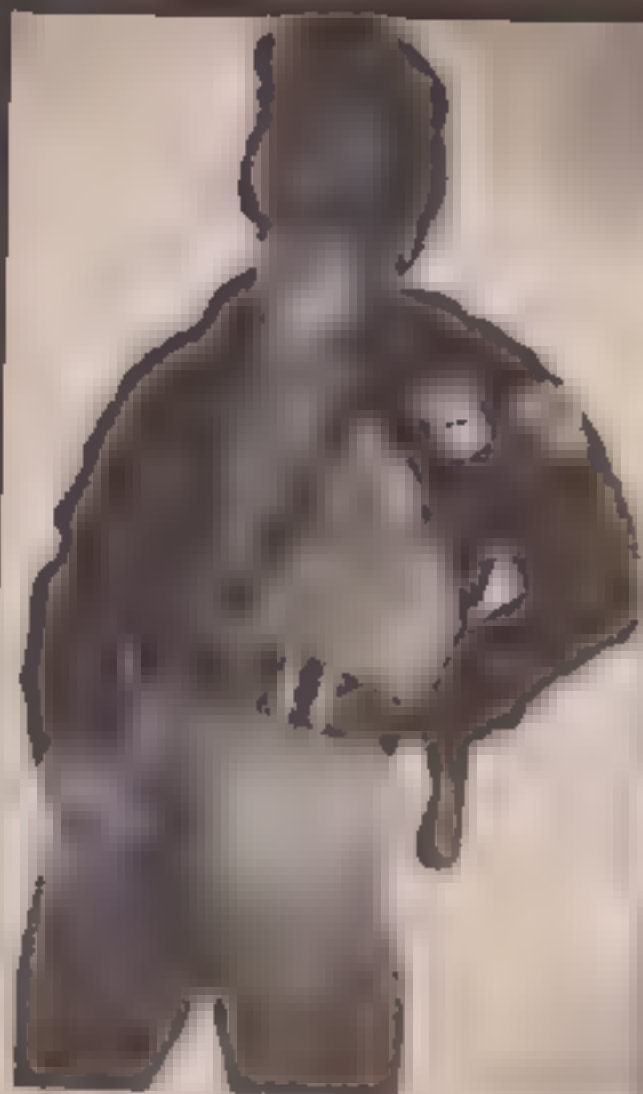
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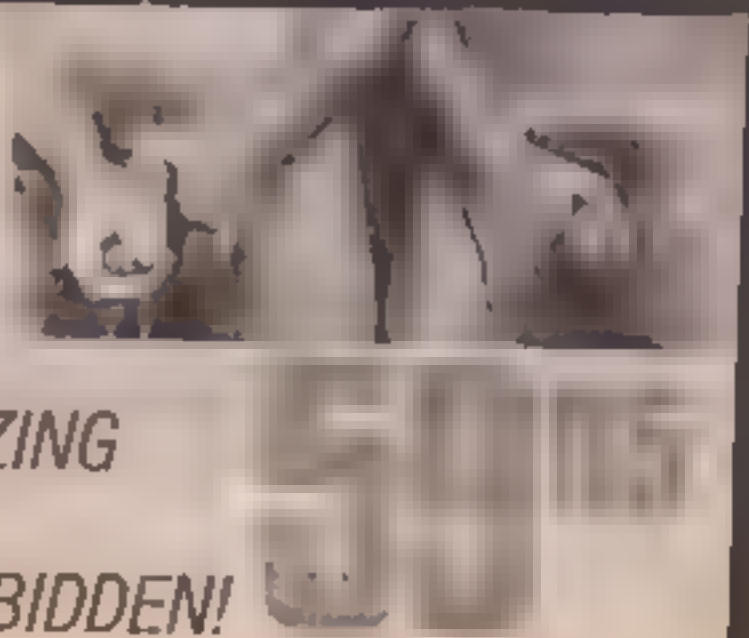
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licking boots."

"Let him try to untie the sneakers...with his mouth."

"That'd be impossible."

"Probably," I chuckled. "And while I'm standing over him, and he's not able to get the job done, I can remind him of how incompetent he is, how he just might not be worthy of what he wants from me."

"Ohhh, shit, I love it, man. Go on."

"Finally, maybe, I let him use his hands, and we get the shoes off. He might get his face stepped on in the process. He's got to take my socks off my feet too. And, anywhere along the line that I'm not absolutely satisfied with his service, I might just have to smack him a good one. Of course, if he really gets me pissed off, I walk out."

"What? You could do that?"

"I could walk away," I boasted. "Maybe I could jack off and have him watch, let him know what he's missing. Oh, he'll beg for it. He'll beg a lot, but that's good for him. He'll probably beg me to let him open my pants."

"Yeah...he would."

"He pulls the belt out first," I suggested, "and he puts it in my hand. It may not be wide and studded, but he knows it can still sting."

"You let him know it. Let him feel it."

"Depends on how good he's being," I grinned. "Maybe a couple to let him know what it is, then I'll just toy with it across his back, dangle it around his ass, torment him that way. I let him open my pants, drop them, I step out of them and he crawls over to the chair to fold them properly. I'll take my shorts off myself, and I might let him smell at them and lick them if he wants."

"You'd have your cock out, he'll be worshipping it."

"He'd better," I chuckled. "Hey, I'll be good to him. I'll let him lick me clean all around it, maybe even put one foot up on the bed so he can get under and wash out my crack. He can wash the whole area between my legs and do a number on my balls."

"...make him beg."

"I shouldn't have to make him do that, he should know to do that."

"...Oh, yeah. Man, you've got to be ready to fuck. What then?"

"He gets fucked. When I'm ready, he gets it. I like to come in from behind, so I'll put him on his hands and knees. I could get a little bit more fancy, but for our first one, I'll settle for an old-fashioned doggy-style. If he asks...begs for some lubricant, and he just might have to, because my cock's plenty big around as well as long, I'll let him use a lubricant if he's scared of the size of it, but if not, he settles for a little bit of spit. I like a good, tight fuck, nothing too slippery."

"He is tight," Leo assured, his voice excited with the images. "He'll need grease. Oh, shit, just what I can see in your pants right now, he'll need help taking that."

"He can have some," I agreed. "We'll see how much he needs once his ass is good and hot."

"Oh...it will be."

"If it isn't, I've still got the belt in my hand, remember? A few good stings to relax and warm it up might be good. Okay, then I get my cock up to that hole of his, and he better be puckering out begging for it there too, because once I get it in the door, I go all the way with one good shove!"

"Oh, wow...fantastic...then what?"

"I'll fuck his guts out," I grinned. "If that's not good enough, I'll reach under and pinch a tit, see if I can screw it off his chest. For this afternoon, though, one good, hard, animal fuck ought to keep him happy. Only, if I don't think it's any good, I mean, if I don't get one first-class, hot, tight ass. I might just beat the shit out of him when I'm finished."

"Ohhh, man," he sighed. "You've got it, Joey. I mean, you're on for today. Be my guest!"

"You going to give him the order to come over to my place?"

Leo hesitated, mostly because the bleachers started rocking

as the man ran up the stairs to join us.

"Hi, there, Leo, how are you?"

"Don't fake it, Roger," Leo said simply. "This is Joey, and he knows all about us."

"Ohhhh, yeah?"

"I gotta hurt you, Roger," Leo said softly. "I'm sorry about it, maybe, but it can't be helped right now."

"You think...you...are going to hurt me?"

"Unless you lied when you said you really loved me," Leo sniffled. "Roger, we've talked about how I need more of a Master than you are. I need real leather, and lately, you act like you're afraid to even use a belt on me. Well, Joey here can use a belt. He knows how to handle me. I'm going over to his place right now, and he's going to take care of me, good and hard, the way I need it!"

"You're...quitting me? Just like that?"

"I like being your slave, Roger, but you won't give me what I need."

"I like having you. I don't want to really hurt you."

"That's the whole problem," Leo wailed. "Only Joey, here. He's willing to...to keep counting after fourteen. Roger? We've been talking it up, and right now he's all set to hurt me a little if I need it, and I've got to go with him. I need what he's ready to give me, and I need it bad...what happens after, if you and I ever even see each other again, I don't know. It'll be up to you to make me come back."

For some strange reason, I wasn't terribly surprised at learning that Leo was the slave of the pair, not Roger. Perhaps a hint of that had come from the way he got excited when I described how I would have an afternoon of a somewhat S&M session. Of course, I had been warned far ahead that he would try to show me an acting skill. For all of the mystery of the moment, the swelling of my cock was no mystery at all. I was ready for it! "C'mon, then, Leo. My place, and right now. You're going to get fucked. C'mon, I said. Obey!"

"Yes, Master," he grinned, falling in behind as I led the way down the stairs and started across the field.

A moment later, Roger came running up behind us. "Leo? Hey? Professor? Hey, c'mon, you can quit now. I mean, that's the end of it, right?"

"End of what?"

"Hey, Leo told me about the assignment you gave. I mean, how he was supposed to run into you somewhere on campus and act out a role and a situation with you. Improvisation, he said. I mean, well, that was it, huh? So, what kind of a grade did Leo get?"

"The assignment was that I should reveal something personal about myself," Leo answered. "I thought the most dramatic way would be to let you reveal the truth of it when you finished running. My improv was to let him think it was the other way around with us until you set him straight. It worked though, didn't it? I mean, I've let you know that I dig on good, hot S&M sex, didn't I?"

"Yeah, you did," I laughed. "You were convincing that you were in the Master role, up to a point. Overall, good. Convincing. I really believed the whole thing. In fact, I believe I could take you to my apartment right now and give you a fuck you'll remember for the rest of your life."

"The assignment was to tell you something about myself."

"You did, Leo," I grinned. "You'll get an A-plus on that. The only problem is that you did it in such a way that I ended up revealing something about myself, too. What kind of a grade do I get?"

"Say it."

"My place, Leo. Right now. Let's go!"

"Yes, Master," he grinned, falling in behind me again.

Roger was left standing in the middle of the field watching us disappear.

We played it carefully and quietly for that semester, then I ordered Leo not to take any more classes from me, but I let him go on with his studies. I take good care of him now, and he serves me beautifully.

SLAVE'S CATECHISM *Continued from page 13*
six. There was a fuzzy out ine? Someone sitting on a chair in the dark corner?

His attention comes back to the slab. Master number two takes over Master number three's corner. Master number three walks over and stands next to the slab. He holds a shoebox-size black box in his hands.

Note: The numbers are just numbers, except number one, and they do not signify any kind of rating or standing.

And he is?

He is: A Master, stats: five feet ten inches, 177 pounds, seven inches, not too hairy, dark blond hair, medium brown moustache, brown eyes, T-shirt, leather pants, cycle boots, 34.

What does he do?

Master number three puts the box down on the slab behind the slave's head. The slave turns his head to get a look at the box's contents. Nothing.

With his index finger, he runs a line on the slave's fuzzy skin, down from his right nipple to his navel, then up from the navel to his left nipple. He watches the slave's skin quiver. He looks up around the slab. The other Masters are grinning.

Comment: Whether he knows it or not, the Masters know this slave is a dog in heat.

Then what?

He takes a clothespin out of the box and snaps it twice with his fingers. The slave looks up at him. Pleading eyes? He knows what is going to happen.

The clothespin clamps onto his tender, young slave flesh on the inside of his thick, stubble-covered right thigh.

He winces.

Slowly, methodically, he clamps more clothespins on the insides of both thighs.

He is becoming uncomfortable. Too bad.

Master number three stops and reaches down to the slave's nipple. He rolls the pencil-eraser-hard tit between his thumb and forefinger. It feels good to the slave.

"Nice. I remember when Gary put those rings through your young tits. Damn, and he used platinum. I thought copper, but your his, not mine."

He reaches down and kneads his own crotch. His seven-inchers grows quickly. Drops of precum drool out. Several hard rubs and he comes in his pants. He pants heavily. "Damn, why do you do this to men?"

The slave looks at him blankly. No response. None was ordered. Good.

He left the other nipple alone. He wasn't going to give the slave too much pleasure. No.

More clothespins eat up and down the insides of his upper arms. He can feel them chewing their way into his hard triceps.

One by one, slowly, clothespins line down his flat, hard stomach to his outy navel, then back up to his hard nipple.

Note: This is the same route taken previously by the Master's finger.

For good measure, he puts two clothespins on the slave's loose, puckered foreskin.

Comment: With each clothespin's painful pinch, the slave remembers how it felt the first time his Master did this to him. That night he was the entertainment for the entire bar. The table he lay on was the stage with three bright lights above it. His Master knew exactly what he was doing. Hot leather bodies pressed around to watch his initiation/humiliation. His Master showed him and the other men in the crowd what he was. No one had done that before. That night he felt his first hard hand against the side of his innocent face and he swallowed his first bladderful of piss. His Master was well-respected by the men in the audience and the slave was used by nearly every one of them that night. His ass ached so much he couldn't sit down for a week and the burning every time he shit, but that didn't matter. He wasn't allowed to sit down for a month. He ate his meals standing up or on his knees. His ass wasn't allowed to touch the toilet seat. Maybe it was just as well. For that month he couldn't drive his car. He walked, whenever he was allowed

out.

Master number three steps back to admire his work. The slave could use more clothespins on his young body, but he has more pain/pleasure to experience.

He picks up the black box and lid, then goes over to change places with Master number four.

Master number four walks over to the side of the slab.

Note: Master number four, like the other Masters here, left his slave at home to help his buddy, Gary, Master number one, re-educate his slave. A night he plans to enjoy.

What about him?

He is: A Master. Stats, six feet, 180 pounds, eight inches, uncut, low-hanging balls, short, black hair, short beard and moustache, penetrating steel-blue eyes, short sleeve leather shirt, 501's, barefooted (size 13EEE) to feel the cool floor on his rough-soled, sweaty, smelly feet, 41.

And what does he do?

Master number four takes out a long, thick, white candle from his shirt pocket.

The slave shudders. He knows what is going to happen. It has happened a few times before. His thick, nine-inch piece of meat grows rapidly. He had smelled wax.

He strikes a match on the side of the slab, then lights the candle. It glows brightly in the dimly-lit room. Patiently, he waits for a pool of hot, liquid wax to form.

Note: This is a new candle, bought especially for this slave by his Master.

The candle is poised above his tender, hard nipple.

Oh, no!

Slowly, the candle tilts.

Drop. Drop. Wince. Drop. Wince. Pain. Drop. Drop. Drop. Hot burning pain.

"Your Master does this to you often, doesn't he?"

He nods rapidly. Pain shows in his scrunched-up face and watery eyes. He doesn't dare utter a word of pain, of response, of any kind. He looks up at the gently-smiling face. Damn, his Master's wax was never this hot, was it?

Oh, shit, the pain!

He wants to jump off the table and run out the door. Shit, they'd kill him, he knows that. Nothing but the Masters' presence holds him down on the slab, as no amount of rope could. He doesn't dare move an inch. One wrong move and they'll be alter his body, all five of them.

His hands are folded into fists; his fingernails dig into his sweaty palms.

"Hear the hiss of the hot wax as it kisses your hard nipple, slave?"

Silence.

By now, the hard, erect nipples are caked with wax. His nipple rings, the platinum ones, are plastered to his skin under a thick coating of cooling wax.

He looks up. His eyes are pleading. No? He doesn't fall for that gentle smile shit or the soft voice. This man is a Master with his own slave. He knows what he's doing and enjoys it. The more pain he causes, the more he enjoys it.

Master number four takes a step down toward the slave's feet and stops beside his crotch. He holds the candle upright above the slave's cum-filled balls.

Oh, no!

He squirms unconsciously. His thick, hard cock throbs. Sweat rolls off the sides of his forehead and nose.

The Master reaches down and holds down his pulsating cock, Prince Albert, and two clothespins against the slave's tight stomach.

"We have to keep that out of the way—for now." He glances up and smirks at the other Masters.

They return the smirk.

The candle tilts. Slowly, almost in a stream, hot, liquid wax pours over the tight, vein-bursting cumbag.

Pain!

The slave bites down on his lower lip, drawing blood. Salty tears run down his cheeks. His fingernails dig deeper into his

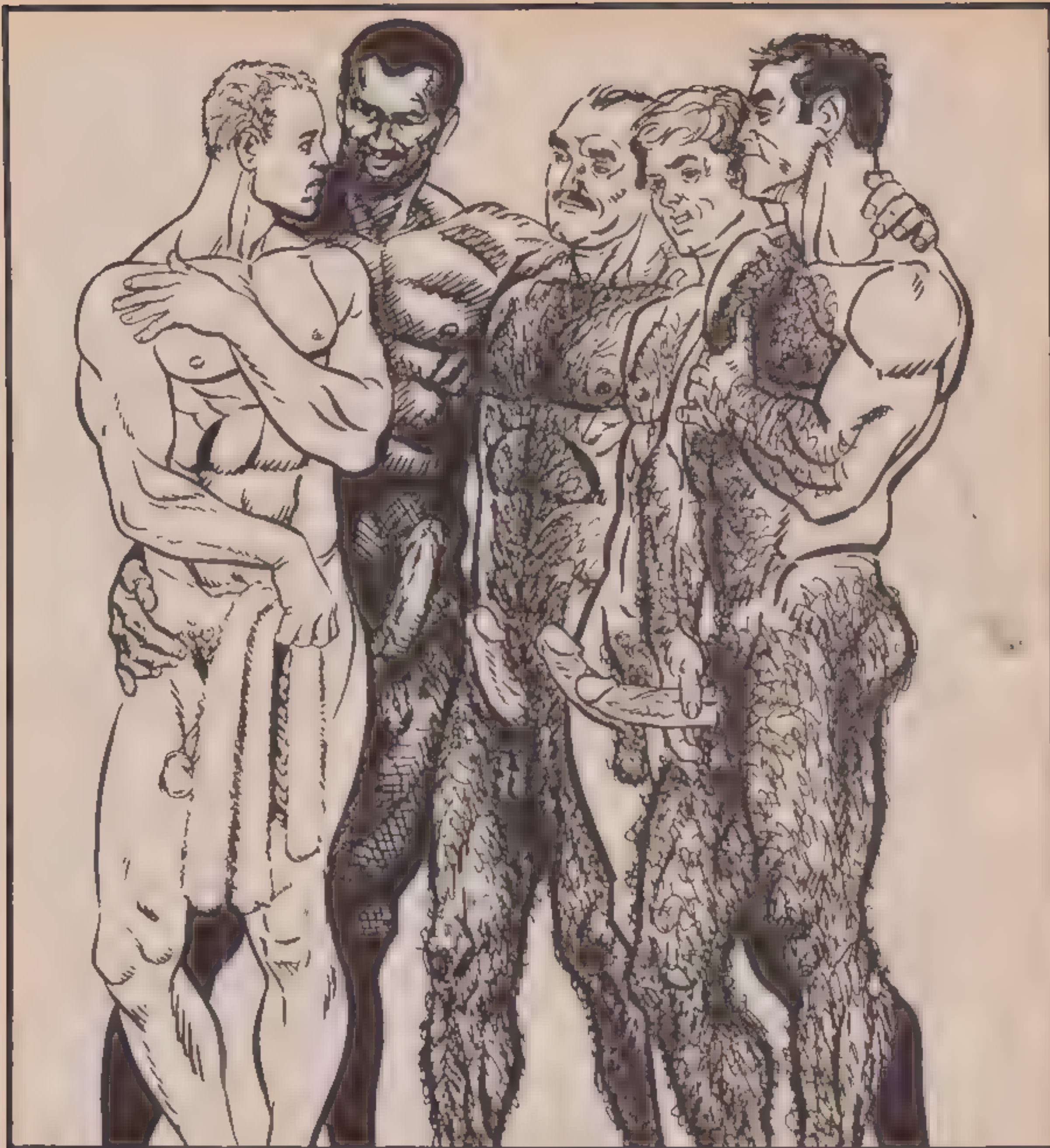


ILLUSTRATION BY RA DER

palms.

Damn, the fucking pain

Soon the bag is coated with a thick layer of hot wax.

He turns his head away from the Master. He doesn't want him to see how much pain he is inflicting

Just when he thinks the burning is subsiding, fiery, viscous wax falls on his throbbing cock.

Now the Master holds down the cock by the ends of the clothespins only.

Drops of wax slide off the side of his near-cumming cock and stick to his itchy pubic stubble. Within minutes, his cock and the bottoms of the clothespins are glued to his skin with hardening wax

He is going to cum. Oh, no, not now. He looks up, pleading at the Master

The Master takes a step back. He knows

A small piece of semisoft wax shoots between the clothespins and lands on his hard chest. Gobs of slave cum follow

Master number four laughs softly

Oh, no, my ass is grass!

"Seems it did the trick, huh?"

The other Masters nod, smiting

He straightens up. "But this can't go unpunished." His tone changes. The soft voice is gone. "You weren't ordered to cum,

and

A hard slap knocks the side of his face against the slab.

Master number four blows out the candle. The room darkens again. A whiff of smoke trails up to the ceiling. He goes over to Master number five. They change places.

What is he? And what more can he do to this slave?

He is: A Master and he's pissed off. Around him slaves know their places. Stats: five feet eleven inches, 190 pounds, seven and a half inches, cut, light brown hair, clean-shaven, hazel eyes, black shirt, blue jeans, cycle boots, 28.

Master number five stands next to the slab

The slave turns his head and looks up at him. Hard, cold hazel eyes stare back at him.

Oh, shit

"Get up," he barks.

The slave struggles to sit up on the edge of the slab, his skin tight under the layers of wax. He sits with his hands on his muscular thighs, his legs spread apart to keep the clothespins from getting entangled or coming off.

"You fucking pig"

A hard blow knocks him over. His hand shoots out to stop him from falling over

"Stand up."

Pain.

As he stands up, his cock rips away from his skin. Hard wax cracks over his pubic stubble. His heavy, wax-laden, now-soft cock falls down between his legs. A few pieces of wax fall to the floor

Master number five grabs him by a ring in the choke collar. The links chew into his raw, reddened neck. He leads him over to a large, wooden X in the back of the slab.

He turns the slave around to face the rack, then ties his hands to the diagonal pieces of wood

"Your Master wants you punished." He tightens the piece of rope around the slave's ankle. "You goddamn fucking pig. I'll be the one to do it."

He picks up a long, black whip from the floor and fingers it for a few minutes. It feels good, cool in his warm, sweaty hands. He steps back, then takes a few practice swings to get the right placement.

The whip cracks on the floor. The slave jumps. His heart pounds. Sweat drips off his chin.

He takes a long, wide swing.

Thwack

He jumps and arches his back. His head falls back in pain. The whip burns a lash in his young, sweaty flesh. One

"Ooo," he moans softly

Then, repeated blows.

He moans louder. White lights dance before his squeezed-closed eyes.

More hard lashes. He has lost count. His attention is on the pain. His is growing weaker; his head hangs down; he doesn't have the strength to hold it up.

Thwack! Thwack!

He feels the painful cuts in his tender flesh and feels the trickle of blood starting to ooze out of the wounds, then meandering and mixing with the sweat down his hurting back.

"Salt," someone orders

Oh, my God, noooo!

Master number two hands him the salt shaker.

Master number five gingerly sprinkles a few shakes down the slave's back

Pain

His back arches back. He screams out in pain. His body jerks around in pain. His breath pants. His heart pounds.

He finishes shaking nearly all of the salt down the slave's back

A creeping blackness. He feels a horrific pain just before he passes out. His body falls limp against the X

Master number five grabs a nearby pail of water and throws it on his back. It washes away the salt and some of the blood. Watery blood drips from the slave's body. It runs down a drain near the slave's feet

Master number two drops his blue jeans and whacks away on

his hard cock. Precum oozes out of his piss slit. His leather-gloved hand pounds harder. He squeezes his left nipple hard. Damn, it feels sooo good to see this slave's body writhing in pain. He deserves it. He is cumming...ohhhh...hot Master cum explodes and flies over and splatters on the slave's blood-stained back. He pumps all of his eight and a quarter inches furiously. Drained, he pulls his pants back up.

All six of them go out for a couple of beers to wait for the slave's recovery.

After an hour, when they come back, master number five goes over to the rack and releases the rousing slave. The slave falls back to the floor in a heap, cotted streaks of blood down his back

Master number five steps back. Master number six steps forward. Master number six? Hasn't he had enough?

Master number six stands over the limp body.

He is: A Master. Stats: five feet ten inches, 190 pounds, twelve inches, thick, hung, uncut, cheesy skin, nearly eight inches soft, short brown hair, bushy moustache, clear, light blue eyes, cycle cap, a black jockstrap, cycle boots, 37.

He pushes his jockstrap down below his knees. His huge cock flops around as he moves

"On yer knees," he yells.

The slave moves slowly. His whole body is racked with pain. Where is he? Who is that voice screaming at him? Not his Master. No, who? Oohhh, shi—

"I said on your knees, pig," he yells into the slave's right ear.

His mind still fuzzy, his mouth dry, his face and head plastered with sweat, slowly, he pushes himself up to his knees and hands

"Sit on your heels."

With great effort, without thinking, he obeys. He sits back with his hands on his thighs.

"Look at me."

Slowly, his head falls back, limp. He looks up. His eyes can't focus. He blinks several times. His vision clears and he sees two hard, light blue eyes glaring at him.

Oh, shit, give up, you've had it. They've got you, they've broken you. Give up, your just a slave, you've always been a slave, you always will be a slave.

"Your Master says you like piss."

He merely blinks. He doesn't dare open his mouth to answer

"He says you like to suck cock, too."

He licks his dry lips and swallows hard

"Drooling? Goddamn pig, are you drooling for my cock?"

He slaps the slave's sweaty face with his fat, fleshy cock, right side, left side, right side, left side

Without speaking, he steps back

A torrent of warm, Master piss inundates his face and head. Quickly, he closes his eyes. Too late. Piss is in his eyes, in his ears, down his chest, dripping off the hard wax, down his thick thighs.

Master number six holds his uncut, fat meat to direct the shower over the slave's body.

Piss runs down his nose. He chokes, coughs repeatedly, then shakes his head rapidly. Tears run down his cheeks.

The piss stops. The Master holds on to his thick cock. "What's the matter, piggy, a little piss go down the wrong way?"

The coughing stops. The piss begins again.

It keeps gushing. Won't it ever stop?

It stops. His body is wet with piss. He kneels in a pool of warm, recycled beer

The Master flicks off the last few drops into the slave's face. He blinks several times nervously. The last of the drops run down his chin.

His eyes are clouded again. His ears are plugged up with piss.

Master number six laughs satanically. "That piss should help your back heal up real good."

His eyes begin to clear

The Master walks away, taking small steps with the jockstrap around his ankles. With his back to the slave, he says to a dark

corner, "Gary, ever since you got him, I've wanted him

"He's yours to use as you like," Master number one tells him. He knows what his slave does to other Masters. They can't keep their hands off him.

Gary? That voice? *Oh, shit, my Master is here.* He's watched. He's enjoyed all this. No second-hand information about what's happened. He knows what they did. He even allowed the salt... He asked for the salt, not Master number five.

Master number six thanks him then goes back to the rack. He reaches down and yanks hard on the choke collar. No words.

The slave quickly gets to his feet. The chain chews into his tender, wet neck. Drops of piss fall off the links and run down his tired, hurting body.

Number six leads him over to the other side of the slab. The slave, too, takes only small steps, because of the pain, not a jockstrap around his ankles.

The Master's thick, hard cock pulsates against his hard stomach. He makes a few feeble attempts to spit into his ham of a hand, then rubs it on his eager meat.

The slave's fat cock grows, pieces of wax fall off. He has to stop before he erupts over the slab.

He thrusts the slave's head down, forcing him to bend over the slab

Note: The slave knows that that spit was nothing. It isn't meant to lubricate. It's probably dry already.

Noooo, a dry fuck *Oh, God, noooooo!*

Note: The Master knows the slave's asshole is stretched out, but his cock is bigger and thicker than Gary's. The slave will take it all. He has no choice.

Shuffling his feet, the Master steps behind him. The slave reaches over and grabs the side of the slab. His heart races. Blood pounds in his temples. He knows what is coming. *Oh, God, he knows.*

With one forceful thrust, he has all twelve inches inside the slave's well-fucked asshole. The slave gasps, then pants to get his breath back. Damn, it feels as if he stuck a baseball bat up his ass. The Master grabs the edge of the slab on either side of the slave for support. Slowly, he pulls out. Resistance.

He punches the slave in the side. "Let go."

The slave's spincter relaxes. This isn't sex. It's rape.

Repeatedly, he pounds the well-used, dry ass. The inside of the slave's dry asshole rubs hard against his horsecock, making it even harder. The slave feels his flesh starting to rip. His own hard cock bangs against the slab with each thrust. The Master's breath pants faster and faster. *Oh, God, no!* The slave erupts all over the slab underneath him. Blood trickles down his thigh from his asshole. He pants... He's going to cum... "Sheeeet," he screams out as his hot Master cum explodes deep in the slave's hot body and blows further inside. Bolt after bolt of hot Master cum blasts deep into the slave's torn, bleeding insides.

His breath slows. Finally, he pulls out with a loud plop. His shrinking cock is streaked with slave's blood. No shit, just blood

Note: Gary made sure he had had an enema before he reported. Lucky for the slave, otherwise he'd be licking off the shit from the Master's horsecock

He rubs the blood off, then wipes it on the slave's ass. He steps back and pulls up his jockstrap. Damn, he's tired. He enjoyed it. Not even his own slave is this good. He looks up and smiles. In front of the slab, in front of the slave, he sees the other Masters, standing in a semicircle jerk. Master number two had cum again and is stuffing his limp cock back in his pants. His cum slides down the top of the slave's stubble-covered head. While pumping hard on his stiff, big cock, Master number five moans softly. "Oh, shutt" He explodes. Hot cum flies through the air, arches over the slab and lands beside the slave. He is still bent over the slab. No one has told him to get up. Good. His leather pants around his leather boots, Master number three strokes his erect cock a few times, then shoots. Gobs of his cum rocket over the slab and land on the floor on the other side. Master number four has cum in his pants before he's had a

chance to get them off. He squeezes his hard, erect nipples, enjoying the sight of the slave's cum-splattered head. Masters number five and three pull their pants up.

From a dark corner, Master number one emerges, then goes over to the slab.

Not another one? He can't take any more. Who is number one?

He is: The Master. Stats: six feet two inches, 220 pounds, eight inches, uncut, black hair, brown eyes, clean-shaven, three-piece suit, white shirt, thin leather tie, 36.

The five Masters go over to the corner. A light is turned on. They sit down on chairs around a table. Master number two pops the cans of beer out of the plastic rings and passes them around

"Slave?" Master number one asks softly

He looks around over his shoulder.

Seeing the change for the better in the slave's eyes, he tells

*P*iss runs down his nose. He chokes, coughs repeatedly, then shakes his head rapidly. Tears run down his cheeks. The piss stops. The Master holds on to his thick cock. "What's the matter, piggy, a little piss go down the wrong way?"

him, "Go over to that corner and stay on that blanket until I'm ready to leave."

The slave straightens up. His back aches. His asshole burns. He shuffles over to the corner. There he finds a blanket and a dog bowl of water on the floor. He looks back to his Master. He wants some water, but he doesn't dare ask for it. He lets his eyes do it

Gary nods. "Take some water, then lay down."

He picks it up and drains it, not realizing how thirsty he is. Sated, he lays down on the blanket. He feels the cold floor through the thin material. That doesn't matter. He is tired and his whole body aches.

Gary goes over to the table. Master number two pulls out a chair for him.

"Damn, Gary," Master number six speaks up. "He's a good fuck, even dry. Anytime you want his plumbing opened, let me know." He takes a swig of beer.

Master number two puts his feet up on the table. "I think Ron should have given him something visual to remember this night. He can't see the scars on his back."

After he takes a gulp of beer, Gary swallows, then waves his hand. "No, he won't have any scars. I have a doctor friend. He'll take care of it."

"He better not have any scars," Master number two retorts. "You've spent a lot of money on that damn pig. Platinum? Damn, Gary, I know you love him, but platinum?"

"I can afford it. So? He is mine."

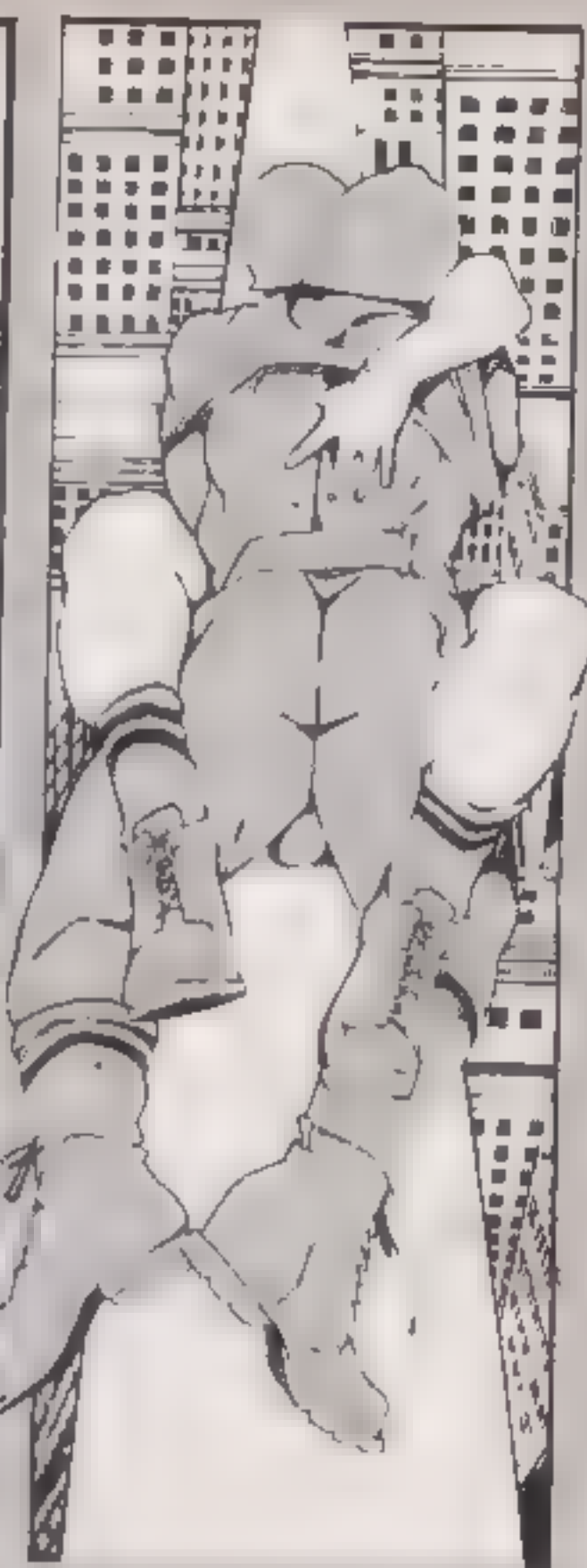
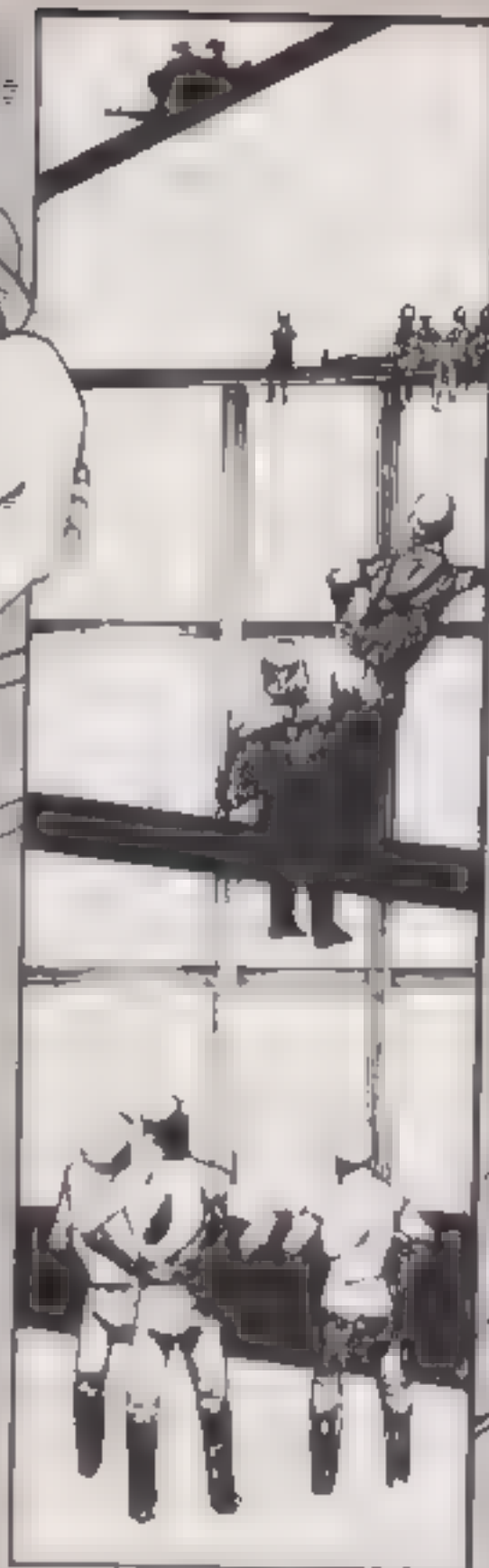
They nod in agreement.

"Oh, as to giving him something visual so he'll remember this night, he doesn't need it. And I don't want his body marked up. Whatever he needs to remember this night is between his ears."

They know he's right. They drink their beers and change the subject. The slave sleeps soundly in the corner on his right side, using his right arm as a pillow, his legs scissored apart. □

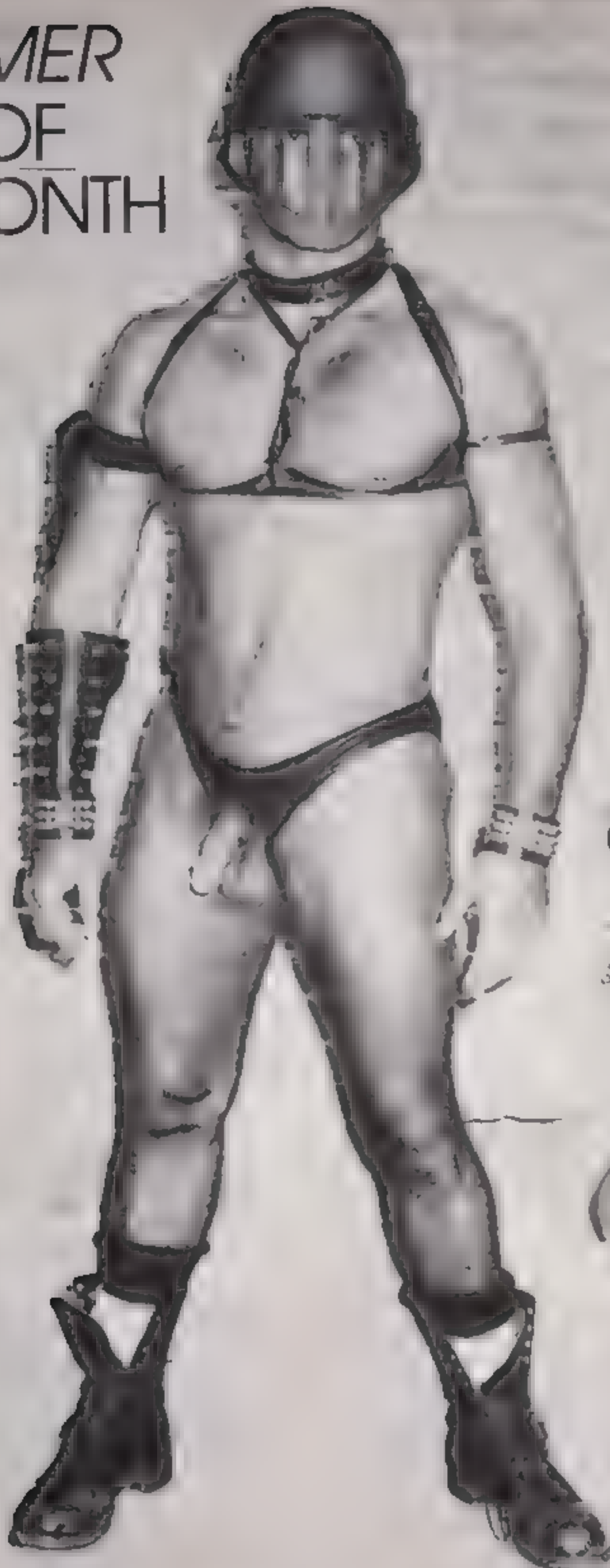






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VIDEO SNEAK PREVIEW

"INEVITABLE LOVE"

EROTICA FOR THE EIGHTIES

From INTELLIGENCE IN VIDEO
FOR RELEASE IN MARCH '86

Gary—PAT ALLEN
Sarge—WOLFE
Lefty—DWAN

ARMY BARRACKS: Gary, Sarge, Lefty, Late Night

Gary (one of the two leading characters in the story), Sarge and Lefty are sitting along the length of one of the bunks in this barracks. They pass a bottle of cheap liquor back and forth. Sarge is telling a dirty joke.

GARY (Voice Over)

Dear Hal: I have duty this weekend. But I don't mind so much since Sarge and Lefty'll be staying along with me. Sarge isn't really a Sergeant. He says he was once a Sergeant but got demoted. I don't think that I believe him. But he's a good guy. Lefty is too... I think.

The sound comes up on the scene as the three of them laugh raucously. The camera pulls back to reveal that they're all in their khaki-colored underwear. Sarge is wearing a green cap.

LEFTY (Holds up a condom)

Remember these?

GARY

Shit. I used to use 'em every day.

SARGE

Shit. You don't even know how to put one on.

GARY

In front of you guys?

SARGE

Time me.

Sarge stands up and takes a condom. He pulls his dick out of his shorts and rolls it on easily.

LEFTY

Not bad. Twenty seconds right on the money.





Lefty tosses a condom to Gary.

SARGE
Whyn't you try?

GARY
(embarrassed) Better to be safe.

Gary has trouble with the condom. He's trying to pull it on instead of rolling it on.

GARY
(sheepishly)

It's been a long time

Lefty reaches over for Gary's exposed dick.

LEFTY

Need a little help?

(He starts to roll the condom onto Gary's cock.)
What're friends for?

Lefty urges Gary's body back as he starts to suck on the cock, smoothing the condom down the length of it. Sarge stands watching them, beating off into the condom he's put on, slowly filling it with pre-cum and grinning down at the scene in front of him.

VOICE-OVER

It's midnight. Your voice of central Arkansas.

Lefty rolls a new condom onto Gary's cock and then spreads himself out on top of Gary's dick, impaling his ass and riding Gary until both of them explode in orgasm. Sarge is still watching, jerking off, and waiting his turn.

ARMY BARRACKS: Gary, Sarge, Lefty, Later that Night.

Gary lies on his bunk, sprawled on his belly, the bottle of cheap liquor nearly empty and close to his hand. Lefty is on his own bunk, sleeping. Sarge watches the two of them from across the room as he slips a condom, already greased, onto his dick. He then proceeds to the trunk at the foot of Lefty's bed and takes a pair of handcuffs out. Then he attaches the cuffs to the footboard of Gary's bunk and to Gary's right wrist. The feel of the cold metal makes Gary wake up.

GARY

Hey, Sarge! What're you doing?

Sarge climbs on top of Gary, rubbing his condom-covered cock all over Gary's smooth ass cheeks.

SARGE

Relax. Do it for a buddy. C'mon.

Sarge pins Gary and proceeds to grease himself up and enter Gary. Gary goes from pain to pleasure as he starts to pump his own dick with his free hand. After Gary shoots his load, his ass sucks Sarge's load into him. Sarge withdraws and peels off the filled condom as he and Gary collapse together on the bed. □



IN PASSING

MR. DRUMMER '85 STEVEN REISWIG recreates his fantasy for us with his real-life mate (see inset), with plenty of Seattle fog. Photo by Pat Urquhart.



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